THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GARBO-GILBERT REUNION

THE

New Movie

A TOWER MAGAZINE

MAGAZINE

DECEMBER

10¢

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NRA

WE DO OUR PART



NORMA SHEARER

HOW *YOU* CAN MAKE GOOD IN A SCREEN TEST

LISSA LANDI'S Romance of Two Worlds by ELSIE JANIS

POISON PENS OF HOLLYWOOD



Bake

WITH

OVENSERVE

OVENSERVE RESISTS HEAT



Serve

WITH

OVENSERVE

FROM OVEN TO TABLE



Chill

WITH

OVENSERVE

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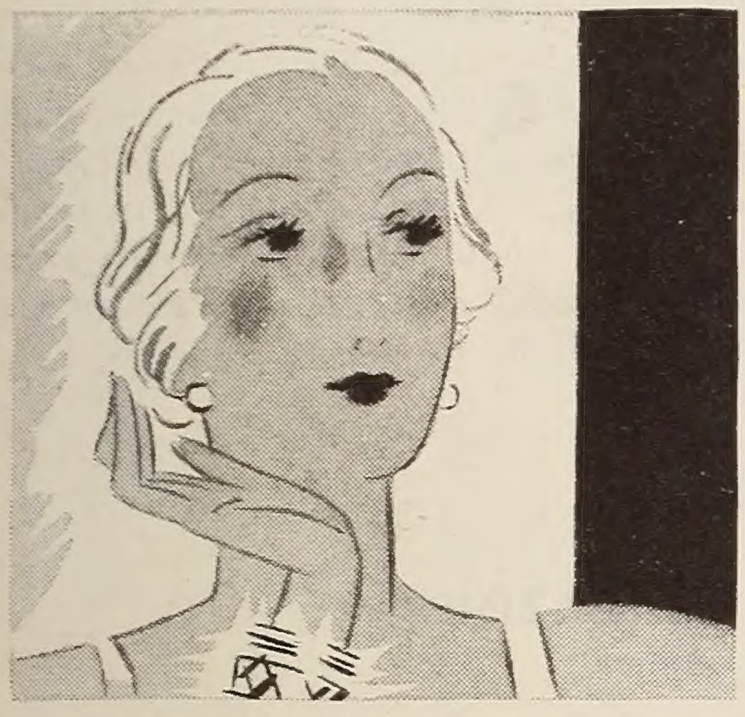
OVENSERVE

"The Oven Ware for Table Service"

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Isn't It A Shame!

PRETTY GIRL...SWELL DANCER...BUT OH! HER TEETH AND GUMS!



Mildred's eyes remind men of the stars. Mildred's brow shames the marble of Carrara. But—there's a "but" about Mildred!



Dancing with Mildred is like floating on a breeze. Mildred is graceful, vivacious, delightful. But the "but" about Mildred spoils her good times!



Men meet Mildred—are charmed—and uncharmed. First they look—and then they leave. For the "but" about Mildred is her teeth!



Either Mildred doesn't know—or doesn't care—about her gums. *Mildred doesn't dream that the "pink" on her tooth brush says "Danger!"*



If Mildred would only ask her dentist what to do about her teeth and tender gums! Soon, Mildred would find that Ipana and massage are the answer!



Soon enough Mildred would know that men respond to sparkling teeth just as surely as to dewy eyes and dancing grace! Mildred would hold her men!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

ARE you a "Mildred"? Are your gums tender and your teeth foggy and dingy?

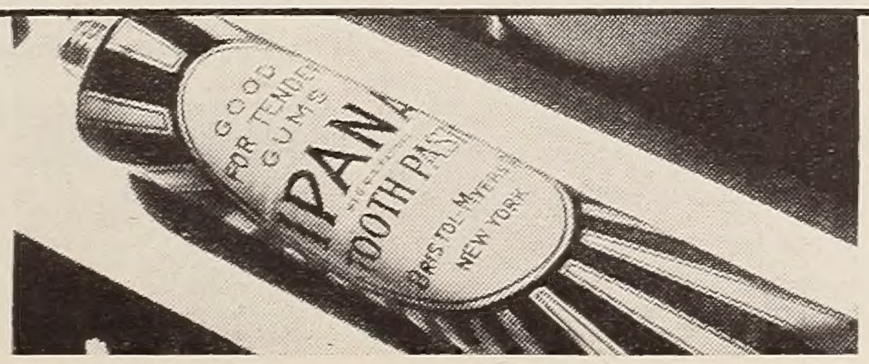
Your dentist knows just as much about "pink tooth brush" as the one who can help poor Mildred! He knows that "pink tooth brush" can be corrected with Ipana and gum massage. He knows that if you *don't* correct "pink tooth brush," your teeth may become dull and ugly. He knows that you may become a victim to a gum infection as undesirable and as serious as gingivitis or Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea . . . that the soundest of your teeth may be endangered.

The foods of today are too soft to give proper exercise to the gums. That is why Mildred's gums . . . and *yours* . . . tend to bleed. They are inactive. They need massage—with Ipana.

Start today cleaning your teeth with Ipana, and each time rub a little more Ipana right into your gums. Your teeth will brighten. Your gums will soon be firm. And you'll be attractive when you smile!

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Birthday Greetings from the World

Queen Marie—otherwise Marie Dressler of the films—probably the most human, and at the same time, the most remarkable figure ever to grace the screen, has her sixty-second birthday November 9th. To honor the event, her producers, and Marie Dressler fan clubs all over the world, have arranged hundreds of birthday celebrations. Additionally, her latest picture, "The Late Christopher Bean," named her "birthday picture," will be released to celebrate that date. So, here you are—three cheers and heartiest birthday greetings to Marie from the world at large, the greatest tribute ever paid to an actress. . . . And don't fail to read the most interesting and revealing article about Marie Dressler ever written, done by the famous author and radio star reporter, Edwin C. Hill, for the January New Movie Magazine.

THE **New Movie** MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher* HUGH WEIR, *Editorial Director*

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GENEVIEVE TOBIN'S hands are lovely to look at, always. She keeps them exquisitely smooth and soft . . . as you can see here. With Chester Morris in Paramount's screen success, "Golden Harvest."

New! Hinds Cleansing Cream, by the makers of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream . . . fragrant, delicate . . . liquefies instantly, *floats out dirt!* . . . 40c, 65c

The Literary Society Nearly Exploded

. . . but it wasn't from laughter



There's no doubt about it . . . the Literary Society liked its food about as well as its Shakespeare. And after those get-together banquets, the members were more in need of a two-mile walk than a two-hour speech.

What agony could have been averted . . . what fidgeting, squirming and groaning could have been banished . . . had Life Savers been passed around after the meal!

It's really amazing how Life Savers aid digestion. Deflate that overstuffed feeling. Refuse to let your over-indulgences plague you. Snap you back to normal even after a dining marathon.

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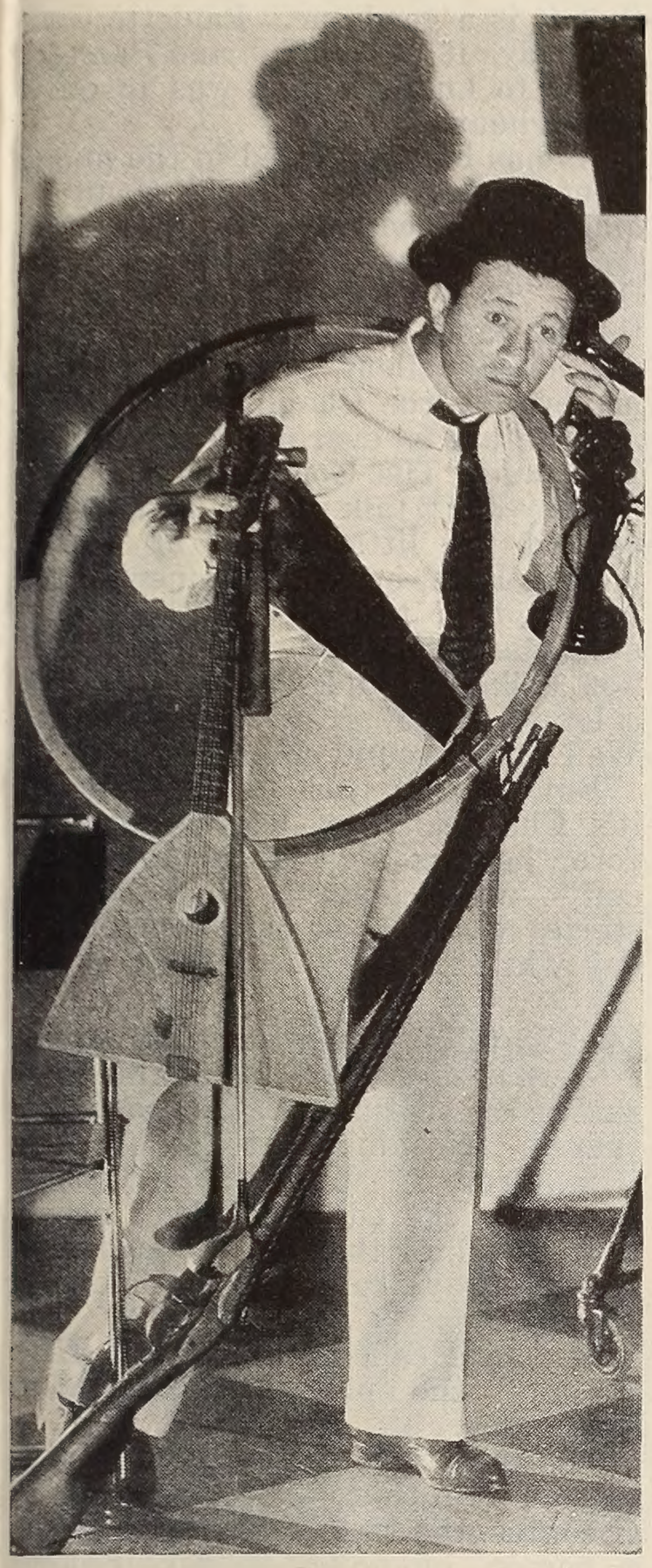


Try those sensational new taste thrillers . . . SPEAR-O-MINT and CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. And remember the old Flavorites . . . Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. And Life Savers Fruit Drops, made in LEMON, ORANGE and LIME flavors.

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AFTER EATING . . . LIFE SAVERS ARE REALLY LIFE SAVERS



HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY

Nemo, a famous writer, friend and intimate of the stars, Hollywood man-about-town, keeps his identity a secret. All of the famous persons in the movie capital are still guessing as to who he really is. So far, he has completely concealed his identity..... At left you see Stuart Erwin, the comedian, portraying his conception of the mysterious, modern Samuel Pepys of Hollywood.

By NEMO

THEY'RE going to clean up the movies! You've heard that often before, but this time it means more than words. Not because of any access of virtue on the part of the producers or because of any regenerating influence. But distasteful pictures are going because powerful church groups in the United States have decided to take the most drastic action at their command to banish objectionable films from the theaters—action which is expected to establish a precedent in the history of amusement. This winter there will be a gathering of church dignitaries for a discussion of what can be done in a practical way to combat the increasing number of pictures which they believe should be banned.

The suggestion has been made that at certain stated intervals, perhaps two Sundays in each month, a list of such pictures will be read aloud from pulpits throughout the country, and the public will be urged not to patronize them. That's the plan as it stands at this writing.

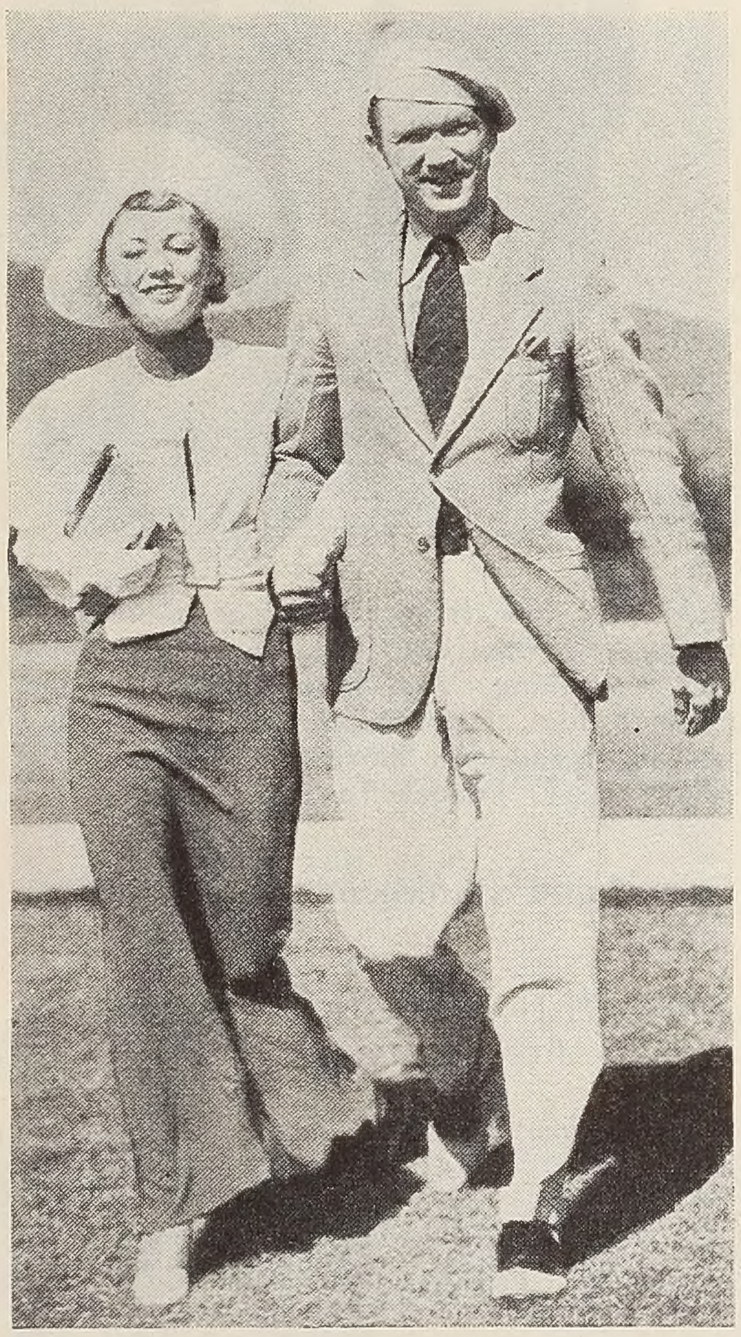


Photo by Wide World

Tiny, blond Isabelle Jewell, stage and screen star, and the fast-talking, fast-stepping, volatile Lee Tracy. You'll see them together a great deal, going places and seeing things.

When she first appeared at the Fox studio she was known simply as Mary Howard. Then the word got out that she was really Mary, Will Rogers' daughter. Finally, Mary admitted the truth, saying she had wanted to make a place for herself without her famous father's help.

Photo by Otto Dyar

Motion picture producers have been told of this forthcoming action, and they are gravely concerned about it. They realize that there is little chance for a banned picture to make a profit.

Early this Fall all the leading producers were called together in Hollywood and told by two prominent laymen of what was in store for them. One was a well-known lawyer and the other a banker who had financed many pictures for the various producers. He has helped them to the tune of millions of dollars.

When the two speakers finished tearing the producers limb from limb (a figurative rending, of course), the affair took on the aspect of an old-time "experience" meeting. Several of the producers admitted their guilt in turning out a product that was "debauching the youth of the nation." They promised to mend their ways, a resolution that seemed

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Hollywood day by day

(*Continued from page* 7)

to have a sincere ring for the time at least.

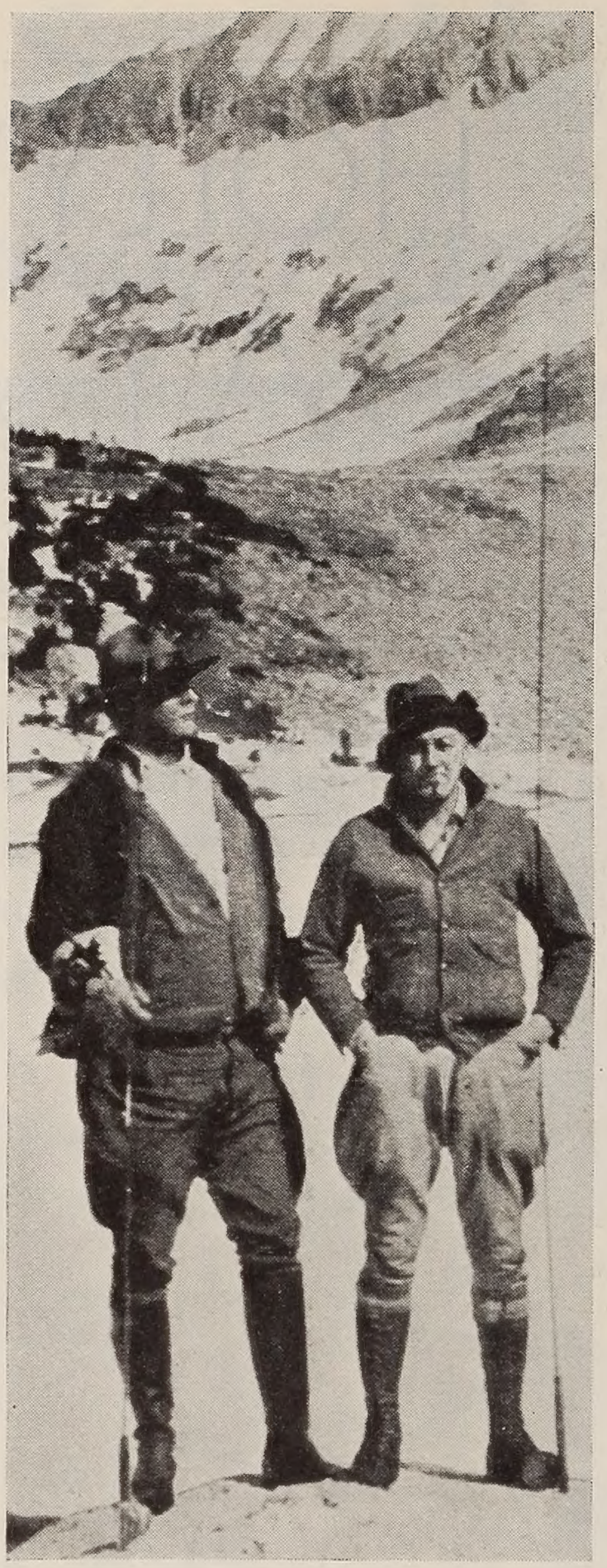
Machinery for cleaning the screen is provided by the NRA code for the pictures. Whether it will result in actual federal censorship remains to be seen. The new movement is opposed to legal censorships of the films and it is likely that the purifying process will be in the hands of a committee operating in Hollywood under the sort of federal supervision that is provided for by the so-called New Deal.

It will be a federal censorship, in effect, no matter what it is called, and if it does not prove effective, more drastic action is expected to result.

It is not generally known, outside filmdom's bounds, but the so-called Hays code was drafted by important churchmen and was virtually forced upon the Hollywood producers. However, its operation has been regarded as more or less a joke by the producers. There is every indication that the joke has been carried far enough and filth is to be banished from the screen—or else!

JANET GAYNOR has a new hobby. She likes to have Florence Desmond, the talented English girl, give her famous Gaynor imitation. It surpasses even her mimicry of the Garbo and Bankhead vocal mannerisms.

Just to show you one of the advantages of being a big 'un. This is Maxie Baer, on the set of "The Prizefighter and the Lady." It shows that the paws which are expected to rock Primo Carnera to sleep fit quite conveniently around not one, but six, pretty actresses. Watta man!



There are four things John Barrymore loves dearly—his wife and children, his yachting and his fishing. And here is the perennial matinee idol, heart-stopper of the century, way up in the high Sierras, fishing with Chief Ranger Townsley.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has written his first scenario and he says that it is a good one. Paulette Goddard says it's good, too, and Paulette ought to know, as she was in on it throughout.

As has been recorded in the public prints, Charlie won't talk about it, and neither will anyone else. And you won't blame him when you learn that "City Lights," made after talkies came into being as an "old-fashioned silent," brought more money into the Chaplin coffers than any picture he ever made, even "The Kid" and "The Gold Rush."

They don't talk much about money around the little studio at Sunset and La Brea, but it is a generally accepted fact that the last Chaplin opus has grossed more than five million dollars. And five millions was a lot of money even before the big Wall Street sound effect.

But, getting back to the scenario, it's Charlie's first, because, heretofore, he has always "shot off the cuff"—which means that all his stories were doped out from day to day while shooting was in progress.

AND, talking about picture money, what do you think is the most successful picture of the past few years? Nothing but "She Done Him Wrong!" Which should prove that a college education isn't necessary, at all, or that correct grammar is not always conducive to financial success.

If they'd called it "She Did Him Wrong," the picture might have been a flop.

The most interesting fact in connection with this Paramount opus is, of course, the Mae West angle. From a person unknown to picturedom, Mae became in one jump the biggest potential money-maker of the screen, just as Marie Dressler's pictures a year or so ago made records for earnings that even surpassed those of the glamorous Garbo.

And don't imagine that Mae isn't cashing in on her unexpected success. From an unimportant pay check, Miss West goes on the payroll for something like $100,000 per picture from now on, and there are producers who would boost that stipend to double the amount to get the

(*Please turn to page* 10)





LEO: "Just a minute girls while I introduce you to the public . . . friends, meet MAY ROBSON & POLLY MORAN my new M-G-M comedy team...now girls please don't fight in a public magazine!"

MAY: "It's all right Leo, we're just rehearsing a scene from our first comedy, COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN."

POLLY: "And believe me it's a pleasure to team up with May Robson. She's a grand girl and the public knows it, too."

LEO: "See you all at the picture, folks. COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN is all fun!"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Screamie with May Robson, Polly Moran, Charles (Chic) Sale, Una Merkel, Russell Hardie and Jean Parker. Directed by Charles F. Riesner, from a story by Lawrence Johnson. Associate Producer, Harry Rapf.

Hollywood day by day

(*Continued from page 8*)

West signature on a contract.

In cinema financial circles it is freely stated that Mae's hit picture saved the Paramount bacon.

THE most revered couple in Hollywood are the parents of the Warner Brothers, married almost sixty years. "Pop" gets most of his fun out of previews and pinochle and carries a deck of cards in his pocket for use in emergencies. Recently "Mother" Warner appealed to her son, Jack, who heads the NRA in California, for a pinochle players' code which would compel players to put away the cards and go to bed at 1 A.M. "If something like that isn't done," declared Mother in mock complaint, "I'll just have to go to Reno."

Dick Powell has the reputation of being the best piano "faker" on the screen. It looks like the real thing, but Dick actually doesn't know one key from another.

There was a line in "Once in a Lifetime" about the producer who became famous by turning down the Vitaphone. But turning down the talkie machine was just a gesture compared with what the boss of one studio did several years ago. He fired Walt Disney because he didn't think Walt had any "good ideas."

AND while on the subject of Walt, it might interest you to learn that those Silly Symphonies in color are making more money than Mickey Mouse? Can you feature that?

And I just don't seem to be able to get my mind off'n money these days, with inflation and such-like things staring us in the face. Even in the worst slump in motion picture earnings those Technicolor cartoon stories have been making scads of dough.

And, by the way, did you ever enjoy anything more than "Three Little Pigs" or "The Pied Piper"?

Getting back to figures, it is stated that the first five Sillies made in color have done a gross business of more than a million pesos, which is a lot of yens. A little quick figuring on your private adding machine will disclose a figure of $200,000 for each one, something like ten times as much as they cost.

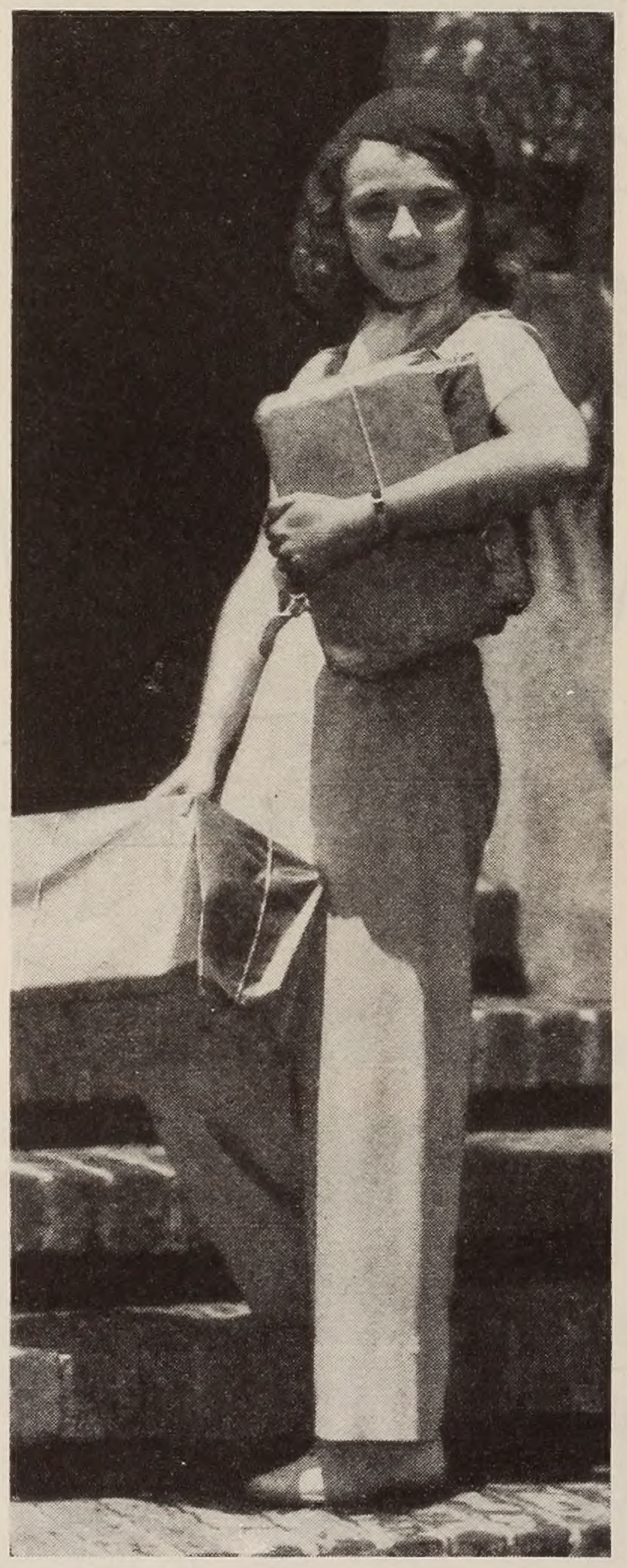
Remember those ads?—"Learn to be a cartoonist and make $50 a week"?



Photo by Wide World

(Above) Marie steps out, socially. You see her here pictured at the home of Mrs. David Gray in Santa Barbara, a lifelong friend. Shown (left to right) are Mrs. Gray, Marie herself, Milton Green and Mrs. Allen Walker.

★



(Left) If you don't believe Janet Gaynor does her own shopping, look here. She's just returning home from a trip to some Hollywood Boulevard stores. Probably toys and trinkets and books of fairy tales. One doesn't ever associate anything as mundane as potatoes and onions with Janet.

★

(Below) Evelyn Venable, Paramount newcomer, one of the new Fall army of screen recruits from whom are expected to come the stars of tomorrow.



OTHER authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, Clara Bow was not a redhead when she landed in Hollywood some years ago.

(*Please turn to page 12*)



She signs a new code!

MIRIAM HOPKINS sets up a new code for women in her latest PARAMOUNT picture. In this new screen play her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one . . . *The play*—NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING". Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH. *The lovers*—FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER.



Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!

Twelve years ago, "CRADLE SONG" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely DOROTHEA WIECK to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about DOROTHEA WIECK when you see her in "CRADLE SONG", *A Paramount Picture* directed by Mitchell Leisen.



. . . *Vanilla!* They can't take it, but they thought Dewey did! The FOUR MARX BROTHERS as they repel a gas attack with bicarbonate of soda in the third battle of Bull Run in "DUCK SOUP", that very funny PARAMOUNT PICTURE directed by Leo McCarey . . . with girls and music.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!

(*Continued from page* 10)

Her hair originally was a medium shade of brown. The red came later. Maybe it was the famed California climate. Or something she ate.

IF there is any place in Hollywood which could be aptly christened "Heartbreak House," it is the building at 5444 Hollywood Boulevard. And not because the ground floor houses a funeral parlor.

The entire upper floor is the headquarters of the Motion Picture Relief Fund and every day provides its tragedies. The fund has been in existence for more than ten years, but until the last year or two its heartbreaks have been confined to more or less unimportant members of the profession. The industry is comparatively new and it has taken some time for the descent from the heights by some of the unfortunates, who, just a few years ago, were among the most widely acclaimed of the cinema celebrities and among the chief money-makers.

In one week not so long ago an observer might have encountered a half dozen persons in the fund office who would have been recognized immediately. For instance, one was a famous star and beauty who a dozen years ago was at the very top of the first flight of stairs. Her jewels alone were worth close to a million dollars. She was as gracious as she was beautiful. Her photographs adorned a million homes. Anything she did was news. A bit more matronly, she is still a beautiful woman and she does not cry over her misfortunes. She wanted money enough to pay the storage on her furniture which was about to be seized in lieu of less than a hundred dollars' charges.

Those who passed on her case didn't talk much about it. None could trust their voices.

Then there was a once-famous character man, better known to the stage than the screen, perhaps. New York knew him as a high-powered poker player who spent his money like water. "They're just white chips," he used to say. In those days no panhandler ever left his side without a piece of change.

He wanted a slight "loan" from the fund and some assurance that he could be kept in groceries until he got his "break."

Funny thing about the old-timer, even those who have had their success in former days. They refuse to admit that they are through. They concede nothing to time. A good break will put them back where they were, or even on greater heights. They will cite you Marie Dressler and Mae West as proof that no case is hopeless. Optimism at its peak!

Another visitor to the fund was the once-famous director whose salary check was greater than that of the President of the United States. He just wanted $5 worth of groceries and a chance to work extra. He saw nothing in the future but hunger. He, at least knew that the parade had passed him, and he was only interested in a meager existence.

LAST year the Fund spent nearly $200,000 to help the unfortunates of Hollywood, every cent of which was contributed by those in the industry. Nearly all the actors, directors and writers donate one-half of one per cent of their salaries each week to the Fund. It is collected by the studios each week, or rather, deducted from the checks of those who signed the Fund pledge.

Marion Davies, who has spent a fortune in private charities, is the president this year and her biggest job is to line up some of the most famous stars of the screen as contributors to the Fund. Strangely enough a number of the best known and most highly paid celebrities have

(*Please turn to page* 14)



(At left) One of those odd moments between scenes, when everyone is relaxed —Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, Jack Conway, the director, May Robson and Lionel Atwill during the production of "The Solitaire Man."



★

(Left) Mona Smith, the little girl M-G-M is pinning star hopes on. She hasn't appeared in a picture yet, but the studio is passing the word out to "look out for Mona. She's surely a comer."

★

Hollywood day by day



(Above) Tom Keene left Western cowboy pictures and Hollywood simultaneously. Feeling his field too limited, Tom bought up his RKO contract and, though he was receiving more than six thousand fan letters a month as proof of his popularity, has started out on the legitimate stage. He expects to return to Hollywood as a straight leading man. It took courage for Tom to begin all over again.

The stamp of superlative entertainment



WALLACE BEERY, GEORGE RAFT, JACKIE COOPER in "THE BOWERY"

WALTER WINCHELL'S "BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE"

SPENCER TRACY and JACK OAKIE in "TROUBLE SHOOTER"

GEORGE ARLISS in "HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD"

CONSTANCE BENNETT in "MOULIN ROUGE"

GEORGE BANCROFT in "BLOOD MONEY"

LORETTA YOUNG in "BORN TO BE BAD"

LEE TRACY in "ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN"

ANN HARDING in "GALLANT LADY"

GEORGE ARLISS in "SENTENCED"

"THE GREAT BARNUM"

"I KNEW HER WHEN"

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS



Photo by Wide World

You've seldom seen a photograph of Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, known to theater-goers as Irene Fenwick. But here she is with her talented husband—and wearing, if you really want to know, a white satin evening gown with white ermine wrap.



Dorothy Trail, living down in Fayetteville, Arkansas, heard, over the radio, that RKO was looking for girls to appear in "Flying Down to Rio." Taking a long chance, she flew to Hollywood. This was one movie quest that wasn't in vain. She got a part.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

(*Continued from page* 12)

refused to contribute. They have made the excuse of "private charities," a well-worn subterfuge.

Recently a New York newspaperman on a Hollywood vacation wrote a piece for his paper about the old Hollywood Hotel, once the center of all cinema social activities. Soon after publication of the story, the newspaper was brought to the carpet by counsel for the hotel, which objected to the inference that the once-famous caravansary had become passe.

HOLLYWOOD'S sympathy seems to be unanimously with Mary Pickford in the wreck of the Pickford-Fairbanks marital craft. History seems to be repeating itself. Just a little more than fifteen years ago the story broke of their—we'll say unconventional—amatory episode. Both principals were in New York helping Uncle Sam put over the Liberty Loan when things looked blackest in France. Fairbanks hopped on a train the day newspaper headlines announced the crash and thereafter maintained a silence that confirmed the charges of his wife that he had gone in a big way for America's Sweetheart. Mary was left holding the sack, as it were.

Nowadays they would call it being "put on the spot." And now, again, Doug immerses himself in a deep silence while Mary tries to explain how screenland's greatest romance is writing its finish.

HAROLD TEEN, the perennial youth, is coming back to the screen again in the form of a musical comedy. It was first intended by Warner Brothers to have Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler play *Harold* and *Lillums*, but it seemed that they were just a wee bit ancient for the parts, both apparently being over twenty-one. So it was decided to have a younger pair co-starred. Hal Leroy, the erstwhile Ziegfeld Follies juvenile hoofer, is favored for *Harold* and Patricia Ellis for the girl. The silent version made five or six years ago turned Arthur Lake into a star for the time being. And, of course, you will recall that Alice White was *Lillums*.

Hollywood day by day

JUST by way of keeping the subject of marriage records alive, I might announce a candidate for marital honors in Eugene Palette. You know Gene, with the big bass voice. Well, Gene is now married to his fifth spouse and although he is happy, he says that he does not want to be eliminated from the race. I was mistaken last month in crediting Eddie Sutherland, another contestant, with only three wives. He's had four—Margery Daw, Louise Brooks, Ethel Kenyon and Audrey Henderson, now awaiting a divorce.

THAT grand old Lothario, Lew Cody, still holds the record for the free-for-all movie matrimonial sweepstakes with something like nine ceremonies to his credit. I believe that several were repeats, however. At any rate, he was several wives up on Nat Goodwin when the famous old actor left for that place where they say all matches are made. Lew was legally hitched several times to Dorothy Dalton, the former Ince star, and his last spouse was the beloved Mabel Normand.

(*Please turn to page* 68)

(Below) Warner Baxter, tremendously popular on and off the screen, and his mother, Mrs. Jane B. Baxter, visiting the M-G-M studio. Now, all together, "Why, she looks young enough to be his wife."



IT TOOK 20 YEARS TO MAKE THIS PICTURE!

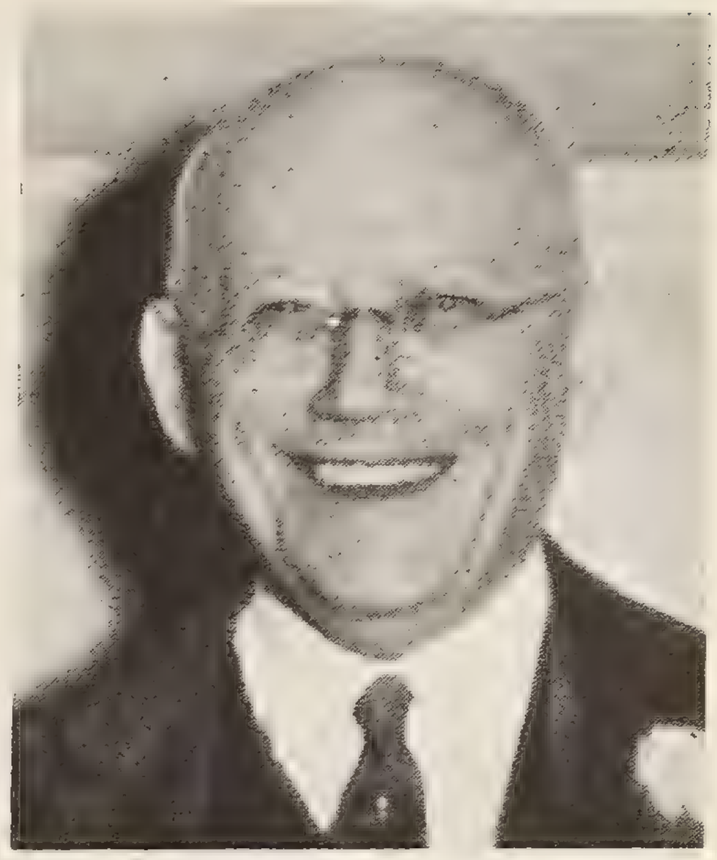
By Edwin C. Hill

Famous Radio Reporter



EDWIN C. HILL

Cameramen have been photographing it ever since the year 1914. I mean the last twenty years that have shaken America industrially, socially, morally, like a rending earthquake. The World War's aftermath of despair and paralysis. Scared humanity whistling in the dark to support its courage. . . . It is well-nigh impossible to get the throbbing, tumultuous, maniacal picture in our minds unless it is visualized for us.



CARL LAEMMLE, SR.

AND that is what the Universal people have done out in Uncle Carl Laemmle's studios in Hollywood with their colorful and thrilling "Only Yesterday"; a motion picture which is the March of the Times, accompanied by all the wild laughter and the mad cries, the jazz and the cocktails; dark followed by bursts of light, like watching the sweeping terror of a savage thunderstorm in the night. . . . It took twenty years to make that amazing, arresting and thoroughly entertaining picture of a cross-section of American life.

The all-absorbing story of a group of people who saw the Devil rise out of Hell while they played contract and drank cocktails and played at love and saw their fortunes go to ruin.

Moving and thrilling and breathlessly near to most of us, "Only Yesterday" stands out as Universal's most pretentious production since "All Quiet on the Western Front." It was built by the celebrated director, John M. Stahl, from the book by Frederick Lewis Allen, one of the best sellers of recent years.

And in the picture is an all-star cast of extraordinary proportions and class: Margaret Sullavan, a young luminary of Hollywood whose work was so pleasing to the Universal magnates



CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

that they will star her next in their "Little Man, What Now?" Then, too, there are John Boles and Billie Burke and Reginald Denny and Edna May Oliver, and a featured cast of no less than ninety-three players, whose names and ability count for something out where the palm fronds rustle and the Kliegs cast their challenging glare. And back of all the stars and starlets are no less than four thousand five hundred "extras."

A multi-starred, super-spectacle Universal calls it, with some justice, one thinks, for it is certainly one of the most effective picture dramas that has reached the screen in years, and a faithful, absorbing record of the last two decades that have swept over our United States like a hurricane. . . . "Only Yesterday." . . . It is America and the blinding, dizzying rush of the times that you will see when the lights go dim. A little of all of us in that surging parade of life!

Past, Present and Future



Margaret Sullavan, the Broadway actress of "Dinner at Eight" fame, and Billie Burke, in "Only Yesterday."

At the right: Reginald Denny as BOB.





At the left: Benita Hume as PHYLLIS EMERSON.

At extreme left: Edna May Oliver as LEONA.

"Only Yesterday," Universal's greatest film effort since "All Quiet on the Western Front," comes to the screen with the greatest galaxy of stars, near-stars, one-time stars and stars-yet-to-be, ever assembled. It makes Margaret Sullavan a new star, heightens the popularity of John Boles, Reginald Denny and Billie Burke, and brings before you probably the longest roster of film talent ever to grace one screen. John Stahl, who made "Back Street," which "Only Yesterday" resembles in background, directs.



John Boles as JIM EMERSON.



Right: Walter Catlett as BARNES.

Below: Onslow Stevens as BARNARD.

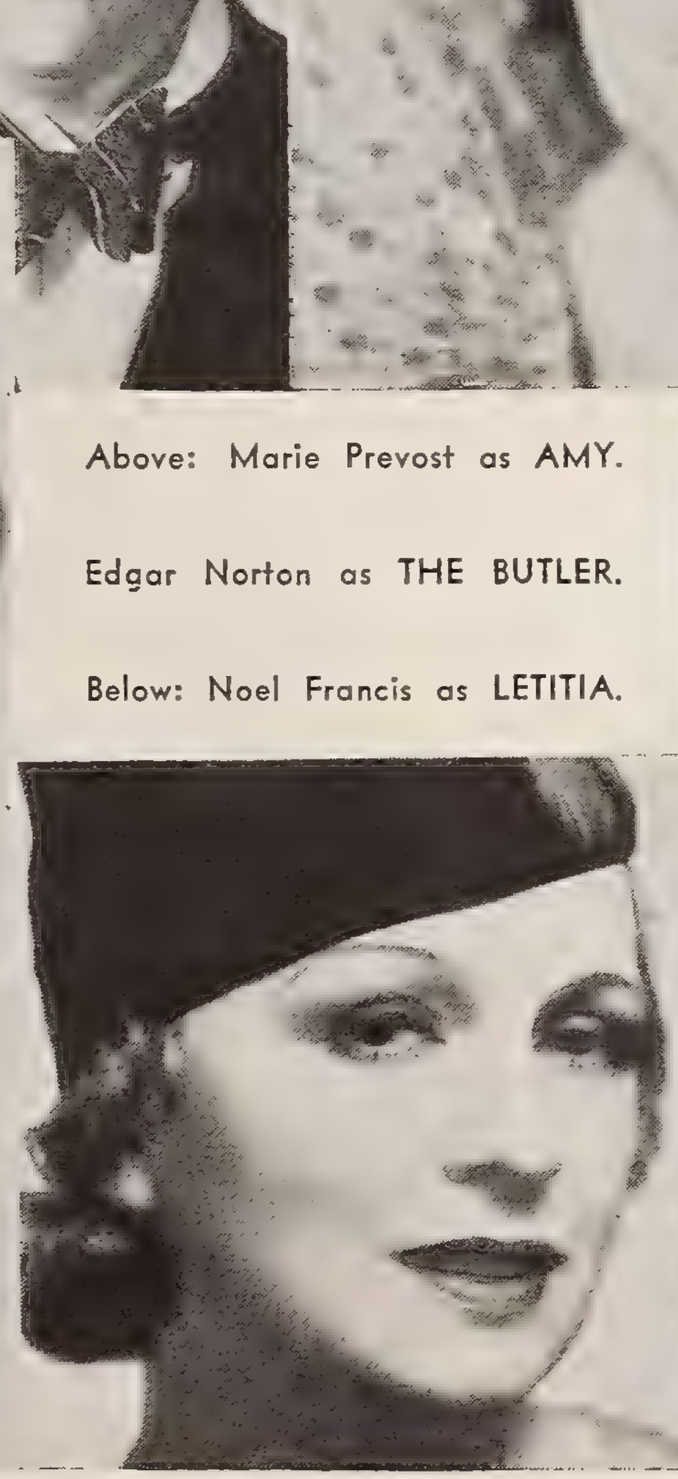


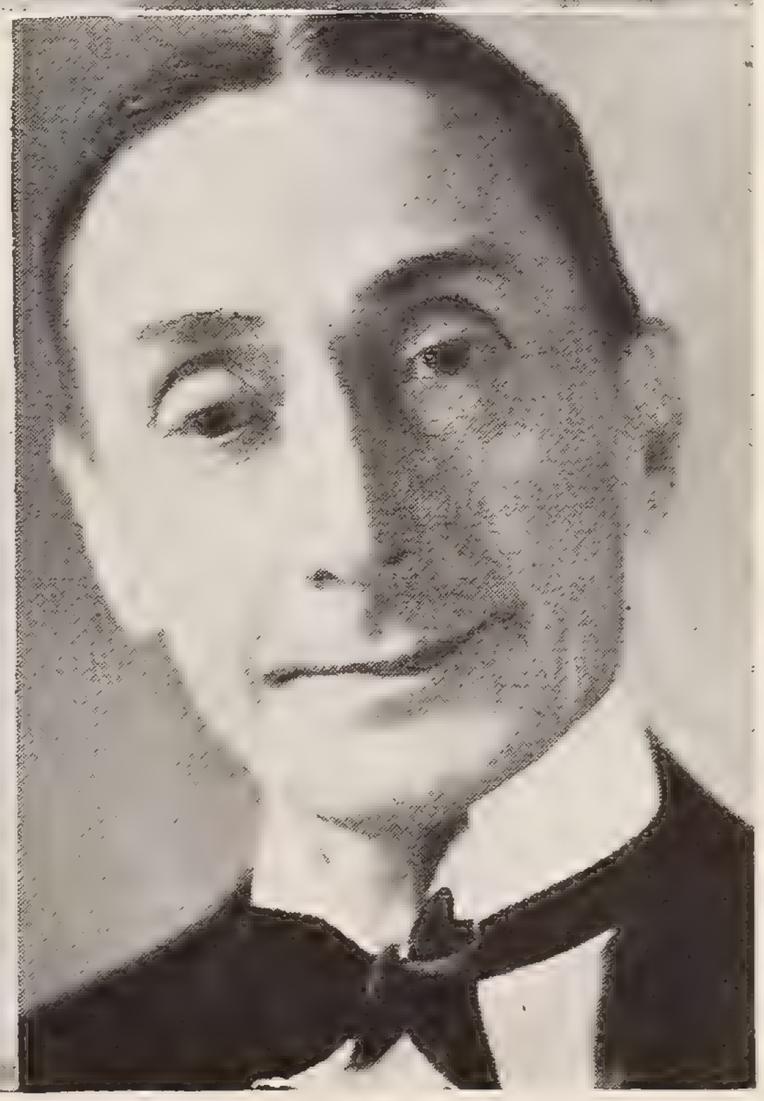
Above: Marie Prevost as AMY.

Edgar Norton as THE BUTLER.



Below: Noel Francis as LETITIA.





Beauty Contest!

Get a Camay Complexion and You'll be Admired Wherever You Go

"BEAUTY CONTEST?" Certainly! Every woman in the world is entered. Your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by every man and every woman you chance to meet.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion! It will earn for you favor and praise. And then you'll thank heaven for a soap like Camay which imparts to the feminine skin a lovely peach-bloom texture.

"The Soap of Beautiful Women is an excellent name for Camay," wrote a girl from Washington, D. C. "Every girl I know who uses Camay has a lovely clear complexion."

"My skin is so much fresher since I've been using Camay," said a young New Yorker. "I admit I admire myself in the glass."

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Try Camay yourself! Use it faithfully for one month! It's changing the soap habits of the nation! Every day thousands and thousands of women—forsaking all other soaps—are taking up Camay.

Perfumed as if it came from Paris—smart as the newest fashion—Camay looks and smells high-priced. Yet you'll be delighted to know that it costs but a trifle. Get a supply of Camay today!



Another Beauty Contest Won! *The unforgettable thing about this girl is her lovely Camay Complexion. It wins attentions—compliments—in her daily Beauty Contest.*

Camay is the modern beauty soap—pure creamy-white and lavish of lather. Wrapped in green and yellow, fresh in Cellophane. Use it on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY OF STARS

Nineteen-year-old Charlotte Henry, just five feet tall and blond, gets the coveted role of *Alice* in "Alice in Wonderland," winning over more than five thousand other aspirants. She's from Brooklyn, has had screen and stage experience and, strangely enough, didn't apply for the part.



HOOP-LA!

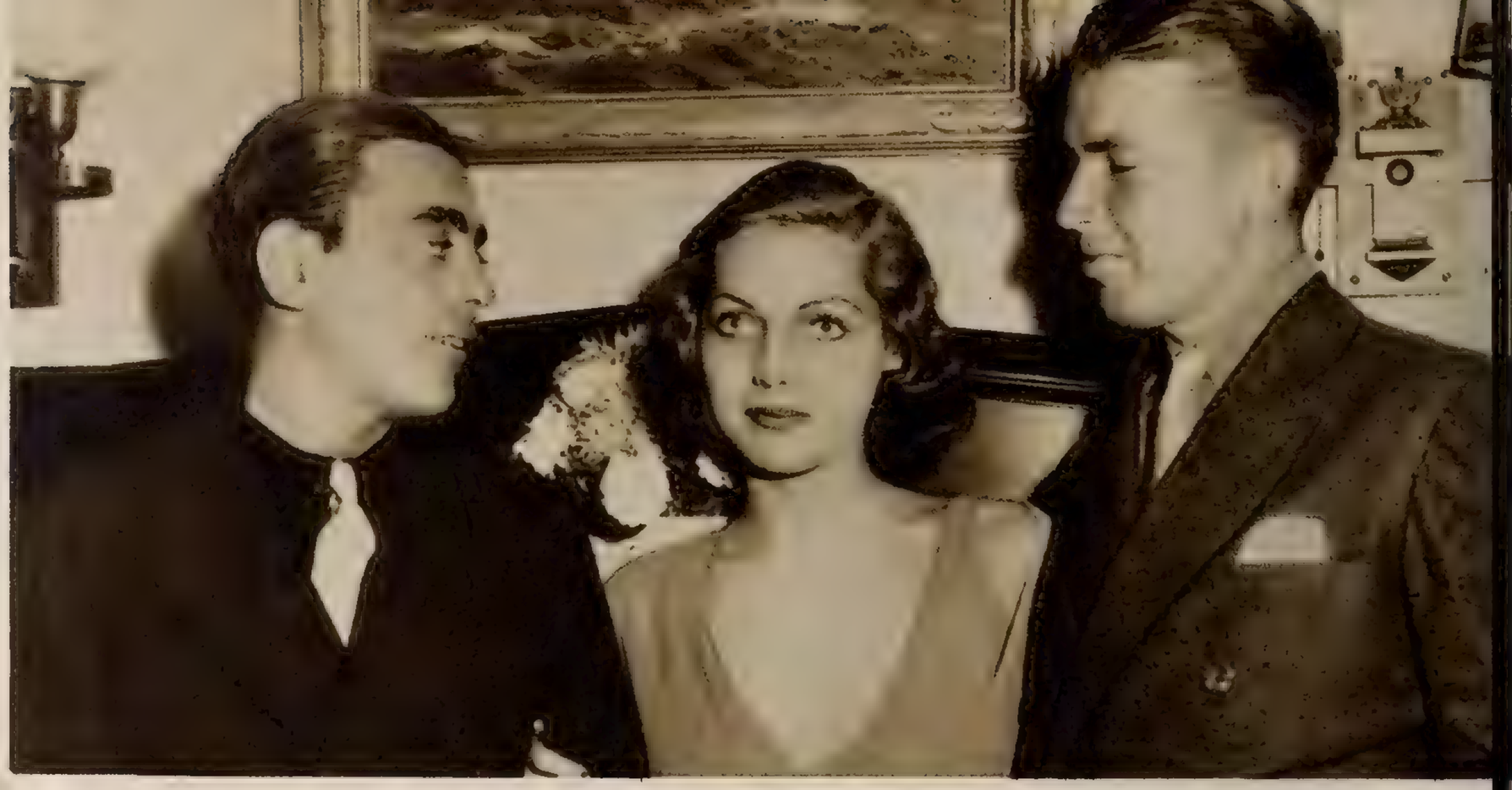
Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Otto Dyar

Preston Foster, playing opposite the Brooklyn bonfire, Miss Clara Bow, in her second picture under her Fox contract, "Hoop-La!" His success in "The Power and the Glory" won him this coveted role. In the cast are Herbert Mundin, Minna Gombell and Richard Cromwell.



She has a personality all of her own— has Margaret Sullavan, and if you don't believe it when you see her unique performance in "Only Yesterday," Universal will be losing a big bet. But Universal isn't worried. And neither is Margaret Sullavan.

CLICKS!



Stephen Ames, wealthy young New York broker, his wife, Adrienne Ames, and Bruce Cabot, have been targets for poison pens.
Photo by Wide World

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., divorced from Joan Crawford, one of the victims of a breach-of-promise suit which was given great publicity, and which was one of the causes of his marital difficulties.
Photo by Wide World



POISON PENS

OF HOLLYWOOD

WHO? . . . What? . . . When? . . . Where? Hollywood reeks with the eternal question mark about the eternal triangle!

In a town which recognizes more than four hundred accredited press correspondents and, in addition, is overrun by more than twice that number of writers who aspire to be recognized, it's utterly impossible for a film personality to appear in public without the news being heralded far and wide. And mere mention of the appearance is not enough. Something sensational must be written. . .

Scandal for sale? Of course, it's for sale!

To argue the origin and the blame of Hollywood's scandal plague is like arguing which came first—the chicken or the egg? If the public did not consume scandal so avidly, no newspaper or magazine would print it—and if it were never printed, the public couldn't read it and might lose its appetite for scandal.

No matter who's to blame, the star is now the victim, and he wails to high heaven that his lot is hard, indeed!

THE studio publicity departments, in Hollywood's more colorful days, welcomed, and even instigated, the sale of scandal about their stars. Then, there was not such wide-spread interest in movies and movie celebrities, and press agents faced a real problem in trying to focus public attention on their players. Trumped-up sensations, invented escapades, staged kidnapings—in short, every ruse under the sun was employed to crash the headlines.

In many cases, those early-day publicity men scored bull's-eyes. Remember the lurid legends they built up around Theda Bara? Undoubtedly they brought money into the box-office. But the headlines, after striking, proved to be boomerangs, and eventually struck back at the film industry. The Arbuckle case and the William Desmond Taylor murder were terrific blows to Hollywood, chiefly because the public had already been educated to believe Hollywood a modern Sodom.

TODAY, an entirely different state of affairs exists. Today, the whitewash is liberally applied—and more than one press agent with a flair for sensation, has discovered that his proper title should be "sup-press" agent.

Today, every star's contract contains a morality clause. The studio czars and Will Hays have ruled that dignity must be the keynote in Hollywood news stories, and the thumb is irrevocably turned down on scandal and sensation—and the scribes who seek to sell it to the public.

Unfortunately, the thumb of Mr. Hays is neither large enough nor heavy enough to cover the thousands of vents which spout Hollywood scandal. Many of the scurrilous rumors which are circulated and, too often published, are repeated in perfectly good faith. For it is very easy to believe in the sins of celebrities.

Beauty parlors and the like are breeding places for some of the most slanderous reports. A beauty operator, who, for business reasons, wishes to appear in the confidence of Jane Star, mentions to Mrs. Doe the fact that Jane, whose husband is out of town, went to the premiere of her latest picture with her leading man.

And Mrs. Doe, anxious to appear "in the know," promptly rushes to Mrs. Roe with the torrid news. And you all know how rapidly such stories grow in the telling.

By the time it reaches Mrs. Roe's cook's fourth cousin, Jane is preparing to divorce her husband in order to marry a paramour.

Fired by the recent avalanche of untruths, the stars and the studios alike have opened battle on all scandal-mongers

By JOHN BRIGHT

In this tinsel town, almost everybody wants the spotlight — and if it is not obtainable by legitimate means, any means will do. Back-fence gossips do not confine themselves to back fences, nor are women the only offenders. And Hollywood society awards its own Distinguished Service Medal to that ingenious individual whose juicy contributions hint at the greatest intimacy with Jane or Johnny Star. Can you wonder that, with such an award awaiting the scandal-monger, he frequently stoops to unadulterated invention?

Not long ago, a damaging story was printed about Constance Bennett. In discussing it—or cussing it, if you insist—she said:

"I'm surprised that any editor would print such irresponsible rumors, but I certainly am not surprised at their existence. In this rumor-cursed town, a lively reporter can find a rumor to fit any purpose. Not only I, but every other player who happens to be in the limelight, breaks all of the ten commandments daily—over the tea tables in the Brown Derby, or anywhere else where the cats of Hollywood assemble and meow."

Connie, possibly because she's the most glamorous figure on the Hollywood scene, has been hounded by scandalous attacks ever since she signed her first picture contract. She has been misquoted by sensation-seeking reporters until she can hardly be blamed if now she distrusts the press at large. However, she can console herself by reflecting that she is not the only sufferer.



Constance Bennett is a fighter. When she's attacked, she battles right back. "Not only I," says Connie, "but every other player who happens to be in the limelight, breaks all of the commandments daily—over the tea tables in the Brown Derby or anywhere else where the cats of Hollywood assemble and meow."

LET'S examine a few of the items which have reached publication recently, in spite of the anti-scandal campaign launched by the studios. For instance:

"A young star—so young that she can't vote yet—will soon face the judge with a plea that her kid brother be restored to her. It seems that while this girl was very poor, her brother was farmed out to neighbors for adoption. Now she wants him back. It's too bad she didn't think about him during all these years."

The writer of that paragraph obviously wanted the reader to conclude that Loretta Young was meant. But the only truth in his concoction was that Loretta has a brother! The boy, back in the days before Loretta's success, became very fond of a neighboring family, and they of him. As a result, he spends a great deal of time with his friends, but he has not been adopted by them, nor has adoption ever been discussed.

Had Loretta been named in the item, she could have sued had she been so minded—and collected—for libelous defamation of character. Unfortunately, the libel laws do not protect people from anonymous attacks.



One untrue story completely changed Mae West's attitude toward the press. Previously she had been friendly, eager to oblige. She became cagy and distrustful, threatened a libel suit, and the story was retracted.

Photo by Wide World



Joan Bennett didn't waste a moment when the scandal-mongers began threatening her marital happiness. She sued—and the gossip stopped.

ONLY recently, stars have begun to fight back. No less than a dozen libel suits have been filed in the past year—much to the amazement and the consternation of certain editors, who apparently believed that they could print anything with perfect impunity. What's this we hear about a (*Please turn to page* 83)





Spencer Tracy, the screen star, who, when he told Will Rogers he had been requested to write this article, says Will squirmed as uncomfortably as does a ten-year-old he-boy on being proudly introduced to the ladies of his mother's sewing circle as "my baby."

THE UNKNOWN WILL ROGERS I KNOW

One of his closest friends tells you secrets about the People's Ambassador, shy, boyish, generous and immensely proud of being "just folks"

By SPENCER TRACY

THE longer and the more intimately I know Bill Rogers, the more I admire him—and the more convinced I am that much of his charm lies in his boyishness. In spite of his amazingly wide contacts with world affairs and with the men who bring them about, in many ways Bill has never "grown up."

A strange paradox—he is, at the same time, one of the best-known, and one of the least-known, men in the world. By inclination, he is a grand "mixer." By instinct, he is as retiring as a hermit.

No one ever nursed a greater horror of being lionized. This famous stage and screen star, journalist, wit and world-traveler, is shy—incurably, painfully, shy. As long as the subject under discussion is impersonal, he talks easily, brilliantly. Asked to talk about himself, he is ill-at-ease, embarrassed, eager to escape.

Widely traveled, well educated, dined by presidents, emperors and kings, star of the stage, screen and radio, Will Rogers has never "grown up."

On several occasions, I have introduced him to some one of his fans. Invariably, at the first symptom of a personal compliment, he hung his head, grinned sheepishly and mumbled his words.

He never poses for gallery photographs and will walk blocks out of his way to dodge the unlucky studio cameraman who is ordered to get Rogers' snapshots.

When I told him that I had been requested to write this article, he squirmed as uncomfortably as does a ten-year-old he-boy on being proudly introduced to the ladies of his mother's sewing circle as "my baby."

"Aw," he muttered. "You oughtn't t' do that. You'll try t' say some nice things about me an' you'll have t' lie too much."

MAGAZINE writers complain because Bill never gives interviews. They charge that he will not talk for publication because he wants to hoard the wit which he sells in his daily newspaper comment. Ridiculous! He has no need to hoard his humor, which is not only spontaneous but inexhaustible. He refuses interviews for the same reason that a bashful kid refuses to recite before company.

He and Hollywood society are comparative strangers. On rare occasions he attends an informal party at the home of Winfield Sheehan or some other of his intimates. He shuns more formal affairs as he would the plague.

On one memorable occasion, he did accept an invitation to a typical Hollywood party—and Hollywood chuckled for weeks. The story offers a revealing clue to Rogers' character. (*Please turn to page* 86)



GALLANT

As one of the gallant bachelors in Paramount's "Design for Living," Gary Cooper has made one of the biggest hits of his career. Perhaps because, in real life, he's one of Hollywood's greatest "catches."

TED COOK'S MOVIE COOK-COOS

Our Hollywood humorist comments on the news

Drawings by the author



We need more such clippings for future reference. Kindly leer over the public prints and, when you find an inspired slipographical error, send it along.

THIS month we place all of our unopened mail in a hamper. Then we stir hysterically with a walking stick. Now, will one of you magazine readers kindly step up and, blindfolded, extract a letter?

Thank you.

The letter, postmarked Marblehead, Mass., will be opened before your very eyes and read aloud. Snip. Well, well, well—it contains a clipping from a chatter column. We shall now read the clipping aloud. It says:

"Mae West's apartment contains five sexional bookcases containing her favorite novels and plays, several of which she wrote herself. Additions to Richard Dix's family: he now has thirty-one dogs, six puppies having been born to his Great Dane. . . . Joan Bennett and Ann Sullivan, the proud mothers, meet once a week to talk about their daughters. . . ."

We need more such clippings for future reference. Kindly leer over the public prints and when you find an inspired slipographical error, send it along.

We are also compiling a dictionary, to which we this month add the following definitions:

SUPERVISOR—A gent who would rather speak his mind than use it.

CENSOR—A person who slashes a picture because of what he feels it might just as well mean.

CHARACTER ACTRESS—A lady who fights for her waist-line instead of her honor.

KAY FRANCIS rented the Vendome cafe in Hollywood and gave a barn dance—with all the guests dressed as rustics. They chased greased pigs and rode cows. At another party, the guests were asked to appear as their favorite stars. Not really, of course—because that would mean that most of the guests would come as themselves. What they did was appear as their second-best favorite stars. Almost every week someone in Hollywood throws a party at which the guests keep right on acting. The poor darlings just do not want to relax. You'd think that a clever hostess might solve the whole problem by having a party at which each guest was presented with a hand mirror—and let it go at that.

IF the orchestra leader will oblige with a little tender music, we will read you a quotation from Dr. Albert Edward Wiggin, eminent authority on human behavior:

"Does it require exceptional intelligence to become a screen star? Yes, intelligence of a very high order. Such actresses as Greta Garbo and Gloria Swanson and hosts of others have mental endowments that readily place them in the ranks of genius. They could have succeeded in many other fields of endeavor had they the passion to do so."

And by the same token, we venture to say that people in many other fields of endeavor could have succeeded in pictures —had they the passion.

Furthermore, Dr. Wiggin would be the last to deny that such stars as Greta and Gloria have endowments below the chin which are not to be ignored. Particularly, in close-ups.

Too many stars (if we must call them such)

Muff their best chances by acting too much.

BY the way, while on the subject of muffs, none other than Lee Tracy started the current Hollywood conceit of sending a lady a silk muff quilted with gardenias to wear on a grand occasion, such as the opening of a new picture at the Chinese theater—or the opening of a new public market.

And a sign on a Hollywood Boulevard marquee announced:

SHE DONE HIM WRONG
BEHIND JURY DOORS
For 4 Days Only

While the same theater, the week previous, advertised in lights:

MAMA LOVES PAPA
Tonight Only

LET us now swerve quickly from the ridiculous to the sublime, and ponder a few jeweled words as they fall from the lips of the mighty:

"Fame and money are not the great rewards for the screen actor. The actor finds his real reward in doing work that pleases the public."
—George Bancroft.

"It is so boring to be frequently reported engaged."
—Tallulah Bankhead.

"The smart young matron, who once thought of children with fear, now welcomes the idea of her fourth child." —Samuel Goldwyn.

(*Please turn to page* 73)

The FACTS about My

"My happiness came to me suddenly—unexpectedly," Jean Harlow tells New Movie readers in her first exclusive story. "In the closest and dearest masculine friendship of my life, I found love."

ONCE, when I was a little girl, my grandmother said to me, "Don't ever try to find happiness, Harlean, wait for it to come to you. The more desperately you search for it, the harder it will be to find. Usually happiness comes suddenly, when you least expect it."

My grandmother was right. My happiness has come to me in just that way. In the dearest and closest masculine friendship of my life, I have found love.

A few months ago I told one of my friends, who happens to be a newspaper woman, that there was no romance, only a deep and sympathetic friendship, between Hal Rosson and me. We were talking about the romance which had been rumored, because we had been seen several times dining and dancing together. I was completely and utterly sincere when I made that statement. At that time I did not think of romance. I knew only that Hal was one of the best friends any girl could have.

I have always believed that a real and lasting love and happiness must be based on a foundation of understanding and friendship. I have heard often of "love at first sight," have had examples of it pointed out to me, but, so far as I can see, very few cases of that sort of instantaneously developed emotion have an enduring quality. If you'll look around you, you'll probably notice that most successful marriages, everywhere as well as in Hollywood, have been built on a long friendship and association.

Hal and I have worked together for a long time. We have seen each other in every possible mental condition. If ever two people knew each other's moods and thoughts, we do. Every morning as soon as I walked on the set, Hal seemed instinctively to know my frame of mind. If I were feeling low or depressed or worried about something, he invariably found an opportunity to whisper, "Brace up, honey. You'll live through it. It isn't so bad that it couldn't be worse."

The first day I ever saw Hal Rosson, was the day we made tests for "Red Headed Woman." I had heard about him, of course, and I was very glad that he was to be the chief cameraman on that picture. Hal and my stepfather, Marino Bello, had been friends and golf-mates for more than a year. Very often my father talked about Hal, but it just happened that I had never met him.

Those tests for "Red Headed Woman" were an ordeal, believe me. In the first place, it was my initial experience in wearing a wig and I felt self-conscious and strange. Then, it was my first picture under my contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and I was nerve-rackingly anxious to make good. In addition, the role was a new sort of characterization for me. After



Wide World

After their recent marriage in Yuma, Arizona, Miss Harlow and her husband, Harold G. Rosson, returned to her home in Hollywood. Their friendship began during their association in Miss Harlow's last four pictures, in the filming of which Rosson was head cameraman.

a series of hard-boiled girls, I was playing a young woman who was hard-boiled, to be sure, but who had a touch of comedy. The problem was to play her so that the audience would like her in spite of herself.

All in all, I was under a terrific nervous strain, when I walked on that big, bare stage for my first tests. The make-up department and a hairdresser were hovering around, putting touches to my wig and to my make-up. I knew that my fate lay largely in the photography. And, after I had worked for an hour

Romance and Marriage

By JEAN HARLOW

As told to Jean Packe

with Hal, I knew that I was safe in his hands.

He seemed genuinely interested. He didn't take the tests as merely one of the necessary details which must be gone through before you can get down to the actual work of making a motion picture. And he seemed to sense my inner tremblings. He refused to act serious and joked and laughed. That relieved the strain and tension.

Our friendship, which began that day, was a casual studio relationship. You grow to know people awfully well when you work with them hour after hour, day after day. They either stand the test of the wear and tear of frayed nerves and gruelling hours of work. Or they don't. Hal did. And every day, when we looked at the rushes, I was grateful to Fate for having assigned Hal and me to the same pictures. Unless you have worked on the screen, you can't understand the feeling which an actress has about the man who is photographing her. If she has confidence in him, everything is all right. He is sort of like the family physician, the curer of all photographic ills.

It was after we had finished making "Hold Your Man" that the friendship between Hal and me changed from a studio liking into a more personal affair. My father had been urging me to play golf, telling me that it was the exercise which I needed, that it would take me out in the open air and that, if I once tried it, I would like it. I'm a naturally lazy person, I'm sorry to admit. I'd rather put on a bathing suit and lie in the sun beside my pool than be energetic or athletic.

One evening my father informed me that he had arranged a threesome for the next day, a threesome made up of Hal, himself and me. So I had my first "date" with Hal on a golf course at seven-thirty in the morning.

(*Please turn to page* 74)



During the filming of "Bombshell," Jean took time out, between scenes, to go high hat.



DESIGN FOR LIVING

Re-designed slightly by Herr Ernst Lubitsch himself, and with the added "Lubitsch touch," Noel Coward's smashing stage success, "Design for Living," appears as one of Paramount's most ambitious offerings of the season. Fredric March plays *Tom*, the playwright, done on the stage by Mr. Coward himself, Gary Cooper plays *George*, the artist, played on the stage by Alfred Lunt, and Miriam Hopkins is *Gilda*, played on the stage by Lynn Fontanne.



Edward Everett Horton plays *Max,* who finally marries *Gilda,* only to have her lured away again by *Tom* and *George,* and Franklin Pangborn is *Mr. Douglas.* In all fairness to Mr. Lubitsch, let us add that the various changes were made mainly to appease the censors.

One interesting speculation is how the public will accept Gary in a type of part so completely different from anything he has ever attempted.

Pictured above, in a photograph especially posed for The New Movie Magazine, you see Freddie March, Miriam and Gary in one of the brilliantly dialogued scenes in the Paris apartment which the three occupy. At the right is Director Lubitsch, surrounded by his staff.

ELISSA LANDI'S

ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS

Real, intimate facts about the girl the movies labeled as royalty but who turned out to be a tomboy

BY ELSIE JANIS

WHEN the lovely Elissa landed in Hollywood, the publicity departments got her book of press notices mixed up with a copy of "Who's Who!" Instead of telling the public about her stage successes in London, they concentrated on her mother's relationship to some royal house. That was her introduction to us.

I don't know yet the real connection, because I never read the many articles about Elissa's background. I saw so many headlines and heard so much chatter about her being a countess or her mother's being one, and of how we had at last a bit of real royalty who was not visiting Mary and Doug at Pickfair, that I began rehearsing my curtsy, now gone a trifle creaky since I ceased bowing on the stage or in "the presence."

I remembered having seen her in London and liking her, but the barrage of baronial blah annoyed me. Has she come out here to act or sell family heirlooms? I thought. I'm afraid I even said to kindred cats, "We've got princesses and marquises already on the screen, but Mickey Mouse still remains the most popular star. No one asks about his antecedents."

THEN I met Elissa. She was a young Christian on the DeMille set; I was just a visiting fireman. We shook hands. She twinkled. I twinkled right back at her. Mr. DeMille beamed: "You two should be great friends. You have a lot in common."

He may have meant our mutual affection for him. Mr. DeMille, as is his habit, said a mammoth mouthful.

They were shooting night scenes. It was nearly one A. M., and they were going to continue all night. They had been doing the same thing for about a week. The Christians in "The Sign of the Cross," who were fearless under attacks of ruthless Romans, were all trembling in the throes of what California realtors label "pleasantly cool nights."

I watched Elissa find her white-bearded old father shot unto death about seven times. Never a sign of fatigue or resentment on her part, though she, as *Mercia*, was quite perfect the first time.

Due to arrow trouble, beard slipping, fake blood not flowing freely enough and father's death stance not being up to the DeMille standard, they were still killing the distinguished old Christian when I had to leave or send for my sleeping bag.

I left, but not without having several snatches of conversation with Elissa between deaths. The things we found in common on that first meeting were America and DeMille. I asked how she liked both. She had nothing but praise for each one. I found out that though, as *Mercia*, she was every inch a young Christian, as Elissa she was every half inch a cosmopolitan.

We said *au revoir, auf wiedersehen, hasta manana* and *au revederci*. The Landi, like myself, being linguistic, we signed off with "I'll be seein' you!"

C. B. DEMILLE and sunny California are a lot alike in a way. Anyone who has ever felt the charm of them inevitably returns to bask and sometimes burn under their magnetic rays.

C. B.'s sets always look like Old Home Week. Those of his faithful standbys who are not in the picture can be found hanging around watching and waiting for that moment when he catches sight of them and greets them as if he had been waiting for their O.K. on some scene he has been directing.

Extra or star, the "hello!" retains the same note of pleasant surprise. This, I may add, is if he has been satisfied with the scene himself. If not, there is apt to be more hell than *o*.

Old-timers who hadn't worked for years were called



Elissa's eyes alternate between turquoise and jade, according to her mood. I saw them go violet the other night when she was talking to Caroline (the countess-mother to the publicity readers; Caroline to Elissa and her friends).



Photo by Powolny

for "The Sign of the Cross." Christian martyrs suffered; and lots of those players needed no make-up to look the part. DeMille was a veritable saviour and, though they finished by being fed to the lions, he saw to it that they had many good meals enroute to the arena.

I saw a lot of Elissa during those days when I, like the other confirmed De-Millites, was hanging around. I must admit I did more sitting than hanging, and right beside the Master. He was very keen about her acting; directed her very little. She seemed to know instinctively whether the scene had been right or not. Even before he could speak she would say, "May I do that again?"

Between scenes Elissa was more like *Peter Pan* than *Mercia*. She has a



Elissa is not a girl who drops anything; she throws things. And what she threw to the wind or the publicity department (they're somewhat synonymous) was at least six of the seven veils of bunk she'd been swathed in. Coldness, aloofness, classiness, sexlessness, literary-ness.

When they were searching for a screen star to play the part of *Antiope* in "The Warrior's Husband," I suggested Elissa Landi, and got a good laugh from all sides. "She's too lady-like," was the first reaction.

decided boyish quality which would manifest itself immediately after a scene was O.K.'d. The martyred *Mercia's* virginal Christian robes had to cling tenaciously as (*Please turn to page* 95)

The TRUTH about the



One of the thrilling scenes from "The Flesh and the Devil," the notable silent picture made when Jack Gilbert was the outstanding romantic actor in the films, and Garbo little more than unknown. "If you feel I have done you a favor now," she said to Jack recently, "I feel that you did me a favor when you, the great John Gilbert, had me play in your pictures."

NOTE: The most dramatic story in Hollywood today is not the actual story of "Queen Christina," starring Greta Garbo with John Gilbert. It is the story *behind* the make-believe plot of the Swedish Queen and her lover—the story of the screen's queen and the man who was, once, the great romance of her life. But fate, as well as temperamental differences, separated the two great idols and Greta went on to greater fame in the talkies while Gilbert knew the bitter defeat of temporary oblivion. It is sheer unadulterated drama that these two colorful and exciting figures are reunited after all these years! Hollywood thrills to it more than it has to the drama of "the best picture of the year." What thoughts passed through their minds as they once more met under the strong lights of a studio set—one a great star of today and the other a great star of yesterday, staging a comeback? What did they say to each other as they shook hands over the bridge of the years which is marked by such milestones as their lover's quarrel, Greta's success in the talkies, Gilbert's failure, his marriage to Virginia Bruce and the recent birth of their daughter?

Here is the intimate story behind a story that makes "Queen Christina" the most exciting picture of the hour to Hollywood. For obvious reasons, the article is unsigned. But it was written by a man intimately connected with both Garbo and Gilbert.

Written anonymously by one closely associated with both principals in Hollywood's latest real-life drama

THE door to stage seven on the M-G-M lot swings open to admit a shaft of light . . . and two young men. The first is a press agent, familiar about the studio, and by his side, nervously and briskly strides a man with black hair beginning to gray slightly at the temples. He is wearing a blue sports coat and white flannel trousers, a cigarette caught nervously between his fingers.

In the center of the darkened stage is a circle of light that is the set of Greta Garbo's "Queen Christina," and only the sound of the prop boys moving quietly about and the occasional creak of the director's chair disturbs the almost cathedral-like silence. For Garbo, the one-and-only, the queen of all Hollywood, lies in the royal bed of the movie script!

The two men pause lest they disturb the almost whispered rehearsal of a scene under way. The one in the blue jacket is desperately nervous. Every gesture betrays it. A light dew of perspiration beads his forehead.

Garbo looks up, frowns at the unexpected interruption. And then her moody, complex face breaks into a smile. Two hands are extended quickly in welcome.

Greta (in that guttural voice that is famous the world over): "Hallo! This is so nice . . . I am happy to see you . . . I . . ." Her voice trails off as though she, too, is suddenly self-conscious, ill at ease.

The man in the blue jacket swings forward, catches both her hands in his. They laugh nervously. *Not*

GARBO-GILBERT Reunion



Two days later . . . and things are not going too well on the set of "Queen Christina." They have moved into a tavern set scene and it seems cold and unfriendly as though they might have sensed the presence of ghosts. Jack has not recovered his poise. Then the tension is relieved. "Let us stop and rest a moment," Garbo says. "Shall we smoke?"

What actually happened when they met after all these years, the two who had once loved—she now the queen of the movies, he unwanted as an actor?



The first meeting of Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert since their romance ended years ago. It was at this meeting that Greta told Jack he had been selected as her leading man.

for three years have they seen or spoken to each other! Even the technical workers are not immune to the great drama of this moment. They wander away to a respectful distance, to smoke, to talk quietly and casually together.

For John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are reunited again!

And as almost a prowling, disembodied ghost I have been present at that fateful meeting!

Then John Gilbert and his companion stride back toward Gilbert's dressing-room and Greta remains on the set in rehearsal.

THE press agent (to the almost racing blue jacketed figure beside him): "Nervous?" with a little laugh.

Gilbert: "Nervous? Scared as hell! I quaked in my boots. If I'd never put eyes on her before I couldn't have felt more like a self-conscious frightened school boy."

The P. A.: "Do you think she's changed since . . . well, do you think she looks any different?"

Gilbert: "She never changes. She will look the same fifty years from now. She is the most unknowable, complex person in the world. I've never felt that I really knew her. Two years ago I would have sworn that she would never have permitted me to appear with her in a picture again. And yet, now, when I need help and encouragement the most . . . it is Garbo who gives it when every producer in Hollywood had turned me down as an actor.

Funny, isn't it? Crazy . . . only in Hollywood could such a thing happen."

HE strides on, his hands thrust deeply in his pockets, past that elaborate (*Please turn to page* 79)



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Jack Freulich

You're beginning to see a lot of Mary Carlisle these days—and about time! We've all been missing her. Following her success in "Ladies Must Love," which definitely elevated June Knight to stardom, Mary is now in "Saturday's Millions," with Robert Young and Leila Hyams.

Herb Howe Recalls

The Boulevardier suggests a Big Parade of the Bad Boys and Bad Girls of the Past



Drawings by Ken Chamberlain

Mae West could do any of history's bad girls better than the bad girls themselves — Madame De Montespan, for instance.

NEW YORK:

THE Game of Favorites, I'm told it's called.

Putting Me on The Spot, I calls it.

During the month I have received three questionnaires probing my sentiments, sacred and profane, anent Hollywood brahmins. Listing favorites is a lot of fun until you think of the pals you're leaving off the list who will certainly leave you off theirs—and Christmas little more than a month away.

But I'm nothing if not daring. (Where's that bodyguard!) As a bait to my vanity, one inquisitor says he is circulating questionnaires to determine the screen favorites of the illiterati and I'm the leading illiterate. Flattered. I herewith take the stand. Shoot!

Who is your favorite actor? James Cagney—and where have *you* been all the time? Lee Tracy, close second.

Favorite Actress? Mae West, but on account of my religion I am allowed four (Allah is good): Mazie, Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, Greta Garbo.

Favorite Director? Herr Lubitsch.

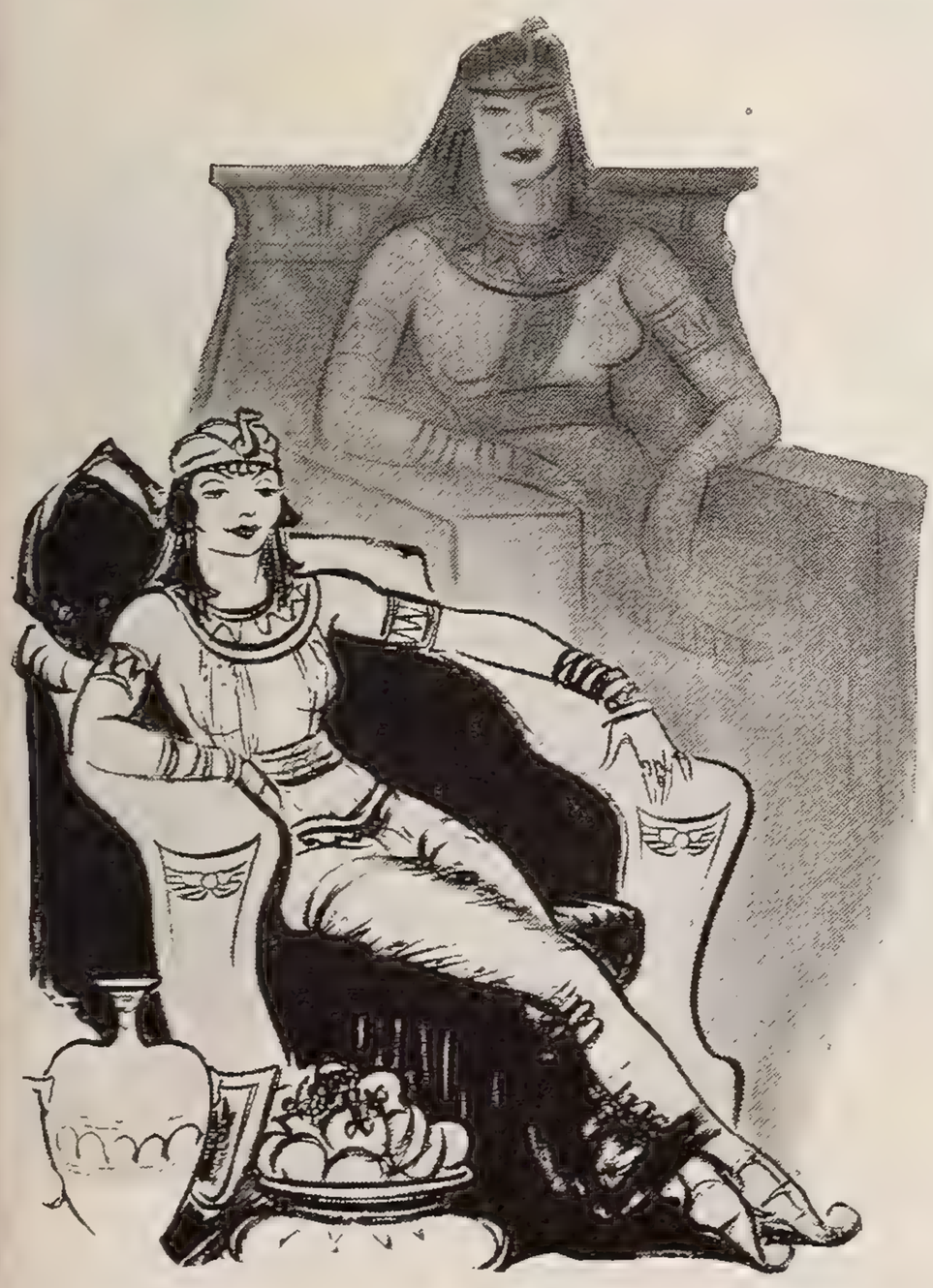
Whom do you consider the screen's greatest artist? Whoever entertains me most. See above.

Most beautiful actress? Mary Astor—on screen.

Handsomest actor? Baby LeRoy.

Best Dressed Woman? I don't know about the dressing but Joan Crawford has the style—specially in salad dressing.

What picture affected you most? Lubitsch's "The Man I Killed," sometimes called "Lullaby," gave me the heaviest emotional hangover, if that's what you mean. Course Miss West's "She Done Him Wrong" did me most in an inspirational way.



Cleopatra is about to be revived in the person of Claudette Colbert.



Catherine the Great will appear as Marlene Dietrich under the wand of Von Sternberg.

What scene is most memorable? The old Cagney corpse flopping through the door in "The Public Enemy."

Who has the most sex attraction (a) female (b) male? (a) Baby West (b) Marlene in mufti.

Which ten players do you dislike most? That's unfair—I'd have to leave out so many.

Who are the ten most charming and interesting off screen (a) women (b) men? Amazing as it may seem, I haven't met all our best people. Among those I have, I choose—

(a) Mae West, Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler, Pola Negri, Aileen Pringle, Marion Davies, Lupe Velez, Alice Terry, Madge Evans, Jeanette MacDonald.

(b) Bull Montana, Stepin (*Please turn to page* 77)

How You Can Make Good in a SCREEN TEST

WEARILY, W. W. Watson, screen test director at the Fox studios, dropped into a chair. His patience was exhausted. For four hours he had labored with a rather attractive blond girl, trying to bring out that elusive spark of personality which the motion picture industry is so avidly seeking. About all he had to show for his efforts was a hundred feet of film picturing a pretty girl moving nervously about, scared pink and rapidly nearing the point of tears.

"We'll take it again," he sighed. "Please," he pleaded, "please remember, my dear, that I told you to open the door first and then say your lines. Don't do both together. Put some thought into each action. Do it slowly, deliberately. Take your time. Don't jerk that knob and don't mumble your words. Speak up! Now then, once more. Camera!"

The results were no better. It seemed to me the young woman long since had passed the point of remembering anything. She was worn ragged. If I had been in her place I would have run out two hours before.

"Beautiful but dumb," was the verdict. Same old story.

I HAD heard so much about screen tests being comparable to Spanish inquisitions, dreaded even by experienced actresses, that I had induced Mr. Watson to let me sit in at one to see just how and why, if possible, such an overwhelming fear should attend them.

Stage stars, I have heard, have been known to go into hysterics in the test room, and novices often have fainted. Countless young women facing the ordeal have gone home weak and ill to cry until daylight over frayed-out nerves.

"It's nothing more than old-fashioned stage fright," Watson explained. "Test directors try to exercise the patience of Job and work gently with the newcomers. But, unless the novices have courage and confidence and self-assurance, they tend to 'go all to pieces' when closeted with a testing crew. Their over-eagerness starts them off wrong; they begin trying to 'act'—the very thing we don't want them to do; and presently they're flustered—too flustered to follow instructions.

"That's the beginning of the end. There's no reason for it, but it's human nature, it seems, for young men and women who come here to wilt when put 'on the spot'.

"Of course, we make allowances for all this, knowing that true talent or a distinctive personality will exhibit traces of itself even through bad cases of fright. But it takes infinite patience, sometimes, to bring it out."

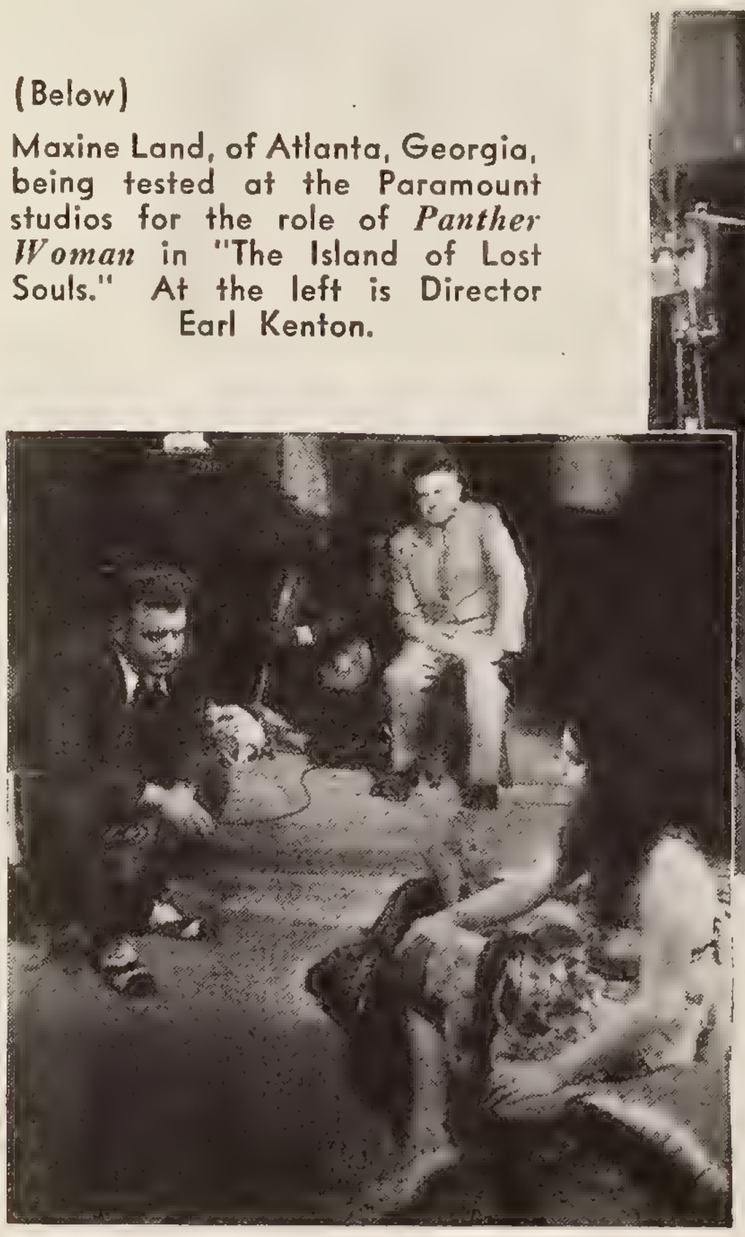
THERE are two kinds of screen tests, I found. One is for a seasoned player to ascertain whether he or she will be effective in a role or to see how they will look in certain costumes and make-up.

The other is the "acting-test," applied either to novices or to experienced players. For this a full crew is assembled, a test director given charge and an ac-

Diana Bori, a well-known New York stage actress, taking her first screen test. The test director is William Watson, of the Fox studios. The boy, making the test with Miss Bori, is Alan Livingston.

(Below)

Maxine Land, of Atlanta, Georgia, being tested at the Paramount studios for the role of *Panther Woman* in "The Island of Lost Souls." At the left is Director Earl Kenton.





Specific instructions from the greatest experts in the major studios

By A. L. WOOLDRIDGE

DON'T—

Wear white or loud patterns.

Make up heavily.

Depend on tricks.

Look into the camera.

Imitate.

Worry about the appearance of your teeth.

Slouch when you walk.



Martha Sleeper taking a screen test before the old-time camera booth, first used in talking pictures. These have been eliminated by the noiseless cameras.

tual scene from a picture made. Usually a scene is selected which calls for dialogue between two or three characters. This is thoroughly learned and repeatedly rehearsed before the actual screen test is taken.

Such a test costs exactly as much as a regular scene in a picture and ranges from $250 to $1,000, according to the time consumed. The characters who assist in the test always are experienced players.

With a view to helping the novice understand just what will be encountered when ordered to a studio for a screen test, I "sat in" with Mr. Watson on the grilling of the aforementioned blond girl. Then I got from Eddie Elliscue, test director at RKO-Radio, Jack Foley at Universal, George Somnes at Paramount, Archie Mayo at Warner Brothers and Sam Wood at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the advice they would offer screen aspirants on "What To Do" and "What Not To Do" in a screen test.

These men have conducted most of the studio tests since the advent of sound, have been responsible for countless young men and young women getting jobs and can spot a talented person almost on sight. Collectively, here is what they say to aspirants



Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone undergoing a screen test, preparatory to filming "Dancing Lady," for costumes and make-up. The director of this picture is Robert Z. Leonard.

What to Do

"GET some stage experience, if possible, before tackling the movies. Then you have a selling point.

"Start checking on your everyday speech. See that your words are pronounced fully and distinctly, instead of slouching lazily over the consonants *t, d,* etc. Keep in mind the fact that *g* rounds out the syllable *ing.* Avoid dialects, such as the Southern method of drawling out the vowel and shortening the consonant, or the mid-Westerner's habit of hitting his consonants with a hard nasal tone.

"Make a practice of reading aloud. Experiment with your voice. Try various inflections in reading dialogue to see if you can't add color and interest. Keep in mind that you will not be reciting in your school assembly but that you presumably will be merely carrying on a conversation as with a friend.

"Rehearse, at home, 'every day business,' such as using the telephone, handling books, opening and shutting doors, serving tea, putting on gloves, lighting a cigarette. Rhythm in movement is absolutely essential if you are to become an actor or actress. Your voice may be (*Please turn to page* 88)

"Go Adventuring!"

Advises Peter, the Viking king of Eskimo-land

By DORIS RAND



Peter Alfred Freuchen, author of "Eskimo," filmed in the Arctic, in a scene from the picture with the native girl, Aba. . . . Peter, rough and boisterous and gruff, with a bushy blond beard and a wooden leg—and a way of calling a spade a spade.

BORED? Fed up? Tired of everything and everybody and looking for some new experience? Then read about my free-as-the-air Viking.

He's Peter Alfred Freuchen, the man who wrote "Eskimo" for M-G-M and who is now up in the northern part of the Hudson Bay country in Canada writing another epic of the North for the movies. Director Van Dyke calls Peter "the most fascinating and adventurous male I've ever met." And Jean Harlow, after one look at Peter's he-man blondness, his deep blue eyes and two hundred and forty pounds of manliness, let Peter call her "Sweetheart."

Peter is a man's man. He is rough and boisterous and gruff, and he frets at idleness. He's everything that Hollywood is not, yet Hollywood capitulated to him in a moment. Peter is not young; he is forty-seven. He is not handsome, judged by modern standards. He has a bushy, blond beard and a wooden leg and a way of calling a spade a spade that shakes the hearts of the weak.

WHEN I met Peter he was angry—mad because he didn't want to be interviewed. "Leave me alone!" he said, just like that. "Leave me alone! Go talk to your handsome movie stars. They're the ones people like to read about. I'm not even good looking. Leave me alone!"

I have a violent temper of my own. When Peter got mad, I got madder. We sat and glared at each other.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked, trying to keep the lid on my temper. "You spent twenty-seven years exploring in the Arctic. You mapped the last piece of unmapped land in the world. You gave up a medical and business career so you could be free as the Arctic winds. I want to know why? I want to know if it is possible for anyone else, bored and fed up with their ordinary life, to do the same thing?"

That soothed the savage in him. He became as tame as a cub bear and patted my back and said, "Sure, sure. O. K. Now I see what you want. You want me to tell others how to go adventuring. Well, that's easy. I'll just tell you how I did it."

HIS father was a grain and whale oil merchant in Copenhagen, Denmark. He wanted Peter to go into the business. Peter *hemmed* and *hawed* and, looking around for escape, hit upon the idea of studying to be a doctor. He knew this would please his father—and he also knew that he hadn't the slightest interest in business. As proof of the fact that he still is a poor business man, he tells how he came to sell the movie rights to his novel "Eskimo," for a little more than $700. He was in Denmark when an agent wired him the movie offer. Immediately Peter wired back, "Sold."

Later he discovered—and he laughs at it as if it were a great joke on him—that the movie rights were re-sold to M-G-M for $10,000.

"It serves me right," Peter says. "I should have had more sense. . . . But that's getting away from the real purpose of this story. I want you to tell it in such a way that other men and women will see how wonderful it is to get away from the stuffiness of civilization. It gives you a chance to breathe, see?"

The longer Peter talked, the more easily I saw his meaning.

While he was studying medicine and dogging the footsteps of famous hospital surgeons, he came across the case of a man who was brought back to life by a miraculous cure. He was almost dead when the doctors began to work on him. A few weeks later this man—saved by almost a miracle—was run over by a street car and killed.

"I said to myself then," said Peter to me, "'why should I save people who are going to die anyhow.' See?"

SO, having adopted this unique philosophy, Peter looked around him. Everything seemed an endless circle. People worked, they married, they had children, they got sick, they were saved, then they died, anyhow. And what had they got out of living?

Peter wanted more out of life. He gave up medicine and studied surveying. Then he got a job with an exploration expedition (*Please turn to page* 76)

Continuing—the Confessions of a Movie Magnate

Speaking of Nuts—

How about AUTHORS?

A famous film producer, writing anonymously, reveals many interesting and some cruel truths

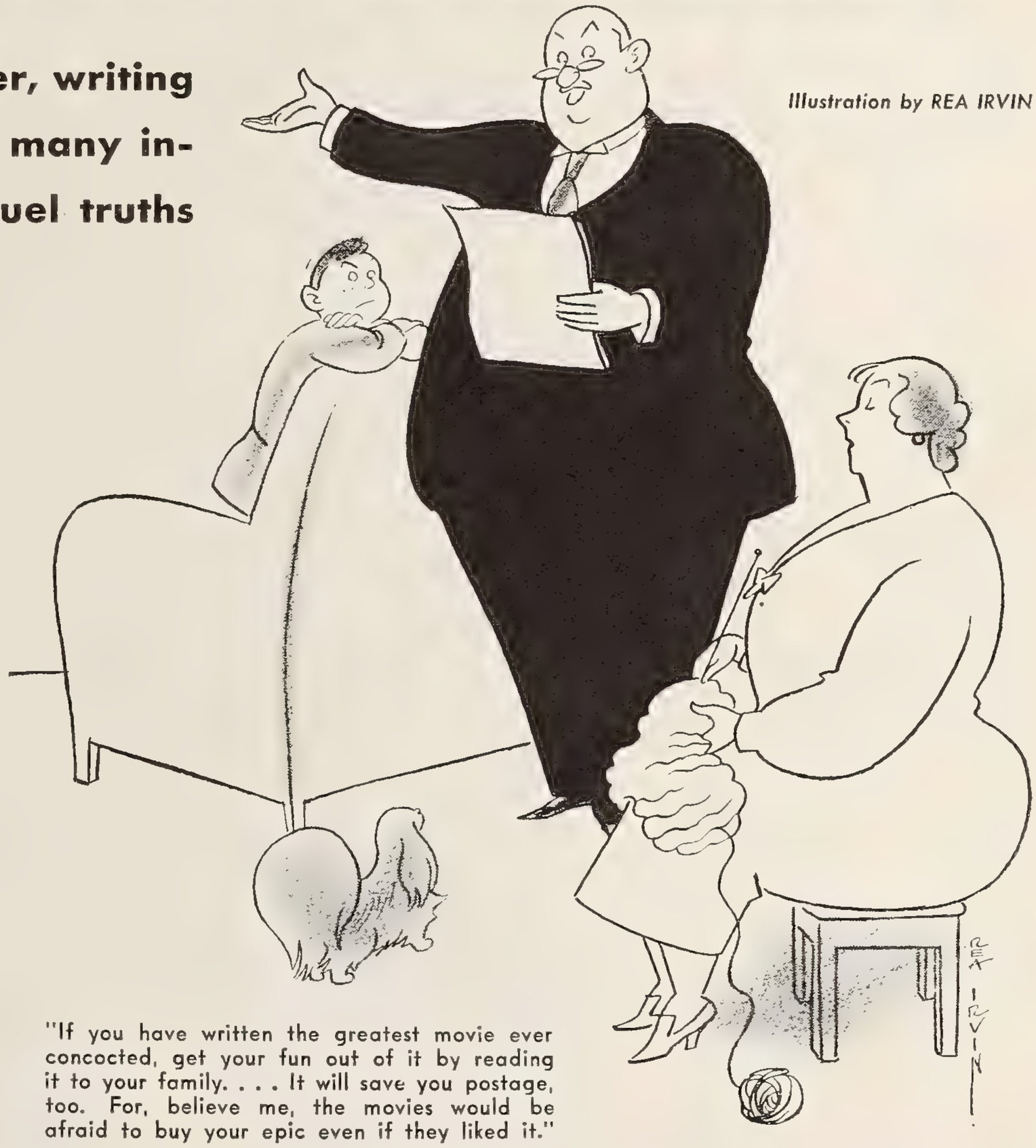


Illustration by REA IRVIN

"If you have written the greatest movie ever concocted, get your fun out of it by reading it to your family. . . . It will save you postage, too. For, believe me, the movies would be afraid to buy your epic even if they liked it."

THE editor of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE has sent me a letter received from an author as a result of my anonymous articles on the nuttiness of stars and producers in the motion picture business.

If you are a budding author with a fixed idea that you know a picture story which would simply knock 'em dead, I hope you will read this other great author's letter, because it will give you a pretty good view of yourself as we nutty producers see you. It may also strip the veil from a mystery which has puzzled you and show you why your wonderful stories have flopped.

This is his letter:

"Dear Sir: I am a nut, too. I am nutty enough to think that you would recognize the anguished cry of a kindred nut. I am nuttier than you ever dreamed of being.

"I am nutty enough to think that I have written a nutty enough original story for the screen. I am nutty enough to keep on trying to sell it to nutty (and how!) producers who always return it with the following nutty statement: 'We are herewith returning your original story UNREAD (capitals are mine). We do not consider unsolicited manuscripts, nor do we READ THEM' (capitals mine).

"I'm a nut. I have faith in those great and oft-repeated American principles of equality and opportunity for all.

"I am nutty enough to believe them. I am nutty enough to write to you, begging, beseeching, imploring, for a reading of my original (?) story. I am nutty enough to have printed the enclosed card, weeks before I read your confessions of a nutty producer.

"Won't you help a fellow nut? If you don't, I will assassinate the greatest nut in the world. The subsequent publicity will enable me to sell my nutty tale to scores of newspapers.

"Nuttily yours,

"William Soandso."

WITH his letter he enclosed a printed card which he sent to producers to whom he tried to sell his story. His card is based on the old and discarded theory of advertising that you can attract the attention of a prospective buyer by insulting him. It read this way:

"You, who are supposed to be persons of intellect and foresight, are returning unread a story which, if produced, will go down in the history of the motion picture industry as being EPOCHAL AND REMARKABLE.

"This original story will make a splendid vehicle for such capable actors as Emil Jannings, Jean Hersholt, Lionel Barrymore and Walter Huston.

"You motion picture producers have been raving and tearing your hair, bewailing the lack of suitable screen tales. But when an unknown author dares to hope for a fair reading of his opus, you large-headed but small-brained executives return my work unread. How can you ever discover new talent if you always rely on the old and famous?

"Give the youngsters a break. Don't have us sitting up late at night, trusting and striving, only to have our hopes and ambitions dashed to the ground by a curt refusal to read our stories.

"May I send you my original story for a reading? Please!"

Now this so exactly fits the case of so many thousands of would-be authors that it is worth answering with cold facts. (*Please turn to page* 81)

Hollywood SLAVE

Continuing—the strangest confession you ever read—the real story of a famous movie star

FRITZ STRESSEMAN was, as I have said, kind. He made no objection to my going at once to the little side-street hotel where I hoped to find Travis. He even insisted on taking me there in his big black landaulet, and waiting outside while I rushed tumultuously through the deserted office and up the dark stairway to our little room.

Travis was not there. But his things were. And after a mad moment in which I envisaged him walking off a cliff or otherwise disposing of his stricken life, I began to take a more sensible view of the situation. There was something about the sight and feel and smell of the boy's great rough overcoat, as it hung there on the golden oak clothes pole, which inspired confidence in the ultimate triumph of his sanity.

Trav was hurt—but he would get over it.

"Buck up, old girl," I said to myself, in Trav's own manner. "Pull yourself together and write your boy friend a little note. Everything'll be all right before morning."

In this spirit I scribbled a hasty message, saying that I wouldn't be gone long, that I'd hurry right back to him, that I'd make it all up to him when I saw him —and more. This I pinned on his pillow; and, leaving a kiss beside it, I rushed from the room.

IT WAS one of those clean, sweet-smelling Hollywood nights. Fritz had had the top of the great car thrown back. From where we sat, as we climbed once more those steep Vine Street hills, we looked straight up into a typical Hollywood sky—a sky in which the stars can be starrier and the moon moonier than anywhere else in the world. I was almost happy. Anyway, I was grateful, grateful to Fritz for his strength and his silence. I reached over and touched his hand.

"That's all right, child," he said. "I understand."

"I know."

He understood. He had said it, and I believed it. A less understanding man would have harassed me with questions. But did he mean that he understood a woman's heart; that he understood it enough not to ask questions, not to intrude? Or did he mean something far more specific: that he understood about Trav and me being married, and about the tragedy he was causing in our young lives? Of course, if he had seen our contract, he would have known something, but not much. Names signed to vaudeville contracts are seldom vouched for by birth certificates; or by marriage certificates, either.

After all, perhaps it wasn't important. The important thing was that he chose to say nothing of the relations between Travis and me—and the inference was plain that he wished me to say nothing, too.

IT WASN'T difficult to do as this strange man wished. Perhaps it was the hypnotic spell which he seemed to exercise over me. As I look back on these bizarre experiences, I like to think it was that. It relieves me of a considerable moral responsibility to feel that this green-eyed man was indeed a Hollywood *Svengali.* Perhaps, though, I was only a silly little girl.

Anyhow, we rode thus, hand in hand, into Primrose and up Holly Drive as before; but just as we approached Odin Street, he said something staccato to the chauffeur, which caused the car to swerve sharply to the left, up steep winding grades into Cahuenga Boulevard, where, even at this time of night—it was long after midnight—the stream of traffic was continuous and luminous.

As we glided northward, the giant motor as silent as its giant owner, we shook off the long line of automobiles. As we passed in the moonlight between the Pilgrimage Cross and the Bowl, we were quite alone; and before us, with the broad avenue curving ever so slightly to the eastward, rose the gray-green outlines of Cahuenga Pass.

In the midst of all this beauty my thoughts went back again to the little hotel bedroom next to the all-night parking station, where that boy of mine was probably tossing wide-eyed, waiting for that "making up" which I had promised to him in that hurried little note. I wondered if his shoes were under the bed, where he always kicked them; if his clothes were in that dear disorder, in which he always left them; if he, too, had kissed the pillow—the other pillow, I mean—on that narrow little bed. I wondered if he had remembered to pull the bed clothes up over that broad, rebellious shoulder. And I knew that he had not.

I LOVED the beauty of the California night. The soft air had a caressing quality, as if a cool hand were passing to and fro across my fevered cheeks. And every now and then, as we came to some new vista in the moonlight, the hand would seem to grow hot and passionate—the night's hand, I mean; not Fritz's. I wished that I could forget everything else and give myself up to all this beauty and the emotions

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

MOLLY, the little girl from Cadiz, Ohio, virtually hypnotized into leaving the husband she adores and living a life of lies to become "the mystery woman of the screen."

TRAVIS, the husband, a young singer, touring with Molly in vaudeville, ignorant of the role in life and in films that his wife is to be required to play.

FRITZ STRESSEMAN, world-famous director and star-maker, who, glimpsing Molly in the Brown Derby, determines to make her his next great star. Traces her to the theater and immediately offers her a dazzling contract—provided she will place herself completely in his hands.



He, the Hollywood Svengali, instructed her: "You have no family. You have no friends. Only me. I will give you a new face, a new figure, a new personality."



that it caused. But since I couldn't, I wished that I could speak to Fritz Stresseman about the boy back there; about the need he had of me; about my promise to get back to him quickly, to make things up to him. But I could not. Instead, I managed to say:

"Mr. Stresseman, this is lovely—but don't we have to work?"

"They can wait."

"Who can wait, Mr. Stresseman?"

"Don't call me Mr. Stresseman. I hate it. My name is Fritz. My mother calls me Fritz, my sister calls me Fritz, you must call me Fritz?"

"Yes, F-Fritz. But who is waiting for us?"

"Nobody, nobody. Just Isadore Wentsch."

"Isadore Wentsch!" I cried, withdrawing my hand, and sitting bolt upright in my excitement. "Not the great Isadore Wentsch?"

I had recognized the name of the mighty head of the big studio where Trav and I had gone with his author friend. "Isadore Wentsch Presents"—the phrase was as well known as "F. O. B. Detroit." When I was a child, I thought Presents was his last name! I would have liked to tell that to Mr. Stress—to Fritz, but somehow I couldn't.

"Great, if you like that kind of greatness," he said, with a nonchalance that amazed me, "but he can wait."

He chuckled, all over his big body.

"It'll do him good!" he concluded again, and chuckled again, tumultuously.

Again, my mind and my heart went back to the boy in the hotel room back yonder.

"But we have to work, don't we, Mr. Fritz?"

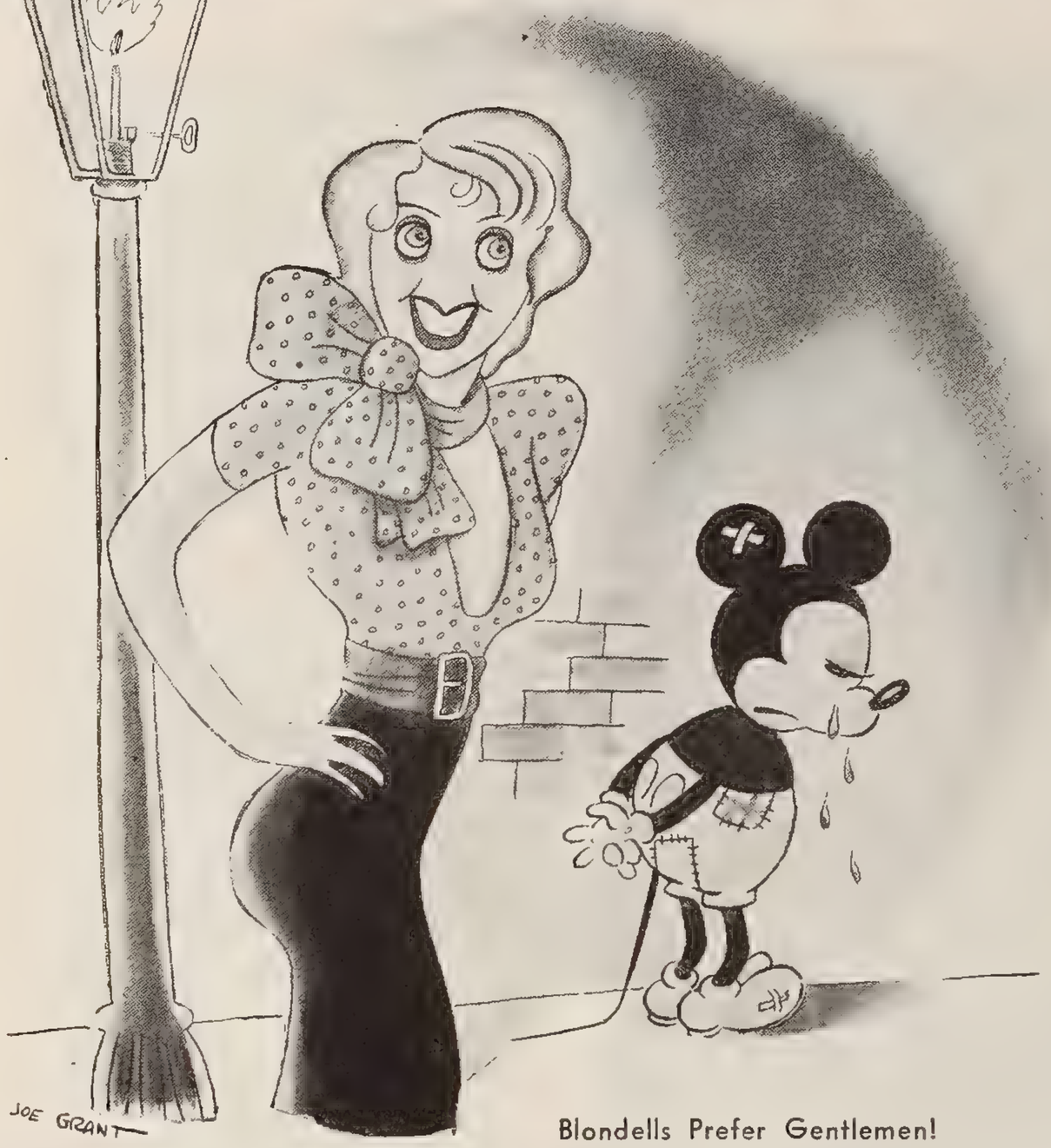
(*Please turn to page* 90)

For there I was, exposed in this brilliant whiteness, to the cruel, unfriendly eyes of these men whose appraising glance was one which might have been bestowed upon a naked Greek slave in the conqueror's market.

Illustrated by Earl Blossom

MICKEY MOUSE'S

Wherein the world's most popular actor comments on the film news of the day



Blondells Prefer Gentlemen!

By
MICKEY
MOUSE

As told to
HAL HORNE

"S-O-O-O-O!" Ed Wynn's starring in "The Fire Chief." That certainly should ring the bell. Seems like *all* radio stars are giving the air the air for a change—and not small change, either. America's discovering Columbo in Twentieth Century pictures; Crosby's going over with a bing in "Too Much Harmony"; Jack Pearl's LIE-ing in state in "Meet the Baron"; Ruth Etting's cantoring all over the lot in "Roman Scandals."

Which proves that everybody comes to Hollywood crooner or later!

WHEN a man bites a dog, that's news! When "Dog Bites Man" it's a good idea and Hollywood loses no time making a picture of it.

Which reminds me: Charles Laughton in "Henry VIII" is a smash! Henry, the Eighth Wonder of The World!

There was a forgiving soul—always ready to bury the hatchet—in his wife's neck!

DID you read where Gary Cooper is the tallest star in pictures? Say, he's so tall he has to bend down to keep from talking over his leading lady's head. However, M-G-M claims the same honors for Primo Carnera.

Often, on a gray morning you find Primo's head above the clouds.

DID you see Paul Robeson in "Emperor Jones?" There's a picture! Wherever the Emperor reigns, the dollars pour—into the theater box-offices.

Paul Robeson is certainly putting the theaters back into the black!

RKO is already announcing "The Son of Kong."

"King Kong" certainly proved that it pays to make a monkey of yourself.

IDA LUPINO, niece of Lupino Lane, has been put under contract by Paramount. She's the only one in the famous Lupino family that isn't an acrobat.

A lane that has no turning!

PARAMOUNT is filming "Death Takes a Holiday."

As nice a way to spend a Sunday as any!

MAE WEST will soon be singing, "I'm No Angel!" However, Heather is, and when you see her in "Orient Express," you'll know she's arrived!



High-hattin'

Paramount announces "We're Not Dressing." Informal, but good!

Speaking of dressing, you heard about the Hollywood star who gave so many of her friends the cold shoulder that they finally put mint sauce on it!

MIRIAM HOPKINS is to be starred by Paramount in "Ladder of Men." Things certainly are looking up. William Powell is starring in "Gentleman from San Francisco."

As usual, a lady from Los Angeles will play opposite!

DOUGLAS MONTGOMERY will appear with Dorothy Jordan in RKO's "Three Came Unarmed."

Wonder if Venus de Milo was one of them!

Movie-Go-Round

WALLACE BEERY will be seen in "Viva Villa."

Viva villa too, but we don't live in it any more!

JAMES CAGNEY'S next for Warner Brothers will be "The Finger Man."

Many fine points in this one.

WARNERS are also doing a picture based on a comic strip. Watch for "Harold Teen," with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler.

Nice Teen-work here.

UNIVERSAL'S letting nothing stand in the way of Edmund Lowe's "Bombay Mail!"

The male must go through!

"WUNDER BAR," Al Jolson's starring picture for Warner Brothers, is being directed by Mervyn Le Roy.

What a director!

No wonder they're calling it the Mervyn Picture Business!

PARAMOUNT will soon present "All Of Me."

No, that's just the name of the story. I'm still with Walt Disney—in case anyone is wondering about me!

SALLY O'NEILL'S in "We're Sitting Pretty" with Jack Haley and Jack Oakie.

Give them a hand—a Queen and a couple of Jacks.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON is doing a picture on the life of Napoleon. It will be called "The Little Corporal." They expect him to be so good that right now they are seriously thinking of promoting him to a sergeant or a lieutenant.

WHEN they were shooting "The Bowery," the director, Raoul Walsh, was explaining to Wally Beery that Chuck Connors, the part that Beery plays in the picture, was a gentleman. "Sure," remarked one of the tough extras, who "knew Chuck when," "dat guy always removed his hat before bouncing a lady out on her ear."

OUT at our studio everybody's discussing the code. I asked Minnie if she approved of million dollar productions and she said she did providing, of course, they didn't cost too much.

WHEN they were talking about costs it was pointed out that sometimes a director works for days before he creates a scene. Wouldn't you think he'd control himself!

ONE of the exhibitors present claimed that many of the talkies are over the public's head, but they soon settled that matter by deciding to lower the screens.



Mickey Marxman

THE question also came up as to whether they should continue to make animal pictures. They finally decided not to, as the animals could not understand them.

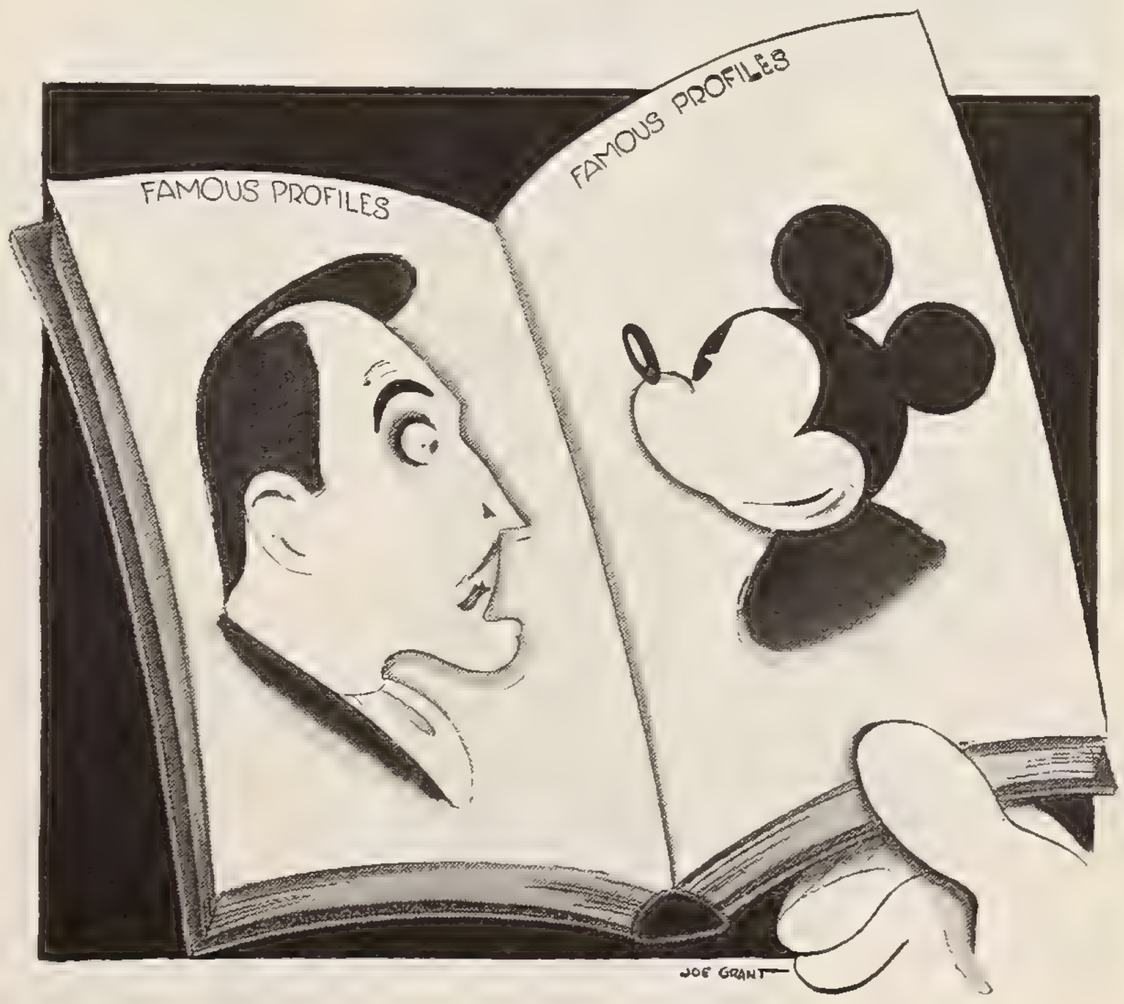
SOMEBODY said that today pictures speak for themselves, but Minnie thought that they should speak so that *everybody* can understand them.

ONE of the men at the meeting said that financial conditions had made some producers a little short. I think a little short is sometimes better than a full-length feature. Don't you?

METRO'S "Two Thieves" looks big. A great story! Should be selected for "The Crook of the Month" Club.

THEY'RE still talking about the masquerade party given here by Donald Ogden Stewart. Everybody came dressed as their favorite movie stars. The best impersonation was that of Chico Marx. He came dressed as Chico Marx. The likeness was remarkable.

WHICH reminds me: My next picture for Walt will be laid in the snow country. Walt says he wants me to cover myself with glory. It must be cold in them thar hills. But don't worry, I'll be back with you again next month at the same old stand. For remember: Many Are Cold But Few Are Frozen!



Profiles

NEW PICTURES You



Clara Bow and Preston Foster in a scene from "Hoopla," Clara's second picture since her return to the screen. Minna Gombell and Richard Cromwell are in it, too.



Spencer Tracy surrounded by a bevy of dancing girls on the set of "A Man's Castle," being produced by Columbia. Loretta Young is co-starred with Spencer in this thrilling drama of New York life.



Ann Harding and Robert Young in a scene from "Beautiful," which RKO-Radio is producing. Nils Asther and Sari Maritza are also featured.

PUT away the bridge table, shut off the radio, and mark "Busy" all over your engagement book for the next month. You are not going to let anything interfere with your getting to movie theaters early and often. Not when you see what is in store for you.

Theater managers know that it takes powerful magnets to draw you these autumn evenings, so months ago they started planning pictures that you just could not bear to miss, even if you have to fight your way through rain and sleet and biting wind to get to them. They corralled your favorite movie players and added radio and stage favorites. They put in music here and sinuous dancers there, added giddy humor to this one and heart-tugging drama to that. Then they commissioned their set designers and cameramen to devise the most glamorous backgrounds ever achieved by nature or artist. They called in a lot of others —costumers, trick camera and sound effect men—and defied them to do their best, but you get the idea. They set out to make pictures you just could not resist, no matter what your preferences. And it looks as if they have succeeded in a large way.

Everyone has his own ideas about what makes a picture irresistible. Sometimes it is an all-star cast such as "Dinner at Eight" has; sometimes it is just one personality like Marie Dressler or Mae West or Katharine Hepburn or Maurice Chevalier; sometimes it is the tender enchantment of a great romance as in "Berkeley Square," and for some it is the jazz rhythm and dazzling scenes of "Footlight Parade."

Whatever sort of pictures you like best, you will find some to delight you in this month's line-up. This is not a copy-cat season, not one when everyone is showing gangster, or young romance, or murder-mystery or night life in New York stories. They all stand out as individual attractions, not parts of a trend.

With so many and such different pictures to choose from, you will have to know a lot about each picture in order to decide whether you will find it so-so or simply marvelous.

That is where we come in. Not only have we judged the coming pictures by the record of past achievements of players, directors, authors and producers; we have been visiting the sets while the pictures were made, seeing and hearing parts of them.

There are some producers and players who sort of whistle to keep their courage up when they suspect they are making a picture that is a little feeble; they talk all the time about how marvelous it is. There are others who sense that they are participating in making a great one, and they hardly dare mention it for fear people will talk so much about it that the public will get fed up with hearing about it before it is shown, or some other company will rush to copy its best features. We have been around them so

Should See—and Why



Mae West in "I'm No Angel," her second starring picture for Paramount.

much that we can read the signs and figure out what they really mean.

From all indications there are going to be at least eight big favorites among the month's pictures, almost as many close seconds, and four outstanding pictures for those who prefer scenes of strange countries or glimpses of history to the antics of established favorites. "Emperor Jones" with Paul Robeson, the greatest of all colored singers and actors, "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth" with Charles Laughton, "S O S Iceberg" with Rod La Rocque and "Thunder Over Mexico" with a cast of natives, were not made to appeal so much to the dyed-in-the-wool movie fan who wants to see familiar faces as to the plaintive minority who are always demanding that producers give them something different.

But before going on to tell you about all these pictures in some detail, let me remind all Helen Hayes fans (and doesn't that take in almost everyone?) to see "Night Flight" because you won't be able to see her in any more pictures for a long time. She has gone back to the New York stage for a year. And in case these pictures were a little slow in getting to your local theater, let me remind you—that "The Way to Love" is your last chance to see Chevalier for a few months because he has gone to France for a visit; that "Dinner at Eight" is four or five great shows in one with John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Billie Burke and Lee Tracy at their best; that "Little Women" will bring you the serene conviction that those good people of the lavender and old lace period were sweet and endearing; that "I'm No Angel" will make you glory in ribald humor, and that "My Weakness" introduces Lilian Harvey, who reminds you of what Mary Pickford would have been like if she had gone into musical comedy, and will make you giggle every time you see a collection of little porcelain dogs in a friend's house.

If eight different people, motion-picture reviewers, veteran theater managers, or best of all, steady cash-customer fans, were to agree on the most promising of the pictures that are about to be shown, they still would not agree on the order of their importance. So, we make no pretense of getting your favorite at the top of the list. We do believe, though, that you will find your favorite picture of the month among the first few.

ROMAN SCANDALS—(United Artists-Samuel Goldwyn)—Eddie Cantor brings a vast public that chuckles over his radio programs and that rallies to his stage appearances into theaters to see his motion pictures. They know he won't let them down. Over a period of many years Sam Goldwyn has justified his reputation of being just an old spendthrift, a man who isn't satisfied unless he gives you a lot more than you expect from any picture. Either reputation is a trying one to live up to, but they can send this picture out without any qualms.

Eddie Cantor plays a bewildered sort of under-dog, as usual, who gets involved in the most spectacular adventures. He is just the poor, neglected lad who drives a grocery wagon in West Rome, Oklahoma, and people think he is not quite bright because he talks to his horse, gives food away to the poor instead of being a go-getter who demands cash down, and spends all his spare time in a museum—of all places! The marble heroes of ancient Rome are much more real to Eddie than the busybodies of West Rome.

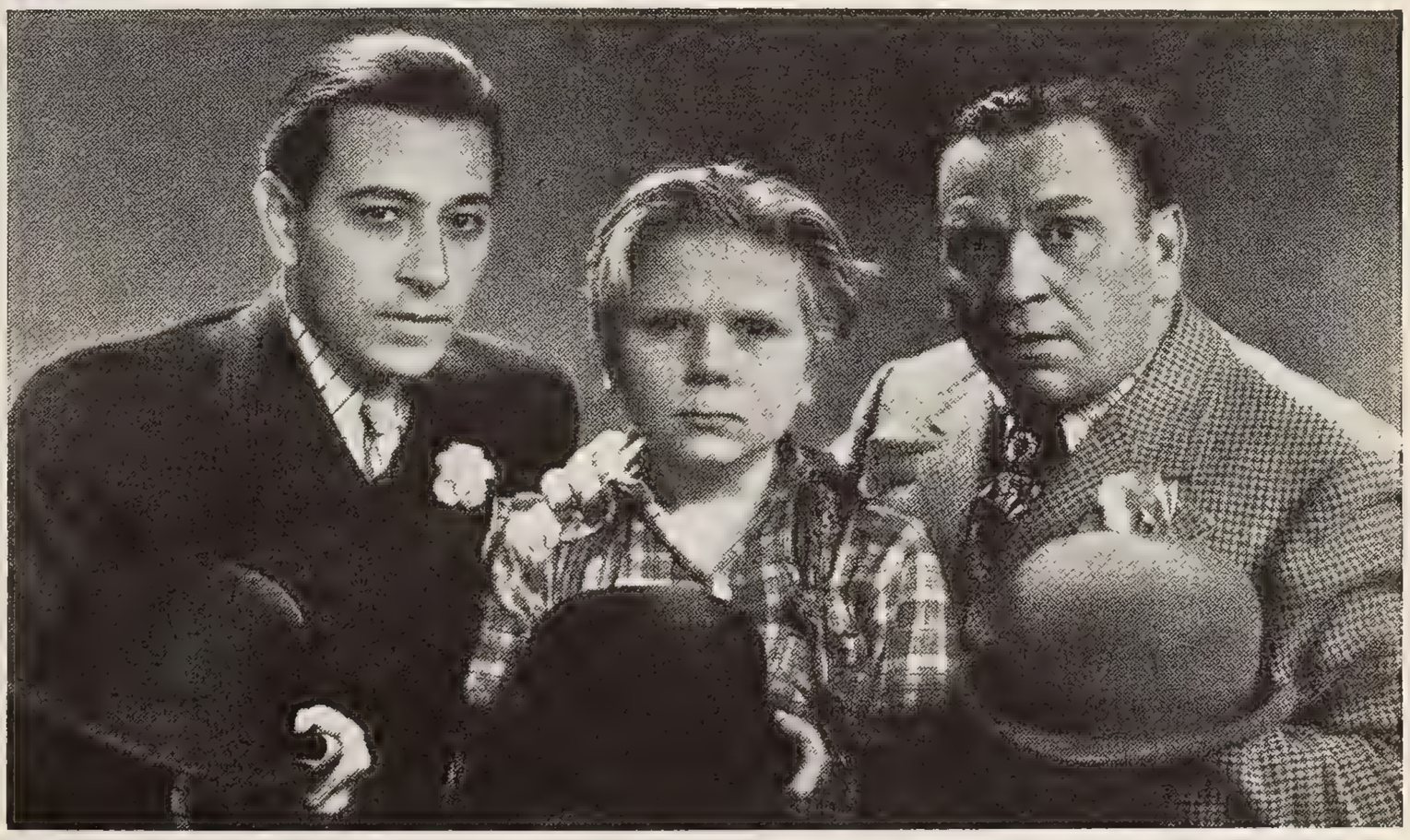
Eddie wakes up from his day dreams among the old relics long enough to take part in a riot that breaks out





Dorothea Wieck, who became known to fans in this country through her role in "Maedchen in Uniform," a foreign-made picture, as she will appear in her first American picture, Paramount's "Cradle Song."

Wallace Ford and Dorothy Tree in Columbia's picture, "East of Fifth Avenue." It is Dorothy's first starring role.



George Raft as Steve Brodie, Wally Beery as Chuck Connors, and Jackie Cooper as Chuck's newsboy pal in the Twentieth Century production, "The Bowery."



Charles Laughton, fresh from his success in the title role of the picture, "Henry the VIII," and Carole Lombard in the Paramount production, "White Woman."

when poor people are evicted from their homes. He finds himself not only out of a job, but run out of town. You won't have any chance to feel sorry for him, though; he imagines himself in the midst of the grandeur that was Rome.

Right at this point Eddie did not have to worry about trying to act, if he ever does. He is in the Slave Market of Ancient Rome among all the prize beauties and dancers and no one, least of all Eddie, could fail to be dazzled. Before you have a chance to recover from that scene, you will be rushed along through Eddie's adventures being sold to a young aristocrat, played by David Manners, thrown into jail with a ravishing young princess, played by Gloria Stuart, and eventually getting involved in a terrific chariot race with the whole field hot in pursuit of Eddie. You can get a fair idea of what a lavish picture this is, when you realize that I have not even paused to mention that Ruth Etting is in it, and that she sings "No More Love," a song particularly suited to her talents in the Slave Market scene. Almost any other time, Ruth Etting would come first, but you will pardon my neglect, I am sure, when you double up over Eddie's amazed antics, and marvel at the beautiful dancing, girls and thrilling race.

A MAN'S CASTLE—(Columbia)—You may have wondered if there would ever be another picture as hauntingly lovely as "Seventh Heaven," another picture that would be droll and tragic, sentimental and pungent, sordid and beautiful all at the same time. And you may have wondered if, given the same chance, another girl would seem as endearing as Janet Gaynor did. From all indications Frank Borzage has found another story that touched him as deeply and made his direction inspired. Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy are the lucky couple chosen to bring this tender romance to the screen.

Loretta is just a waif who yearns for love and protection. Spencer is a ruffian with wandering feet and no ties.

Much of the action takes place in a replica of that far-famed colony along the Hudson River in New York City, that row of shacks built by the homeless from scraps of old wood and tin. Behind this miniature city where unfortunates struggle to get food and shelter rises the great menacing city of skyscrapers. And here Loretta and Spencer rise above their sordid surroundings in their awakening love for each other.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—(M-G-M)—The film version of this highly-successful stage operetta was made just after Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro returned from concert tours abroad. They both spent considerable time in Paris, visited the Latin Quartier, and were captivated by the romantic charm of student life there. They had no chance to grow wistful about leaving Paris; they found themselves working on sets that brought Paris to them, in a story as romantic and delightful as any they had imagined or heard in the Quartier.

You have heard the haunting music of "The Night Was Made for Love" and "She Didn't Say Yes, She Didn't Say No" on the radio and at dances, but you haven't heard it the way they sing it! Novarro's voice is superb. Obviously Jeanette did not spend all of her time in Paris in concert halls and in the Quartier. Like all other women she acquired a Parisian wardrobe and the Parisian flair for wearing chic clothes.



Harpo, Chico and Groucho, three of the four mad Marxes, in the telephone sequence from their latest Paramount picture, "Duck Soup."



Lee Tracy as the press agent and Jean Harlow as the famous star in "Bombshell," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.



W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, perennial fun-makers, in a scene from "Tillie and Gus," the Paramount picture which is Baby Leroy's first starring vehicle.

If you have always wanted to spend a year in Paris, this picture will intensify your longing. It may make you miserable afterward, but don't miss seeing it. William K. Howard, the director who made "The Power and the Glory" and innumerable other great pictures, has caught the mood of this story so perfectly that it is like one continuous melody. Frank Morgan, Jean Hersholt, and Charles Butterworth were a big help to him.

And a clever sound technician caught the drip-drip-drip of water through the roof into tin basins, making it suggest a tune.

COUNSELOR-AT-LAW — (Universal)—Many people consider this play of Elmer Rice's as great as his "Street Scene" and Universal was so set up over getting the screen rights that they postponed production until the author could come out and watch it and they could get just the actor they wanted for the title role. Paul Muni played it on the stage, but Universal executives thought that John Barrymore was the actor for the part.

This is the story of a highly-successful New York lawyer, shrewd in untangling others' affairs, not so adroit in managing his own. The entire action takes place in three days, in and near his big, bizarre suite of offices. He saves a woman from the electric chair, fights to save a communist from jail, realizes with a shock that his wife's affections have strayed from him to another, and finds that his enemies, with damaging evidence in their hands, are seeking to have him disbarred.

Action is psychological rather than



Richard Arlen, who is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's favorite leading men, in the title role of "Cap'n Jericho," which Paramount is now filming. Judith Allen, shown here, is his leading lady.



Jack (Vas You Dere, Sharlie) Pearl, as he appears in his first starring picture for M-G-M, which appropriately enough is titled, "Meet the Baron."



S. S. Van Dine's latest mystery thriller, "The Kennel Murder Case," is brought to the screen by Warner Brothers, with William Powell again cast as Philo Vance. The girl is Helen Vinson, a featured player whom you may see starred soon.

physical, and from the first scene the story is tense with clash of emotions. Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon, Thelma Todd and Melvyn Douglas give able support to the star. If you are in-

(*Please turn to page* 98)

You Cannot Afford To Miss Any of These

ROMAN SCANDALS

—because it is an Eddie Cantor musical with beautiful girls, boisterous comedy, thrills, and Ruth Etting singing the blues.

A MAN'S CASTLE

—because it is a poignant love story of a waif and a tough, the sort Director Borzage puts his heart in. Remember "Seventh Heaven"?

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

—because Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro are teamed, the background is the Paris Latin Quartier, there is haunting music and a sparkling romance, too.

COUNSELOR-AT-LAW

—because John Barrymore and Bebe Daniels head the expert cast in this powerful stage success.

DESIGN FOR LIVING

—because it is one of those impudent and imprudent comedies that only Ernst Lubitsch can make.

HOOPLA

—because it not only gives Clara Bow the colorful part of a sideshow dancer, it supports her with a thrilling plot, too.

BOMBSHELL

—because Jean Harlow's gift for comedy runs riot in this expose of a movie star's private life.

MOULIN ROUGE

—because it gives you the glamour and the lowdown of theaters and night clubs, with Constance Bennett playing two roles and singing, too.



When Mae Clarke sends out invitations. (Left to right, top row) Jimmy Cagney, the hostess, Sidney Blackmer, Douglas Dumbrille. Seated, left to right: Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien.

Photographed exclusively for the New Movie Magazine by Wide World

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

"Oh, Look Who's Here!"

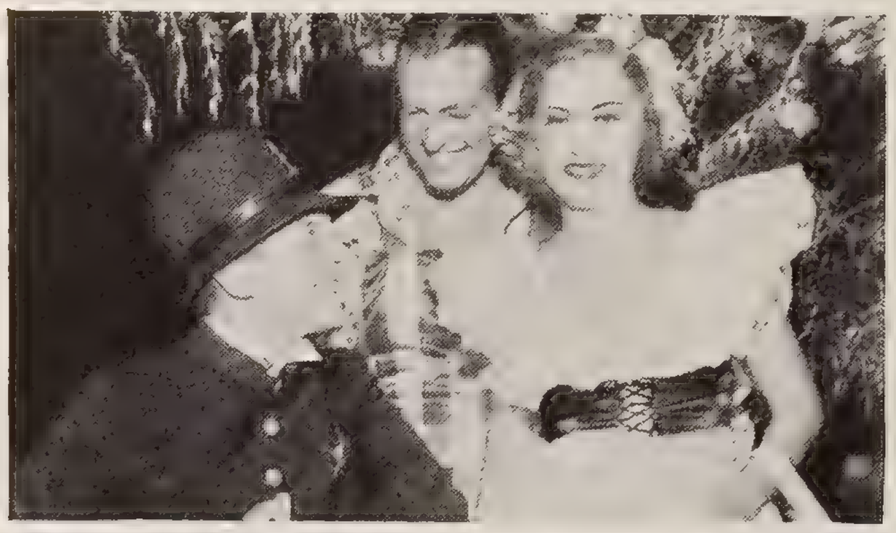
Partying around among the famous stars and starlets with GRACE KINGSLEY, The New Movie Magazine's Society reporter



George Brent and his wife, Ruth Chatterton, at the barn dance given by Kay Francis and her husband, Kenneth MacKenna.



Adolphe Menjou "the best-dressed man in the movies," and the hostess, Miss Francis, at the barn dance.



Kenneth MacKenna, the host, and John Monk Saunders, the author, and his wife, Fay Wray.

OH, look! Kay Francis as Nita Naldi! And there's Jack Gilbert as Lionel Barrymore playing *Rasputin!* And Bill Powell as Wilton Lackaye in 'Svengali,' and Anderson Lawlor—of all people!—as *Little Lord Fauntleroy,* and Fredric March cutting up like the dickens as Harold Lloyd. Never saw Freddie cut loose before, and it seems good—and—"

But Fay Wray's admiring voice trailed off in open-mouthed wonder as she saw a little Chinese lady dancing about. It was Polly Moran! And Polly dashed up to show us her synthetic fingernails.

"I'm Anna May Wong," she said, "and my fingernails cost me a dollar and a half. I've lost two already!"

We were at Donald Ogden Stewart's costume party, where famous stars impersonated other famous stars. Guests had been asked to wear the costumes of their favorites.

Fay herself came, she explained, "as my least favored actress, Fay Wray, in 'King Kong.'" But, of course, she looked lovely in that dress which was torn at all the most becoming places.

Our host was gorgeous as Nils Asther in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." Indeed, there were so many actors impersonating Nils that he would have been tremendously flattered had he been present. Unless he happened to suspect that the gentlemen, besides admiring him, also rather fancied themselves in Chinese costume!

Mrs. Stewart was lovely in elaborate colonial dress, and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn looked exquisite as the heroine in "Beau Geste."

There were two or three Harpo Marxes, while Harpo himself came as one of the *Witches of Endor.* There were six Mae Wests, four Chevaliers, three Jack Oakies, and as many Dolores Del Rios.

Bebe Daniels came as Dolores Del Rio, and Dolores came as Bebe Daniels. Lovely old Spanish custom, this courtesy, eh, what?

Lionel Barrymore should be tremendously flattered, for not only did Jack Gilbert appear as *Rasputin,* but Eddie Lowe



Polly Moran, dressed as Anna May Wong, at the costume party given by Donald Ogden Stewart, the author.



Mary Pickford came to the party as Dolores Del Rio's *Luana* in "The Bird of Paradise."



Gloria Swanson, dressed to represent Helen Hayes in "The White Sister," at the Donald Ogden Stewart party.



Joan Bennett as Jean Harlow in "Dinner at Eight."



Dolores Del Rio appeared at the party as Katharine Hepburn.



Myrna Loy looked lovely as Pola Negri in "Passion."



John Gilbert as Lionel Barrymore in "Rasputin," and Virginia Bruce (Mrs. John Gilbert) as Vilma Banky, at the Hollywood costume party given by Donald Ogden Stewart.



Fredric March and Ralph Bellamy as Clark & McCullough, and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy (Katherine Willard on the stage) as Joan Crawford as *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain."



Gary Cooper as—well, we'll give you three or four guesses!

played him as *Kringlein* in "Grand Hotel," Frank Morgan in another Lionel Barrymore character, while another, whose identity I did not discover, also did *Rasputin.*

Kenneth MacKenna and Tullio Carminati imitated Chevalier. John Alden Cook was Carey Grant, and Carey Grant was Jack Oakie. Other Oakies were Ivan Lebedeff (well, well, the usual evening-clothes . . . perfect!), Eddie Goulding, and one other.

Mrs. Fredric March was cute as Skippy, also Lois Wilson's character.

One of the loveliest costumes was that of Myrna Loy, as Pola Negri in "Passion." Gloria Swanson came as Helen Hayes in "The White Sister." But when Gloria danced with Buster Collier as Mickey Mouse, it was a bit of a shock, according to Harry Crocker, who was Francis Lederer in "Autumn Crocus."

Groucho Marx came in evening clothes, completely disguised! I heard him murmur, "Nobody knows me as I really am, not clowning!" And there were two or three imitators of him!

Gene Markey played Joan Bennett, his wife, in "Salomy Jane," dressed in overalls. And Sid Grauman biffed the bulls-eye as May Robson!

Mrs. Ned Griffith represented herself to be Ann Harding, and her husband wore a mustache. Asked who he was, he explained, "Oh, just a man that wears a mustache—Lowell Sherman, maybe."

Lilyan Tashman, just out of the hospital, was present, but not in costume. I never saw anyone so benefited by illness. Every time she is ill, she comes home looking better.

Zeppo Marx was "the Juveniles of 1933," with their toupees fastened here and there on his coat. Flo Desmond was Lupe Velez. Countess Frasso was Marion Davies as a chorus girl, which left the countess' legs bare. Tney were much admired.

Mary Pickford was Dolores Del Rio as *Luana* in "The Bird of Paradise." And so was Sandra Shaw. Carmelita Geraghty made a convincing Claudette Colbert. Jetta Goudal, in fancy costume of the French period, was daintily beautiful; she said she was Mrs. Harold Grieve as Jetta Goudal! Harold came as Tom Mix.

Bob Benchley came as Hitler. And then there was Arthur Hornblow as Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood."

There were two Marlene Dietrichs—Sharon Lynn and Mrs. Charles Payson, guest of honor, both as the German star in "The Song of Songs." Grace Moore was Mary Pickford in the colonial costume of "Secrets." Gloria Stuart was some sort of red devil with a tail—she didn't make it clear whom she represented, so we decided it was *Mephistopheles* in "Faust." And the devil himself never had a better time than did Gloria, as she danced about with this one and that one.

Phillips Holmes was Ramon Novarro in "Old Heidelberg."

Harlan Thompson was W. C. Fields, and the gaiety of nations was added to by "the Keystone Cops" of Matt Moore, Aileen Pringle, Rupert Hughes and Mrs. Hughes. Walter Wanger was Frank Gilpin in "The Emperor Jones." Larry Hart was Bill Hart—and he took his pony right in to the bar, too.

Adrian, the stylist—well, guess! He arrived as Chic Sales. Mrs. Jack Gilbert (Virginia Bruce) was lovely in an Austrian peasant costume. She said she was Vilma Banky, "but I don't know enough German even to get along in a beer garden!"

Ruth Selwyn was a charming *Alice* of "Wonderland." One of the most striking characterizations was that of Charles Butterworth as George Arliss, with his wife as Mrs. Arliss.

It was amusing watching the different characters dancing together—Mickey Mouse and Mary Pickford; *Rasputin* with Alice in Wonderland; May Robson and a Keystone Cop; Harold Lloyd and the Red Devil.

When supper was served, Mickey Mouse (Buster Collier) pretended to steal the cheese, but was stopped by the Keystone Cops.

Aileen Pringle, as one of the Cops, decided there shouldn't be any Red Devils allowed, and tried to chase Gloria Stuart off the place. But she was stopped by the gallant Robin Hood.

YOU should just see how the movie actors can be "cut ups" when they turn loose to do it!

That barn dance Kay Francis gave at the Vendome cafe was a scream.

First, you had to go in over a high stile. You lost your dignity immediately. Then you had to be dressed like a farm hand or a milkmaid or something, which further made the stars forget themselves.

Hot dogs and wieners were served all through the evening. And Kay said she (*Please turn to page* 101)

New Movie's

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

WE ENDORSE

CLAIRE TREVOR

—the clothes she wears in "The Mad Game"—and the way she wears them

BECAUSE

the street ensemble "smoke screen" is made of the new wide-ribbed crepe in the new and desirable shade of eel-gray that well-dressed women are choosing for autumn and winter wear

BECAUSE

of the smart high neck-line achieved by the removable jabot trimmed with black fox fur

BECAUSE

of the clever way that the jabot and bolero can be removed to reveal a smart costume for afternoon wear

BECAUSE

of the charm with which she follows the new fashion for elbow length gloves for day-time wear. Hers are made of black suede and velvet

BECAUSE

of the smart simplicity of the stitched black velvet hat. Whether you like the chin strap or not, you'll have to admit it's becoming.

Fashions on these fashion pages are shown not only to indicate what stars are wearing in the new pictures, but because they are fashion-right for well-dressed women everywhere. If you would like further information about any of the clothes or accessories or would like advice in choosing your own wardrobe, write to Mary Lane, care of The New Movie Magazine.





Sheila Terry wears a tailored shirt of white satin with an imitation tuxedo tie of black watered silk and an amusing tab at the front. It's a thoroughly feminine girl like Sheila who wears a suit and blouse like this to best advantage.



Ingenious smocking is used to give the new boat-shaped neck-line on this heavy ribbed satin blouse chosen by Sheila Terry, a featured player in "The House on 56th Street."

A necklace of wooden beads, wrapped with mercerized thread is used to give distinction to the neck-line of one of Sheila Terry's newest blouses—and there's a bracelet to match the beads.





Very new and a trifle daring—this mannish blouse worn by Sally Eilers with Norman Foster in the Fox Film production of Kathleen Norris's "Walls of Gold." The striped shirt is made with starched winged linen collar, trim little necktie and buttons all down the front. And notice the padded rolls on the shoulder of the jacket. This is one of the more extreme fashions from Filmland, and may indicate a revived interest in clothes of mannish suggestion. Actually, of course, this costume adds to, rather than detracts from, Miss Eiler's feminine charm.

Just a simple white silk blouse with a comfortable informal collar and a black silk ribbon bow—but it's amazingly becoming to Norma Shearer and it's the sort of thing she wears with a well-fitting two-piece sports suit of tweed or jersey. Fashions come and fashions go, but this type of blouse with its boyish, becoming neckline possesses perennial smartness. Even though you may elect one of the more modern high throat lines for more formal occasions—for sports, campus or busy morning wear, you can't go wrong in choosing the Norma Shearer blouse.

Christmas Dinner



WHAT a party this will be! It's Mr. Leo Carillo's idea and it is something entirely new in the way of Hollywood entertaining.

He has asked his sisters and his cousins and his aunts—especially his charming little aunts of Spanish descent who have never become quite reconciled to the fact that a nephew of theirs should choose an actor's life. All the ladies will be dressed in the wide swaying skirts of a hundred years ago and some of them will wear mantillas. They and their escorts, dressed in suits and hats of the same period, will slowly make their way to the hundred-year-old Hacienda Carillo on El Ranchito de los Allisos—the little ranch of the sycamores, the old family estate in Santa Monica Canyon, under the California Riviera. They will be led by altar boys swinging censers and real Capucine padres in their gray-brown habits.

On to the patio of the hacienda they'll go where Christmas mass will be said in devout Spanish fashion. One of the padres will pull the rope that rings a bell at the top of the house and bless the home in the name of Mr. Carillo's father and mother.

After that, there will be outdoor games in the Spanish-Mexican manner, and then the Christmas dinner, but instead of roast turkey or goose, which most Americans have come to regard as essential to the season, there will be venison, done

El Ranchito de los Allisos—Little Ranch of the Sycamores, in Santa Monica Canyon, where Mr. Carillo will receive his friends on Christmas.

with Leo Carillo



Please turn to page 85 for information about this month's recipe circulars.

Here's a new idea for your holiday dinner—barbecued venison under the sycamores

to a turn in the old barbecue pits under the sycamore trees where Leo played as a boy.

To Mr. Carillo, the traditional holiday fare of old Mexico and southern California is more than something to eat. Enchiladas, spread with beautiful red gravy are as full of picturesque tradition as plum pudding is to an Englishman or pumpkin pie to a New Englander. But Mr. Carillo actually is an expert on the subject of Spanish-American cookery and you couldn't go to a better authority to learn how to make tortillas and frijoles. Here are some of the famous old-time dishes that will be prepared under Mr. Carillo's direction to serve as accompaniments for his venison Christmas dinner.

Tortillas

These are nothing in the world but a Mexican or southern Californian version of our own well-known pancakes. You can make them of corn meal or white flour. Here is one recipe:

1 cup corn meal mixed with ½ teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water.

Stir the boiling water into the salted meal. Take out portions about the size of an egg and make into a thin white cake. Bake on a griddle with as little grease as possible.

Another recipe for tortillas calls for one quart of flour, one large tablespoon of lard or other shortening, one teaspoon of salt and cold water enough to make a dough of the consistency needed for biscuits. Take a bit of the dough the size of an egg and roll to form a round flat cake the size of a breakfast plate, and fry on both sides with as little grease as possible.

These tortillas are to the California-Mexican diet what bread is to most of us, and they are used in many interesting ways.

Enchiladas

These are made from tortillas. After they have been fried nicely they are dipped in hot chili sauce, one at a time, and placed on a hot plate. On one half of each tortilla you spread a mixture of meat, raisins, olives, eggs or what (*Please turn to page* 75)

The PEOPLE'S Academy

A page of answers to one who dared criticize Greta Garbo

Fay G. Du Bow, of Hartford, Conn., writing in this department of the September New Movie Magazine, said: "I have never seen any Garbo pictures and wouldn't want to. . . . I don't see anything wonderful in Greta, and I believe there are American girls just as good. Away with Greta Garbo." . . . The letters that appear on this page are only a few of those received in reply to Miss Du Bow's startling comment.



"Garbo has sheer genius. She is and ever will be considered one of the greatest actresses on the silver screen."

They're off: A fight for Garbo!

This note is in response to an unjust, catty opinion expressed of Greta Garbo. "In a frank way, I say that the writer of that opinion shows complete ignorance. She is condemning Greta before she has even seen her. How could Fay see "anything wonderful in Garbo" if she had never seen any of her pictures? Answer that!

Garbo has sheer genius. She is and ever will be considered one of the greatest actresses on the silver screen.

Hail to Greta!—Harold H. Brewer, R. F. D. No. 1, Great Barrington, Mass.

Torch-bearers: Wow! What a challenge for Garbo torch-bearers. After all, where is the need for her to show gratitude to any public responsible for her salary? The public, most assuredly, pays to see only what it cares to. If this is true, what price gratitude?

The public goes to no picture with its eyes closed, nor is the public an imbecile. Its eyes are wide open and we'll hope its mind is, too. It goes to pictures to see and be entertained; surely Garbo is worth seeing and is, without doubt, entertaining. So we *do* get value paid for.—Miss Hildegarde M. Johnson, 1331 Belmont St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Incoherent: I've started this letter three times and each time I've grown incoherent with rage and pity.

"Never seen GARBO!" Oh! Away with *her? Never!*

You don't know what you've missed, never having seen Garbo! I believe you are prejudiced by jokes—cartoons—misquotations, etc. You don't know how warmly alive and beautifully human she is. And, besides, it is the screen work of an actress that concerns us, and what she does or does not do outside is not going to blur our entertainment in a darkened movie theater. I think producers could do much to prevent such one-sided views by having a "heart-to-heart" talk with publicity men.—Irene Murray, 675 No. Terrace Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

From Canada: This letter is directed to Fay G. Du Bow. Miss Du Bow says she has never seen a picture of Garbo and doesn't wish to because Garbo doesn't go out among the crowds and let them paw her. Garbo is naturally shy of crowds, and she is paid for her acting, not for personal appearance. . . . . She also says there are Americans just as good. I'll admit there are, but who is to play foreign parts if there are not to be any foreign actresses? What American actress could play "Mata Hari," or the opera singer in "Romance." Miss Du Bow also says, "Away with Greta Garbo!" Suppose you talk for yourself, not for the millions of fans who are satisfied. Garbo makes two pictures a year and if you are not satisfied with her, then don't see her pictures, and it certainly won't hurt her box-office draw.—George Smith, 853 Home Street, Winnipeg, Canada.

What's She to Do? Time for me to express my opinion of a self-conscious idiot who criticizes Greta Garbo. It isn't seeing her that is only wonderful; it's her human character and her acting ability that make her what she is. As to show gratitude, what is she supposed to do—fall on her hands and knees? There may be many American girls just as good, but would they show a bit of gratitude to the public responsible for their salary? Hoping to see more of Garbo, the Great.—Joan Sonnen, 2830 N. 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Calls Expression Stupid: On page 66 an article, "Never Seen Garbo," and signed Fay G. Du Bow, attracted my attention. This person claims to have never seen a single "Garbo" picture, but she has no use for her, anyway, etc., etc. This is about the most stupid expression of anyone I ever heard of. To think that a great artist like Greta Garbo would ever have to play to such an ignoramus. (I do wish I could see these few lines in your much admired magazine, it would do me a world of good.)—H. R. P., Evanston, Ill.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Garbo and Asther: Just a word in defense of Greta Garbo, my favorite actress and my idea of a marvelous personage. Although many of my associates have denounced her with decidedly unflattering remarks, I remain unchanged as to my opinion of this remarkable actress. She is individual, and seems to me to be very sensitive and refined, with enough poise and personality to remain unspoiled by Hollywood society. I suggest that she again be co-starred with Nils Asther as she was in the silents of previous years, because I consider Nils Asther one of the best actors of the screen. He also seems to be more refined, more



"Leslie Howard approaches my ideal of a man."

sensitive, and more outstanding than other actors. I certainly would be very happy if my two favorites could again play in the same picture as in "Wild Orchids," and "The Single Standard." A 100 per cent American movie goer.—B. Drake, 56 Pembroke St., Newton, Mass.

Suggestions: Greta Garbo in "She Done Him Wrong"
Mae West in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"
Janet Gaynor in "Back Street"
Joan Crawford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"
Clark Gable as "Frankenstein"
The writer does not like to see our stars "typed," so why not a little variety?—C. H. N., Minneapolis, Minnesota.



"Mitzi Green is the ideal actress to play *Alice* in 'Alice in Wonderland.'"

Which? Foreign talent and home talent, more home talent and less foreign talent. How often we hear things like that and every time I hear it I feel sorry for the person who said it, because it expresses his ignorance. Talent, like art, is too great to be bound in a nationality—neither knows a nationality for both are universal. Does the fascinating Greta captivate the hearts of her audiences because she's Swedish? Never! It is her inimitable performances and her elusive charm. We fall in love with Chevalier's art because of his engaging smile and infectious charm, not because he's French. Do we love Joan Crawford because she's an American? No, we love



"Stuart Erwin seems to be the only one who can speak the southern dialect properly."

her because of her individuality, her vital personality, her real, genuine acting, and the fact that she is a real trooper—she won't let anything lick her. It is Leslie Howard's intangible appeal that has won the hearts of his audience, not the fact that he is English. The duty of the producer is to give the public what they call for, and that is talent and art—nationality does not enter. Then artists are sure to make a hit for their appeal is universal. —Mildred Stucky, Moundridge, Kansas.

Although back-biting is not in my line, this is in direct response to a dollar-thought of September. The writer, never having seen that polished artist, Garbo feels that she is capable of placing a taboo on her. Her main objections seem to concern the great Greta's private life. What bearing has this on her supreme ability as an actress? Her love of solitude may be a result of timidity rather than aloofness. Who are we to inquire into the petty details of her existence? We give up our precious pennies at the box office to see her perform which she certainly does with the most melodic poise of the screen. She abandons herself and becomes the character she is portraying. A true lover of the stage will never forget the youthful, quivering passion of Greta Garbo as she answered John Barrymore in "Grand Hotel" when he called her on the phone. To judge anything fairly, one must know something about it. I should advise Miss Garbo-hater to see the finest Swedish idol and then give her opinion.—Margaret Brenman, 7 Bergen Court, Jamaica, L. I.

Words and Music: Ooooo! I'm in a coma of joy! I'm uproariously happy! I'm going to run amuck, shouting and bellowing (not to exclude the usual crazy gestures) that I have just dis-



"Katharine Hepburn is my idea of thrilling youth, brilliant acting and a girl who is always herself."

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

1—Best all-around feature picture
2—Best performance (actress)
3—Best performance (actor)
4—Best musical picture
5—Best human interest picture
6—Best mystery picture
7—Best romance
8—Best comedy
9—Best short reel picture
10—Best news reel picture
11—Best direction
12—Best story

covered the one and only personification of youth,—an outstanding, delicious female who expresses and possesses youth in all its glory! And when I do this Paul Revere, (minus horse), my strange audience will be greeted with a—"Hark ye! Hark ye! The New Light of My Life has come to me to worship and adore her, and, believe me, doing this I shall now and—forever!

Hark ye!—again . . . . . SHE is decidedly human! She is faultlessly true to herself and to her associates! She has an immeasurable amount of womanhood in her; and every fibre and shred of it I will find—for I love it all! "How to find?" You inquire? This way: by witnessing her forthcoming pictures; and by studying and analyzing her every gesture would be adequate, I should think. But, ah! please forgive my stupidity, for I see impatience and wonderment in your eyes to be told the name of my ideal. Very well, then; open your ears:—the her and she happens to be one Katharine Hepburn.—Eugene McKenzie, 1710 Fourteenth Ave., Altoona, Penn.

Peace: I will treasure the memory of "I Cover The Water Front," because it was the histrionic l'envoi of a great actor—may thy lovable and gentle soul rest in eternal peace, Ernest Torrence. —Mary Erwin, 513 E. Call St., Tallahassee, Fla.

Where Have They Gone? La Hepburn has certainly skyrocketed to the heights of stardom, so likewise have Bette Davis and the importations—Dorothea Wieck and Lilian Harvey. More power to them!—but I would like to see some of the little girls who have spent the better part of their lives working up to stardom get a few breaks. Little Mary Brian, Sue Carol, and Maureen O'Sullivan have passed out of the picture as far as the screen is concerned. Just what happens to them when they are discarded after the producers deside they want a "change of scenery?" The movies have taken a trend toward

(*Please turn to page* 104)



A spectacular tango dancing scene from RKO's new musical production, "Flying Down to Rio." The producers assert that this is the first time in movie history the complicated tango has been presented as a chorus routine.

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

MUSICAL pictures seem to have come to stay—this time. Only a few months ago I would have joined with the rest of the cynics who said, "They'll be overdone again, and done badly, too, just as before." Because, if you'll remember, when sound first came, everyone rushed to musicals. Many, too many, were made, and the studios, not being versed in the art of making them, made many inferior ones.

So the public turned thumbs down.

It's different now. Sound is better; the studios have learned some of the musical tricks; and producers are careful not to deluge us with any old kind of libretto and score. "42nd Street" was a smash hit. Then came "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Moonlight and Pretzels," "Adorable," and others of like excellence. Now we have "The Cat and the Fiddle," "Hollywood Party," the Myrt and Marge opus, the Fox revue, "Too Much Harmony" and a dozen others that are worth while.

FROM the new film, "Emperor Jones," we get a peach of a recorded tune by the same name. It is played for us by Victor Young and his orchestra, who certainly do a swell job. Connie Boswell does the vocal work as only Connie can. She does much toward making the record the really entertaining disc that it is.

"Dinner at Eight" is on the other side of the record, featuring the same artists. Although I don't think that this is up to the other side, it's well done by both the orchestra and Connie Boswell. (This is Brunswick record No. 6640.)

FROM the film, "Bitter Sweet," we next have a waltz, "I'll See You Again." It is played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. This is above the average. Reisman does a good job of recording. I think you'll like it.

The other side is from the same picture and is also played by the same band. "If Love Were All" is the title; it's a fox trot. However, this is not up to the opposite one. I think we'll just have to accept it as a necessary evil. (This is Victor record No. 24372-B.)

"SOME of These Days," sung by Bing Crosby, is an excellent record. And, what's more, you can dance to it. Bing really swings through this, and it's the type of tune that he shines in.

Another old favorite is on the other side—"Sweet Georgia Brown"—also done up for us by Bing. In this one he has the able assistance of Isham Jones' orchestra. This all goes to make an excellent Crosby record that you shouldn't miss. (This is Brunswick record No. 6635.)

HERE is a new record of "Basin Street Blues." Louis Armstrong is responsible for it.

(*Please turn to page* 71)

THE BIGGEST HITS OF THE MONTH

"EMPEROR JONES," fox trot—played by Victor Young and his orchestra, with Connie Boswell. (Brunswick)

"I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN," waltz—played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. (Victor)

"SOME OF THESE DAYS," vocal—sung by Bing Crosby. (Brunswick)

"BASIN STREET BLUES," fox trot—played by Louis Armstrong and his orchestra. (Victor)



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Melbourne Spurr

Dorothy Burgess is back again—and how! Missed her, didn't you? But she's on her way up again now—"Headline Shooters," "It's Great to Be Alive," "Hold Your Man"—will you ever forget that realistic battle she and Jean Harlow staged?—"Ladies Must Love," all in rapid succession.



MAKING UP IN HOLLYWOOD

Helen Twelvetrees tells you what every movie star knows about the judicious use of make-up

By

ANN BOYD

"A NEW lipstick means a new point of view on life to most women," says Helen Twelvetrees, "and I'm no exception."

It's not so much what a bit of rouge here and a dash of eye shadow there will do for your face, believes the charming young Paramount player, but what it will do for your spirits that counts.

"You may have perfect coloring and not need a bit of rouge or lipstick—though that's a rare occurrence—but you'll feel a lot better armed with your make-up.

"Of course, make-up is essential to a movie actress because the type of lights used in making pictures demands it. It's a different sort of make-up from what you would use on the street, but we've learned a lot about how to apply rouge and powder, and so on, from the studio artists."

With her light, creamy skin, golden blond hair and blue eyes, Miss Twelvetrees uses a powder shade that just matches her skin, raspberry rouge and lipstick, blue eye shadow and brown mascara. She applies her rouge lightly, so that it is just a faint, rosy blush on her cheeks, and removes all but a thin film of lipstick from her lips after rouging them. Eye shadow is blended into the lower lid and carried up obliquely to the outer edges of the eyebrows.

Joan Crawford, who gets as deep a tan as she possibly can with the aid of the California sun, uses a powder to match her skin, no rouge, a pure red lipstick applied well over the natural line, and brown eye shadow on her heavy-lidded eyes. She uses black mascara.

Red-headed Clara Bow has light skin and brown eyes. She wears a light powder, orange rouge and lipstick and a soft brown eye shadow. Her finely plucked eyebrows are penciled in dark brown.

Kay Francis matches her clear olive skin with powder and uses a bright red lipstick, rouge of the same hue and green eye shadow over her hazel eyes. Black mascara is her choice.

From Hollywood's make-up experts come these tips for difficult details:

Double chins. Try blending a bit of purplish eye shadow along the line of the underchin, then powder over it. This is for night use only, and if not applied too heavily will cast the double chin into the shadow.

Receding chin. Put a little rouge under the chin, powder the chin in a slightly lighter shade than the rest of the face.

Prominent jawbones. Use darker powder than on the rest of the face; at night rouge down over the jawbones.

Prominent nose. Use darker powder than on the rest of the face.

Dull eyes. Place a tiny dot of cream rouge at the inside corner of each eye.

Study your type; consider the color of your skin, the color of your eyes and hair, as well as your clothes, before you choose your make-up colors. Skins with yellow undertones look best when orange rouge is worn. Pinkish rouge—shades that have an admixture of blue—look best on skins with a pink undertone. The intensity of the shade is determined by the amount of yellow and pink in the skin and by the other color factors—hair, eyes and clothes.

Redheads should (*Please turn to page* 72)

The United States of America enjoyed better health and had a lower deathrate during the year 1932 and in 1933

[up to the time this message went to press]

than ever before in its history

Keep up Momentum

WHEN you read that during many recent months, in spite of the financial depression, the American people enjoyed better health and had a lower deathrate than ever before, you may wonder why. One outstanding reason is that our people were well prepared, physically, to resist sickness.

In past decades, millions and millions of dollars were invested to prevent as well as to cure disease. They returned rich health dividends. The movement for healthier living conditions in all parts of the country had gained such momentum that temporary obstacles and difficulties failed to check its progress.

You know that the deathrate from tuberculosis has declined steadily. You know that smallpox, typhoid and diphtheria can be prevented. You hope to see the day when in this country whooping cough, measles and scarlet fever will disappear, as yellow fever and cholera did — thanks to scientific preventive methods. Scientists are faithfully working day and night for these victories.

The lower deathrate is due in no small measure to the present efficiency of hospital and nursing services that have required years in which to develop. In assuring pure water, safe milk, clean food, swept streets and proper sewerage systems your Health and Sanitation Departments did their part in making health records in 1932 and 1933.



Some of the forces upon which the health of people depends are financed by state, county and local appropriations. But many of the forces which have contributed so greatly to general welfare—the Red Cross, the Tuberculosis Associations, the Cancer Societies and others—are largely dependent upon private contributions.

Today the forward health movement has been slowed down in some localities because of reduced appropriations and smaller contributions. In certain other communities much of the official health work has stopped.

While the people of our country are working shoulder to shoulder, collectively and individually, to restore material prosperity, no greater tragedy could befall them than to sacrifice their greatest wealth — their health. If you would have increasing health and decreasing disease, keep up the power and the momentum of the health movement.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M. L. I. CO.

You can make Jean Harlow's charming velvet purse and Jean Parker's colorful Granny afghan with the aid of our New Method Circulars.



Miss Parker's idea of a merry Christmas gift.

Presents from Hollywood

JEAN HARLOW sitting quietly down with scissors, thimble, needle and thread to make her own Christmas presents is something that it would be a little difficult to imagine. And you couldn't quite picture Jean Parker working away with a crochet hook and a lot of bright colored yarns to make all the squares needed for an afghan.

Yet both these young stars and many more appreciate the value of a home-made present. It's more than likely that some of them envy the girls, less busy than they, who can count on having a certain amount of time before Christmas to make their own gifts.

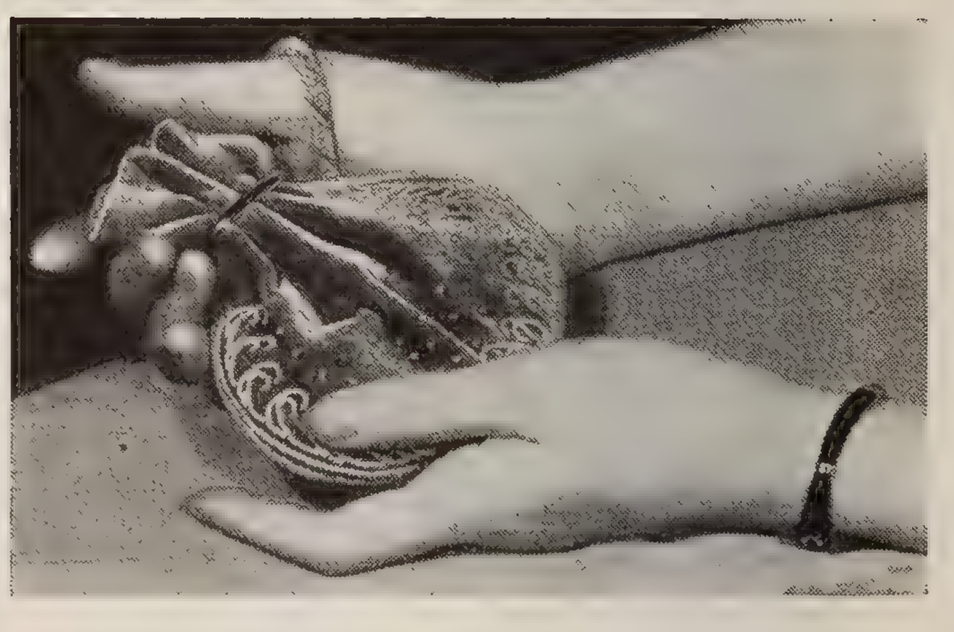
Miss Harlow tells us that the next best thing to giving a present that she has made herself is to have things specially made for her to give away. This year she has chosen a charming little velvet purse copied from an expensive French original. It's made of velvet and trimmed with fine beads, with a ring at the top to form a small pouch for change, powder puff or handkerchief. This year when velvet is used so much for evening gowns and wraps a small bag of this sort is sure to be appropriate.

Jean Parker chooses a Christmas gift that takes more time to make, a Granny afghan crocheted from yarns of all shades and colors, joined together with black. It's the kind of fancy work she'd like to do if she had more time.

All sorts of charming presents of the sort that any clever woman might make at home have found favor with Hollywood this year. Here are those that we think you will like the best.

De. 266 Jean Harlow's velvet purse.
De. 267 Jean Parker's afghan.
De. 268 The latest thing in buttonhole bouquets—two white flowers and two green leaves made from crochet cotton.
De. 269 Three unusual gift bags.
De. 270 Modern table doilies made from monks' cloth.
De. 271 A soldier's surprise bag any man would like.
De. 272 Chintz-covered gift boxes.
De. 273 One-piece play smock for baby —six months to three years.

If you would like to obtain directions for any of the popular gifts described or shown on this page, please turn to page 87.



Here's the bead-trimmed velvet purse that Miss Harlow has chosen to carry her holiday greetings.



TWO SKINS!

You have an Outer and an Under Skin

Do you know the Different Care that Each Skin Needs?

This TWO-SKIN TREATMENT Checks Wrinkles, Corrects Dryness

DID YOU KNOW that those little lines and wrinkles you hate so start in your *under* skin? . . . before they show in your outer skin? And there's a way to stop them from coming?

Here's how it happens:

You have an outer and an under skin. When you are young, the under skin fits the outer skin like the flesh of a ripening plum.

Then, soon something goes wrong. The tiny glands that poured out beauty oils and kept the under skin so firm and full, begin to fail. The under skin falls into little creases—those first signs of age that deepen and deepen if left uncorrected.

To *check* this condition, you must help the under skin! That is what Pond's Cold Cream is for.

An Oil Cream that Goes Deep

Pond's Cold Cream is a delicious oil-rich cream that penetrates down to the under skin! And brings it just the oils it needs. Pat it on. Your skin feels toned up right away. Because it is so light and its oils go so deep, it is a marvelous cleanser.

For the Outer Skin—a Greaseless Cream

How very different is your outer skin! This skin contains active moisture cells to guard the under skin against sun, wind, cold, dust, the dry heat of modern houses. But these elements are constantly drying out this natural moisture. Dryness, chapping result.

To correct this, use Pond's feather-light Vanishing Cream. Greaseless, this cream. You can have it on during the day. Leave it on all night. It contains a special ingredient that actually *restores* moisture to the outer skin. *One application* will remove roughnesses, relieve chapping!



OUTER SKIN
WHERE DRYNESS STARTS

THE DUCHESSE DE NEMOURS, brilliant society beauty, uses Pond's Two-Skin Treatment

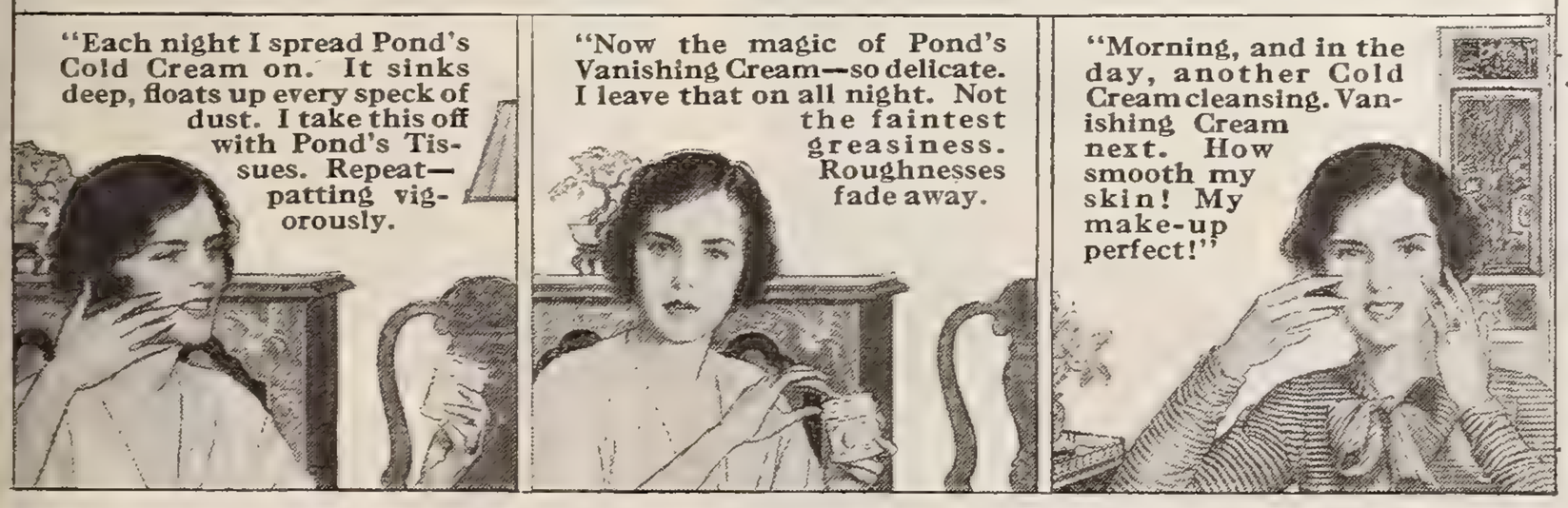
UNDER SKIN
WHERE WRINKLES START

And Pond's Vanishing Cream makes the most effective powder base.

Together these two creams give your skin complete beauty care. They supply everything that *each skin* needs. Fill out the coupon and send for generous samples. In a few days, see your own skin gain in smoothness, firmness. See the little lines fade away, magically!



Lovely MRS. MORGAN BELMONT tells how she cares for her skin



POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M
127 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 6¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Two Creams and new Face Powder. (Check shade): Naturelle ☐ Light Brunette ☐ Rose Cream ☐ Brunette ☐ Rose Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette ☐.

Name_____

Street_____ State_____

City_____

MAIL COUPON

Copyright, 1933, Pond's Extract Company

TUNE IN ON THE POND'S PLAYERS EVERY FRIDAY EVENING, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND NBC NETWORK



Here is a new sort of fashion service for the New Movie Magazine reader. Mary Lane will answer your questions about fashions, beauty, and home decorating

FASHIONS

DIRECT FROM THE STARS

HOLLYWOOD approves long gloves for daytime wear.

Claire Trevor displays them in a street costume she wears in "The Mad Game" and Claudette Colbert is going to wear them with a new dull black satin daytime dress.

LOW at the back and high at the front is the verdict for evening.

THERE'S no one most fashionable style of home furnishing in Hollywood. Warner Baxter's new house will be done almost entirely in Elizabethan English style. American Colonial is as popular in Hollywood as it is anywhere else, while French, Spanish and modernistic furniture all have their admirers.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has set the fashion for flannel slacks for bicycle riding. She wears dark blue ones with a pull-on white flannel sweater.

IT'S a big season for separate blouses—filmy lace-trimmed blouses with black velvet skirts for informal evening wear, slip-on sweater blouses with contrasting skirt for sports, knitted jumpers or tailored silk shirts with tailored suits and crepe or satin for more formal daytime wear.

THIN ribbed woolen stockings are considered very smart for street wear in cold weather. The sheerest of sheer stockings still lead for evening.

HERE, in brief, are answers to questions that have occurred more than once in this month's letter box.

Now for some of the most interesting queries:

"Is it true that the stars never wear in private life the clothes in which we see them on the screen?"

No, indeed. Many of the best known actresses choose their personal wardrobes largely from clothes that have been designed for them for screen wear. Myrna Loy, for example, has chosen for street wear this Autumn and Winter an ensemble she wore in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." The frock is of platinum gray wool eponge with a matching bolero jacket banded at the sleeves with platinum fox. Gloves, shoes and purse are all of a slightly darker shade of platinum gray—most becoming to Miss Loy's auburn hair. For formal evening wear, she is keeping for her own personal use the rough white crepe frock Adrian designed for her to wear in "Penthouse."

ARE gloves going to be worn for evening this winter? I have heard so many conflicting statements that I'd like (*Please turn to page* 73)



Soft pastel tones and deep cream color predominate in the boudoir of Sue Carol's charming Hollywood home.

To help readers of The New Movie Magazine choose attractive color schemes for their homes, Mary Lane has prepared a circular about the color schemes of three of the most attractive homes in Hollywood. If you would like a copy, please send your request with a stamped self-addressed envelope, to Mary Lane, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Let the spool-end be your guide



Spools of thread may look alike. The only way you can tell that the thread is of the quality you know so well is to find the name J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. on the spool-end. Never take it for granted that you are getting Clark's or Coats Best Six Cord unless the spool-end tells you so. That's the one safe guide to the thread you set out to get—the thread that you, and your mother and grandmother before you, have found always dependable. Look at the spool-end. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS · CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a century—as today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD



Pals! Jackie Cooper and Tad Alexander teaching Romeo, the Eskimo boy, how to play the highly complicated game of mumble-de-peg, at the M-G-M studio.



Photo by Wide World

Tallulah Bankhead, temperamental, always doing the unexpected, sworn by as the grandest sport of them all by her most intimate friends, has the usual feminine curiosity about fortune tellers. Here she is shown with Madame Wanda, at the Hollywood Assistance League, having her palm read. Tallulah says she's prey for a palmist any time of the day or night.

(*Continued from page* 14)

HOLLYWOOD has a new pet fortune-teller. It just has to have one all the time, and now it is a former actress, Beatrice Ward. Just how Bee does it is a deep secret, but it is of record that she foretold the accident to Mrs. Eric von Stroheim who was badly burned in a beauty parlor explosion while getting a shampoo.

She also slipped advance *info* to Miriam Hopkins that she would have throat trouble while filming "Design for Living." The doctors grabbed Miriam for a throat operation before the picture was finished, just like that.

And now, all those who believe the future can be laid out for them—wait in line to find out about it from Bee.

For years, famous stars—and not a few producers—paid regular calls upon Darius, a seer who reaped a fortune in film circles. And now Miss Ward seems to be the most popular clairvoyant around here.

THAT picture Sam Goldwyn is making as Anna Sten's first starring vehicle, had better be good. When Director George Fitzmaurice walked out on it a quarter of a million already had been expended, and it wasn't anywhere nearly finished.

It seems that Anna, who had been learning English at Sam's expense for the last year, became so proficient in the King's favorite language that she undertook to revise the dialogue. Darned clever, these Rooshens. The director was willing to concede that Anna was a swell actress, but he didn't care much for her linguistic endeavors or her views on direction, so he decided to resume his golf game—which never was any too good, anyhow.

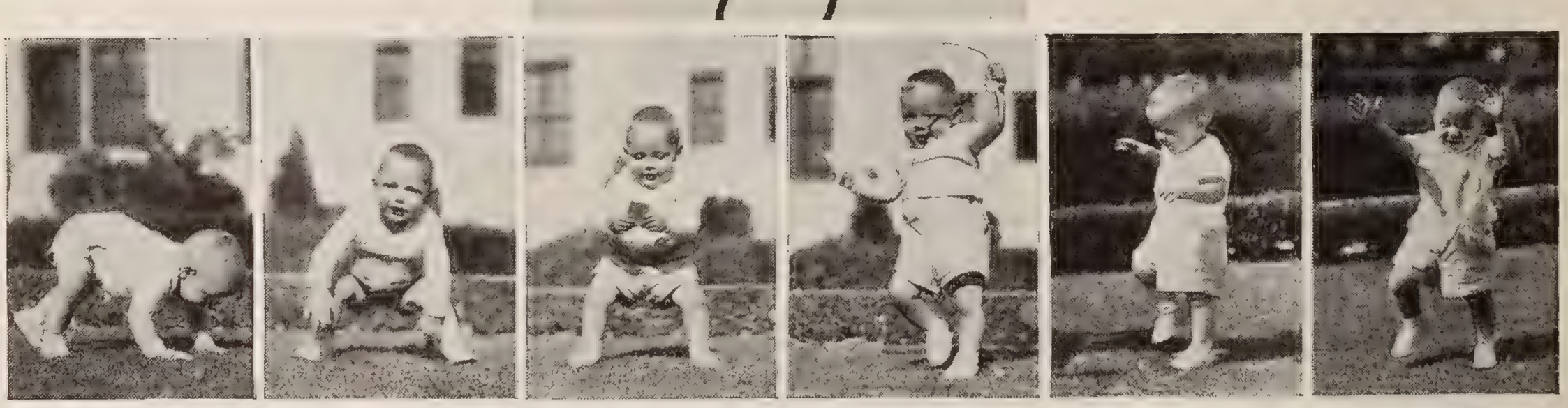
SALLY RAND, she of the fan dance at the Century of Progress in Chicago, gave Hollywood old-timers a good laugh.

Hollywood day by day

Sally used to work in pictures, Hal Roach comedies, quickies, anything. But Hollywood offered her no future, and she went back to the stage, meaning picture theaters mostly; and eventually winding up at the Chicago Fair.

There she innovated and executed a fan dance which was quite startling. The startling effect of much nudity, however, was ameliorated by the manipulation of a pair of huge fans. There was the inevitable squawk, an arrest, and then fame. Sally went into theaters between trips to the Fair grounds and broke records. And pretty soon you'll be seeing her on the screen, where she will get more money than she ever would have got had she remained in Hollywood and worn regulation attire.

Don't be surprised if Mary Pickford's next picture comes out of a strange studio. She has confided to friends that she is fed up with making her own.



"Um-m-m-m" "Upsy-daisy" "I'm coming!" "Yippee!" "Outa my way!" "Whee!"

Baby Leroy, Paramount's tiny star, learning to walk. He was seen first with Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story," next in "Torch Singer" and last in "Design for Living."

A GOOD DINNER *or* A DULL DINNER

A HEALTHFUL DINNER *or* A BADLY BALANCED DINNER

What are you going to have for dinner TONIGHT?

Meals are better and easier to get if you have a Recipe Library

It isn't a bit harder. It isn't any more expensive. It's just as easy to have a really good dinner that everyone will enjoy as it is to prepare a dull, unappetizing meal — if you have your Recipe Library for new menus and recipes.

Below are listed cooking bulletins prepared by Tower Magazines. Dozens of excellent recipes to make meals zestful. Menus that are correctly balanced. These recipe bulletins are all the same size so you can bind them together for easy reference. Check the ones you want and start your Recipe Library right now.

☐ **Favorite Company Dinner Menus—10¢**

Menus, simple and elaborate, but the kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . first course dishes . . . meat recipes . . . vegetables . . . salads . . . cakes and pies with a company manner . . . popular frozen desserts.

☐ **Fruit Recipes—10¢**

Fruits for breakfast in ways you'd never suspect . . . fruit dishes children like . . . fruit with meat . . . fruit salads . . . shortcakes and muffins . . . fruit pies . . . beverages . . . food value of fruits.

☐ **Menus for Two—10¢**

Well-balanced menus and appetizing recipes that simplify cooking for a small family . . . food budget for two . . . how to order . . . what utensils you need.

☐ **Menus for Three Weeks —10¢**

Not a menu to plan for three weeks! They're all worked out for you. Rules for reducing and gaining . . . feeding children . . . non-acid and special diets . . . recipes.

☐ **How to Choose the Right Dessert—10¢**

Delicious layer cakes . . . small cakes and cookies . . . favorite pies . . . ten gelatine desserts . . . inexpensive puddings . . . ice-box cakes . . . ways to use ice cream . . . ten favorite desserts . . . 100-calory portions in desserts.

☐ **Refreshment Menus—10¢**

Menus and recipes for one and two-course party refreshments . . . beverages . . . party sandwiches and canapes . . . home-made pastries . . . party plans.

☐ **Foods That Men Prefer—10¢**

Breakfast breads . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . confections . . . menus.

☐ **Healthful Diet for Children—10¢**

Nursery and kindergarten menus . . . diets for grammar school age . . . high school diet . . . height and weight tables . . . school box lunches . . . menus.

☐ **Meat At Any Price—10¢**

Recipes for all kinds of meat . . . ways of cooking cheaper cuts . . . list of low cost cuts . . . ways of using left-over meats . . . making the most of a little meat . . . using canned meats.

☐ **Bread and Cereal Dishes—10¢**

Muffins and breakfast breads . . . macaroni and spaghetti . . . left-over bread dishes . . . rice cookery . . . bran recipes . . . variety with breakfast cereal . . . griddle cakes and waffles . . . favorite cereal puddings.

Use The Coupon Below To Start Your Recipe Library

Rita Calhoun,
TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
55 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the food circulars I have checked above for my Recipe Library. I am enclosing 10c for each one I want.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

All of one mind



when it comes to a Laxative

IT used to be different! Big brother Bill, the athlete, had his "pet" laxative—and it was powerful stuff! . . . Dad had his . . . mother had hers . . . and the youngsters theirs.

But one by one the family began dipping into the little blue box of Ex-Lax. Now it's the family laxative!

Bill found that even for a big he-man, Ex-Lax was just as effective as the violent purgative he used to take.

Dad thought a little piece of chocolate was just a new-fangled idea. Now he knows different!

Mother—well, *she* realized the importance of mildness in a laxative for women.

And as for the kiddies—how they love chocolate!

All ages like a laxative that is pleasant and gentle. And Ex-Lax is just like a bit of delicious chocolate. Yet no bitter-tasting purgative was ever more effective.

So the next time *any* member of your family has to "take something"—give them Ex-Lax!

At all druggists, 10c and 25c. For free sample, write Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B123, Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

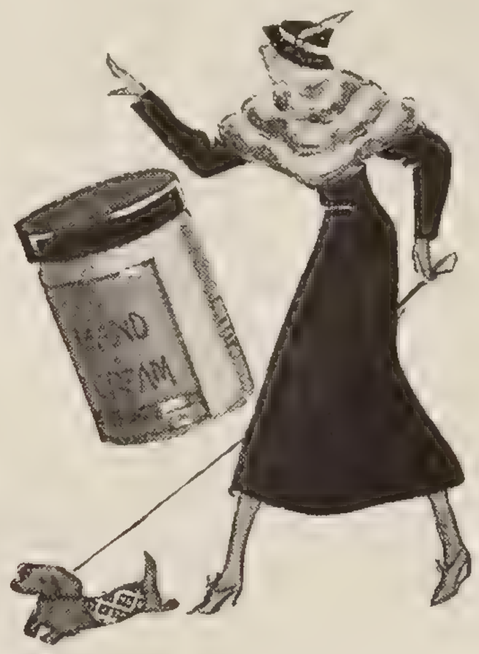
The MAKE-UP BOX

HEAVY fur coats and the new wool dresses are a problem to the woman who wants to be dainty at all times. But your problem is solved if you own one of the new attractive deodorant pencils. As smartly designed as a lipstick in a silver and blue case, this new deodorant pencil will grace any purse and can accompany you wherever you go. It is easy to use and will not harm your gowns. Though we use non-perspirants frequently, excitement, nervousness and the combination of wool and fur do seem to bring on perspiration which this new handy deodorant pencil will nullify.



An attractive deodorant pencil.

MANY a young and pretty face is belied by its owner's rough and wrinkled hands. Perhaps you can't tell a woman's age by her hands, but you can judge her fastidiousness by them. With the new creams and lotions on the market there is no need for roughened, reddened hands no matter how blustery the winter winds. A cream we've had great success with comes in a white jar with a pink and silver label and the cream is pale pink, too. It's a greaseless cream and is

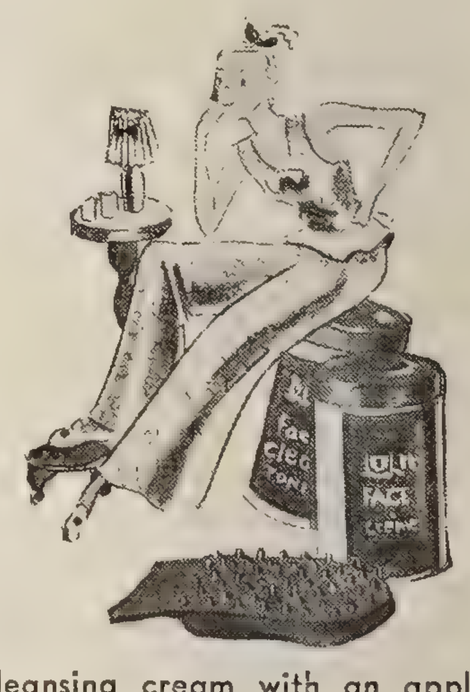


For beautiful hands.

quickly absorbed by the skin leaving no sticky sensation whatever. Use it just before you leave the house, every time you wash your hands and at night—and you'll be surprised by their smoothness after just a week of faithful care. It's good for roughened elbows and knees, too, and we know a girl who used it on that roughened upper arm section with grand results.

A GROUP of your favorite cosmetics is soon to come out in new jars and packages with a most attractive and bright color scheme—red-fluted bakelite caps and red and black labels. The new jars and bottles are designed in modern stream-line proportions. The honey and almond cream is ready in its new dress now and will be followed soon by cleansing cream, texture cream and toning cleanser.

AND we've just found out about a new facial cleanser which has special toning properties. Along with it comes a most unusual applicator, a little rubber fingertip mitten with short rubber bristles all over one side. You put a daub of the cream on the applicator—the bristly side, of course—and apply with light pressure in rotary, upward strokes. It tingles just a bit and leaves your skin rosy and glowing with the increased circulation. The jars are most attractive—white with blue caps and blue labels and the applicator is made of blue rubber. We found it particularly nice as a morning freshener. It's most inexpensive, too, and you'll want to try it just as soon as you possibly can. We feel sure you will enjoy using the applicator inasmuch as it is something new with which to apply cleansing cream and we all like new things.



Cleansing cream with an applicator.

A FAMOUS face powder, too, comes to us in a charming new box with a cover that snaps shut and a grand square puff with a taffeta back. Even if the powder weren't as exquisite as it is, you would want to own this peach and black powder box. The powder comes in a wide variety of shades including an evening shade that is marvelously flattering under artificial lights. You'll like the other tones, and the texture is grand—soft and smooth in the best powder tradition. It's the kind of powder every woman wants to own—and the kind of box—an ideal Christmas gift we'd say for anyone who appreciates nice things.



Salon face powder

If you would like to have some further information on all of the products described here, including names and prices, as well as other current beauty news, write to Beauty Editor, THE MAKE-UP BOX, care of Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a copy of the December Make-Up Box will be sent to you immediately.

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 60)

Although Louis made a record of this a few years back, there is no resemblance between the two. Of course, the high lights consist of the trumpet work by Armstrong. When he starts jamming on that horn, it will break anyone's lease. Louis also does all the vocal work.

"Mighty River" is on the other side. It is also played by the trumpet king. This one is put to faster tempo, and you'll have no trouble dancing to it.

(This is Victor record No. 24351-B.)

DUKE ELLINGTON and his orchestra have turned out another top-notch dance record—"I'm Satisfied." It is a smooth Ellington tune and full of that tricky sax-work for which the Duke's band is noted. You'll like the vocal chorus by Ivy Anderson.

The other side is another of the Duke's own tunes also, "Jive Stomp." Here is your chance to get a record that you can dance to for a long time to come, as the Duke's stuff never gets old or cold.

(This is Brunswick record No. 6638.)

"STAY on the Right Side of the Road," played by Ray Noble and his orchestra, is worth anyone's money. These boys can certainly swing through a number; it's a treat to listen to them. This is played to a good snappy tempo. If you can keep your feet still after you put this one on, I miss my guess.

The other side is played by Jan Garber and his orchestra, and offers an agreeable contrast. "Did My Heart Beat?" is the name of this one, and Garber does an excellent job of it. Virginia Hamilton sings the vocal chorus.

(This is Victor record No. 24375-A.)

AND here is still another record of the "St. Louis Blues." Abe Lyman and his orchestra are responsible for it. You could do lots worse than listen to Abe. However, there is nothing really startling about it. If you're making a collection of "St. Louis Blues" records, you can't afford to miss it.

"Weary Blues" is on the other side.

(This is Brunswick record No. 6637.)

ANOTHER fine vocal record is "Heebie Jeebies," sung by the three Keys, Bon Bon, Slim and Bob. Even aside from the vocal work, this record is worth listening to for its instrumental novelties. The piano and guitar work is plenty tricky.

"Song of the Islands," done by the same band, is on the other side. I think that you'll enjoy it equally well.

(This is Vocalion record No. 2523-B.)

EDDIE DUCHIN and his orchestra give us a swell record of "Trouble in Paradise." The piano work done by Eddie himself is refreshing and the band is hard to beat for smoothness. All in all, it's very entertaining. The vocal refrain is by Lew Sherwood, and very good, too.

On the other side we hear, "It's the Talk of the Town," also by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. Everything that I said in favor of Duchin goes for this one, too.

(This is Victor record No. 24377-A.)

"Never again!"



The story of the lady who went away *and scampered right back*

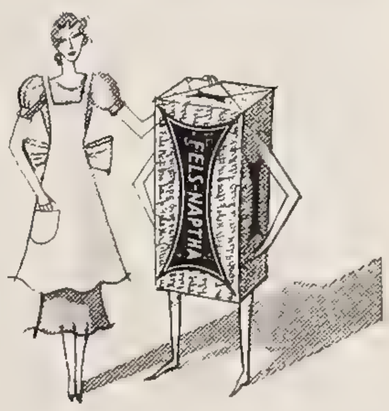
"I'M smarter than you," a neighbor bragged to Mrs. Scudder one day. "I get more soap for my money."

That's what started the trouble. Mrs. Scudder gave up Fels-Naptha—and did she regret it! She couldn't get her clothes nice and white the way she liked them. She missed the fresh sweetness they used to have.

"That's a poor way to save," said Mrs. Scudder. "It's wiser to get *extra* help with the wash than it is to get 'more bars.' I'm going right back to Fels-Naptha Soap!"

If you yourself have been tempted to

and here's the moral



"pinch" on soap quality—get reckless just once. Spend the few added pennies that Fels-Naptha costs. And see what a difference its *extra* help makes.

Quicker washes. Easier washes. No hard rubbing. No trace of "left-over dirt" to dim and dull your clothes. For Fels-Naptha brings two helpers to the job—good golden soap and *plenty* of naptha.

Together, they loosen the stubbornest grime. Every last bit of dirt slips out. Your clothes are so clean they're garden-fresh and snowy.

Use Fels-Naptha Soap in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water. Soak or boil clothes with it. And if you like the sort of wash you're tempted to bury your face in, you too will say "never again" to anything except Fels-Naptha.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

© 1933, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T.M.-12-33

Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please print name and address completely)



How to wash a sweater

1. Lay sweater on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.

2. Then, make a generous lukewarm Ivory suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make rich, big, fluffy suds because Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap and won't hurt colors any more than pure water.

3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup the sweater in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two sudsings are better than one.

4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your Snow suds. Lukewarm, mind you, *not* warm. Ivory Snow suds rinse out easily. Roll sweater in a towel for 5 minutes.

5. Lay sweater on your paper pattern and pull back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

You'll thank Ivory Snow for being so pure, so quick-dissolving, so easy to rinse, when you see your CLEAN, LOVELY, FLUFFY SWEATER!

Making Up in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 62)

always wear orange rouge, whatever their skin tone. Women with olive skins should wear pure red rouge. A brighter lipstick is called for when black or white is worn. When you wear red, choose a shade that is becoming to you, and match your lipstick to it.

Hollywood starts its make-up where it should be started—on a freshly cleansed skin. If your skin is dry and you follow your soap and water cleansing with a rich cream, allow it to stay on a few minutes and then wipe off every bit of it, finishing up with a toning lotion.

Now you are ready for foundation cream and you can have a wide choice. Some foundation creams come in skin tones as well as white and are particularly good for darker skins.

Next, apply your rouge if you use cream or liquid rouge. Rouge should not be applied, generally, below the line of the nose. The best rule to follow is to rouge in a triangle extending from a point directly below the eyes and on a level with the nose up to a point directly below the center of the eyes and on a level with the middle of the nose and then over to a point midway between the outer corner of the eyes and the hairline.

For broad cheeks keep your rouge to the center of the cheek close to the nose for daytime. At night, place it at the sides of the cheeks so it will cast them in shadow. The process is reversed on a narrow face with the rouge at the side for daytime and in the center at night.

Powder looks best if it matches the natural skin color, although a darker or lighter powder may be used successfully if the foundation cream is also darker or lighter. Start powdering low on the neck, then up the sides of the face to the forehead, then down on the nose and around the mouth. Pat on the powder; don't rub it in. A powder brush may be used to remove excess.

Dry rouge should be applied after the powder and blended into it. If your cream rouge seems too faint after powdering you can heighten the effect with dry rouge.

Apply eye shadow on the lid close to the lashes unless your eyes are deep set, when it looks better if placed closer to the eyebrows.

Lip rouge should be applied last of all, particularly if you are wearing a tight-necked dress. Whether you use a stick, paste rouge or liquid rouge, you will want to smooth it and blend it with the tip of your finger.

For a Cupid's bow effect, increase the curves of the upper lip, then take a folded bit of tissue and draw it down exactly in the center of the lip to leave a fine line through your rouge. Correspondingly, wipe off the rouge in a tiny triangle at the lower center of the lip.

If you wish to decrease the size of your lips, use a bright lipstick, and rouge just within the natural line.

Our December Make-Up Box Circular will give you more tips on make-up, as well as news notes on the newest beauty products. Send your request with a stamped, self addressed envelope to Ann Boyd, care of the NEW MOVIE Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Fashions

(*Continued from page* 66)

to let you, and Hollywood, settle the question for me."

Usually—yes. Fay Wray has a lovely, very formal sheath gown of white satin that she wears without gloves, carrying a huge white ostrich muff instead. With a new orchid chiffon dress she has chosen for informal evening wear, she will wear purple kid gloves to match her hat, pumps and purse.

"I'D like help from Hollywood on the subject of new evening wraps. Only please don't say ermine or sable. That's out of the question."

Take it from Claudette Colbert that there's nothing lovelier than velvet to wear over your smartest evening dress. For formal wear, she has a voluminous white velvet cape that may be wrapped completely around or worn over the shoulders. Then for informal wear, she has a long swagger coat of black velvet which she wears with a beret.

And in our opinion, there isn't a better choice this season—for the woman who can afford only one evening wrap—than one of these swagger black velvet coats.

IF you have any questions about fashions in dress, furnishings, or beauty—why not let Mary Lane answer them for you from Hollywood? If you do not wish to have your question quoted on this page, let Miss Lane know. In any event, please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

Ted Cook's Cook-Coos

(*Continued from page* 27)

"The over-sexed picture is hateful to Hollywood and the fault lies with the public for accepting this type of offering. . . . The many-millioned audience is largely decent—more decent than the so-called intelligentsia."—Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, associate director of public relations for the Motion Picture Distributors' Association.

"There is something about the stage conducive to inferiority complexes."—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"I would rather be out on a farm hearing people talk about a neighbor's cow than be in Hollywood."—Lina Basquette.

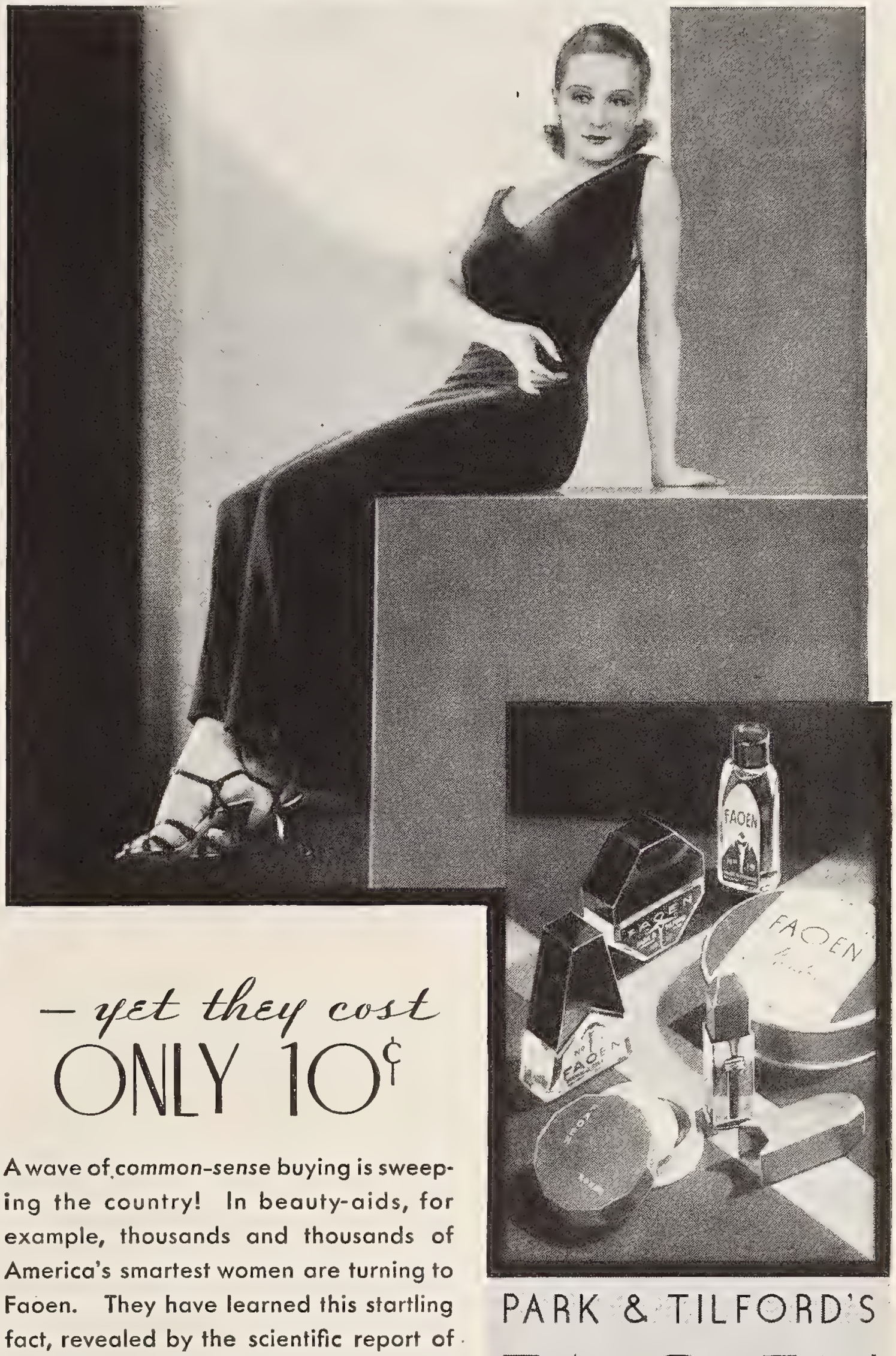
"Some day soon—after another picture—I am going to retire and show people how to find lasting happiness right in their own back yards."—Texas Guinan.

AND if the above straight-from-the-shoulder utterances have not brought tears to your beautiful long eyelashes, we'll flash a press agent item—

"Because her leading man, Jack Gilbert, is now married and the father of an infant child, Greta Garbo refused to pose in his embrace for a publicity still."

All of which leads us to a concluding conviction that the path to picture fame is paved with good pretensions.

The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS



— yet they cost
ONLY 10¢

A wave of *common-sense* buying is sweeping the country! In beauty-aids, for example, thousands and thousands of America's smartest women are turning to Faoen. They have learned this startling fact, revealed by the scientific report of a famous Research Laboratory:—"every Faoen Beauty Aid tested, is as *pure* and *fine* as products of like nature sold for $1 or more." Yet Faoen Lip Stick, Rouge or Face Powder do not cost $1 or more—*they cost but 10¢ each* in convenient sizes. It's sensible, it's smart, to use Faoen!

FAOEN PERFUMES, No. 3, 12 and 19, are captivating odeurs that have the long-lasting quality of expensive imported perfumes

● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

10¢ each at
F. W. Woolworth Co Stores

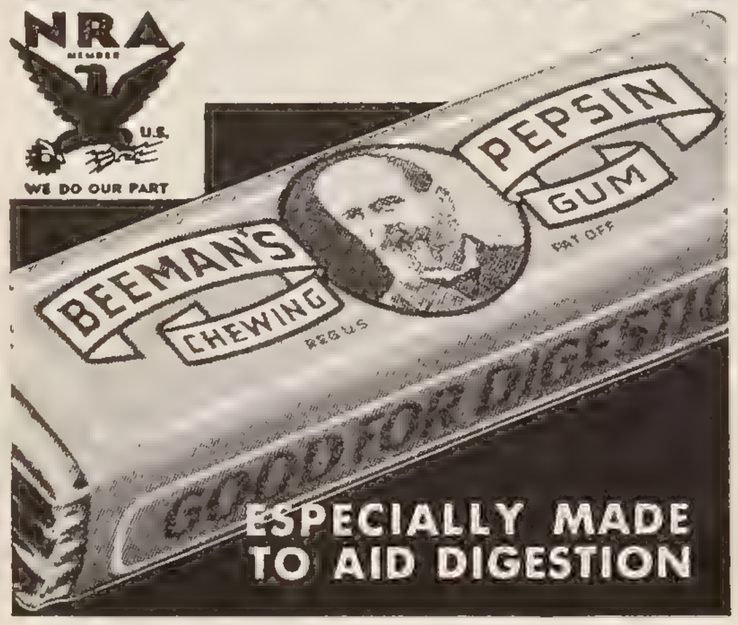


sign here!

And the president signs for the million dollar order! You feel equal to anything when your digestion is good. But often it isn't quite perfect — yet you don't know just what's wrong. Just something cramping your style.

That's why so many chew Beeman's *regularly.* It helps prevent that bit of indigestion which may ruin your day, and the flavor is delicious.

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM



Facts About My Marriage

(*Continued from page* 29)

Again Hal showed the great consideration which he possesses. In spite of the fact that he is a good golfer, he didn't become impatient with my mistakes and slowness. He had the same patience about instructing me in the art of the great American game that he had about making sure that the lights were exactly right for photographing me correctly.

After the game, he came up to the house for luncheon and met my mother. In the afternoon the four of us sat around and talked and then Hal and I swam for a while in the pool. When he left that evening we both knew that we had begun a new phase of our friendship, that we had gone beyond the mere "Hello, how are you" studio affair. But we didn't dream then that it was to develop still further. Hal says that he did. But I think he is just trying to flatter me into believing that he fell in love with me on the wide open spaces of that golf course.

After that day Hal became a frequent visitor at the house. Almost like one of the family. Dropping in casually for a swim or to go golfing with my father and me.

I wasn't going out very much at that time, I mean to public places. It was Hal who insisted that I should go dancing and see people. It was Hal who took me to the various places in Hollywood where there were good food and good music. I went out occasionally with other men, too. The newspapers reported that I was romantically interested in a half dozen different men during this time, including Hal. We used to laugh over the stories.

Then we began work on "Bombshell." After about the second week on the picture, I began to notice a subtle change in Hal's attitude toward me. At first I thought that I was imagining it. There was just a trace of a new formality in this usually free-and-easy camaraderie. And, one day, to my surprise, I found that I was feeling self-conscious with him.

One Saturday night we went to dinner and suddenly I realized that there was something more than a mere friendship between us. It is hard to explain. It was like an unexpected electric current. Every girl will know what I mean. I found myself hoping that I looked well and that Hal liked my dress. Instead of looking directly and un-self-consciously at him, I felt a strange sort of excitement when I knew that he was looking at me.

But we didn't say anything about it until we went on location to Arizona, a hurried trip to work two days on desert scenes. Mother went with us. That night we had dinner together, the three of us, in a hotel in Tucson. Suddenly, without preamble or warning, Hal and I spoke about marriage. It seemed the perfectly natural thing to talk about. Mother approved, wholeheartedly. But, when we discussed getting married the next day there in Arizona, where a three-day wait between the filing of the intention and the wedding day is not necessary, Mother suggested that we wait until the picture was finished. We agreed that she was right.

The company came back to Hollywood on Thursday and went back to work in the studio. Saturday night my mother and father and Hal and I had a family pow-wow. We had been called to work for a short time Sunday afternoon to make the final scenes on the picture. So we planned to leave that night for Yuma where we could be quietly married without any fuss or excitement. Both Hal and I wanted to avoid, if possible, all that sort of thing.

After we had finished work Sunday afternoon, I went home and dressed. It took me an hour to decide what to wear. Usually I put on the first dress which I pick up. But that night I think I put on and took off every single outfit I possessed. I was so excited. Finally I decided on a black velvet suit with fox furs, a suit which Hal always liked.

We went to dinner. If someone should ask me what I ate, I couldn't tell them. And I've proved that a girl can keep a secret.

Hal had chartered a plane and at eleven we left for the airport. The plane was waiting for us. Never shall I forget that ride through the skies in the darkness with the necklace of little California towns beneath us. From the Yuma airport we telephoned to the judge and he was waiting for us when we reached his house.

It was a strange sensation, driving through that sleeping town. I remember thinking about that old rhyme, "Something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue." I'll never forget Hal's surprise when I told him that everything was correct, that my suit was old, my hat was new, my white gloves were a pair which I had borrowed from Mother and that the little clasp on my blouse was set with blue turquoise.

The pilot of the plane and the driver of the car, which took us from the airport to the judge's home, were the witnesses of our marriage. We ate our wedding breakfast in a funny little all-night restaurant, with a surprised and sleepy waiter serving us. Then we flew home through the dawn.

We haven't made any definite plans for the future. Knowing the motion picture business as we both do, we realize the futility of ever making plans. No one knows what is going to happen next when you're working in a studio. I do know one thing, however, and that is that I always want Hal to work with me on my pictures. Then, between films, we hope to travel. I have never traveled much and my dream is to go places and see the world with Hal.

It seems to me that when a girl can combine love and personal happiness with the work which she enjoys, she has found the answer to the problem of living. When two people belong to the same professional world and understand each other's problems and working conditions, they are well started on the road which leads to a happiness that will endure.

If someone should ask me to describe Hal, I could only say that, if I should have a son, I should want him to be exactly like Hal in every way. I can think of no better way to express my feeling for him.

We didn't search for happiness. It came to us when we least expected it. And we made it secure by that simple little ceremony at dawn in a small Arizona town.

Xmas Dinner

(*Continued from page 57*)

you will, adding more of the hot chili sauce. Then you fold over the other half of the tortilla, pour over more sauce and sprinkle with grated cheese.

Chili Sauce

Here is a good recipe for the chili sauce to use with tortillas:

12 chili peppers
½ large onion
½ cup strained tomato juice
1 tablespoon flour

Remove skins and white tissue from the peppers. Soak in cold water two hours. Drain and cover with fresh water and cook slowly for an hour. Then boil rapidly 15 minutes. Take from the fire, and pour off this water which you will need later. Now with the back of a knife scrape the pulp from the pepper skins. Fry the chopped onion in a little butter, add the flour, and then the pulp from the chili peppers, the strained tomato juice and ½ cup water in which the peppers were cooked. Simmer until you have a smooth, thick sauce and season to taste with salt.

The filling for enchiladas calls for:

1 cup grated cheese
1 cup stoned olives chopped fine
1 hard boiled egg,
1 cup stoned raisins

Another Mexican recipe for enchiladas calls for:

6 tortillas
1½ cups Mexican sauce
½ cup grated cheese
½ cup chopped pork, fried crisp
½ cup chopped onion
¼ cup chopped parsley
Salt and pepper to taste

Dip the tortillas in the hot Mexican sauce and remove to a platter. Mix the pork, cheese, onion, and parsley and spread half of each tortilla with this, fold over, pour over the sauce and serve.

Mexican Sauce

2 cups strained tomato sauce
1 tablespoon chopped onion
½ sweet green pepper, chopped fine
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon chili powder

Blend the butter, flour and chili sauce, melt and then add the other ingredients. Thin with stock if desired.

Frijoles

1 pint pink Mexican beans, soaked overnight
2 onions, sliced
2 tablespoons bacon fat
½ can tomatoes
6 chili peppers

Cut open the peppers, cover with boiling water and boil a few moments. Then scrape off the pulp from the pepper skins. Drain the beans and boil slowly in slightly salted water until tender. Fry the onions in the bacon fat. Add the pepper pulp and tomatoes and beans and let cook until soft and tender.

THE HOLLYWOOD WAY

Even on their busiest days, screen heroines find time for special exercises. They know that this is the best way to keep their figures youthful and to prevent superfluous weight. If you would like to help in choosing special exercises that you need, write to Ann Boyd, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Calendar Fear



STEALS YOUTH, HEALTH AND BEAUTY

CALENDAR FEAR first preys upon the mind . . . then upon the body. The periodic worry of a lapse in normal feminine routine often brings on the very break which is so dreaded . . . To the average married woman this means constant tension . . . fading eagerness and youth.

But today, this threat to woman's charm and happiness can find victims only among the timid, the ignorant and careless . . . For the modern wife can learn from trustworthy authority the truth about marriage hygiene . . . She now practices correct feminine antisepsis, as long advised by the world's leading physicians, hospitals and clinics . . . She uses "Lysol" disinfectant regularly and intelligently.

"Lysol" is safe because it is *mild* . . . It contains no free caustic alkali to deaden sensitive membranes or injure tender tissues . . . as other antiseptics do. "Lysol" is used in delicate childbirth operations, when feminine tissues are most sensitive. Surely then it is mild and gentle for regular use on these same tissues.

"Lysol" is dependable because it is *effective*. It destroys germ-life even in the presence of organic matter. Undependable compounds lose 95% of their strength in similar practical use.

Take these two decisive steps to banish womanly worries from your home.

1. Use "Lysol" according to its easy-to-follow directions. Your druggist recommends "Lysol." Your doctor approves it.

2. Write for the new "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene." You will appreciate its free professional advice by three famous women doctors. Fill out the convenient coupon now.

Let "Lysol" Guard the Family's Health

Use it in your home as protection against colds, tonsilitis, sore throat, grippe, and to disinfect after these ailments. Use it for protection and disinfection in case of children's diseases—mumps, measles, etc. Excellent for athlete's foot. Helps to heal cuts, burns, etc. Protects mother and child in operations attending childbirth. Directions on bottle.

Lysol Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.



LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. *Dept. LO-12*
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me *free*, postpaid, copy of "Marriage Hygiene." (Check other booklets if desired.)

☐ Preparation for Motherhood
☐ Keeping a Healthy Home

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*City*_____ *State*_____

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You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . . .



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . . . .



Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself — either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
COLOR REMOVER

Go Adventuring

(*Continued from page 40*)

when he was twenty. He went to Baffinland, that drear stretch north of Hudson Bay, and mapped it. It was the last piece of unmapped land in the world.

"I want you to say this," he begged me, "that I knew adventuring meant hardships—but I preferred hardships to a soft, dull life. I was big and strong and I wanted to spend my strength, not let it waste away."

He spent his strength—and he almost lost his life—in one of his first explorations. With a party of scientists he went to Greenland. The hardships, particularly the lack of food, killed three of the men.

"That was living," said Peter, throwing back his enormous shoulders, his eyes gleaming with remembered thrills.

He saved money and bought several whaling vessels. Whaling is an industry that takes courage and the ability to stare death in the face and laugh. Peter had both in plenty. But even that sort of adventure was not enough. He went to the northern part of Greenland where there were no white men, only Eskimos, and established a trading post.

ONE white man among two hundred and forty Eskimos—that was Peter. He was like a king. He was the *Trader Horn* of the Arctic.

Then the war broke out—and Peter, up in the northern part of Greenland, was one of the peculiar victims of that conflict. His supply ships could no longer make the trip to Greenland. For five long years he didn't see another white man.

"And," said Peter, "I determined to remain a white man, not to go native."

Gradually his supplies dwindled, until he was out of canned fruits and vegetables. He had to live, like the natives, on meat—bear meat, walrus meat, whale meat and birds. There was no bread. There was nothing left, after a while, but a few boxes of matches and some toothpaste.

"No matter how I disliked a lot of things about civilized life," said Peter, "I still retained a fondness for it. And that toothpaste was my last contact with civilization. I saved it. I brushed my teeth once a week—on Sundays—a sort of celebration. And I used only half a box of matches a year—saving the fire from day to day."

THE loneliness of Greenland, the lack of anything but casual contact with the natives, was driving Peter mad. He began to brood. Was he to be cut off from civilization forever? Was he to live and die alone? He lessened his loneliness by entering more and more into the social life of the Eskimos. Then he fell in love—with an Eskimo woman, and married her.

They had two children, both of whom are living. The daughter is attending school in Denmark. The son is like Peter; he dislikes the weakness of civilized persons. He prefers the wild life of the country where he was born, so he spends most of his time in Greenland, among his own people.

Not until 1919 did Peter get back to Denmark, taking his family with him.

"Were you glad to get away?"

Peter shook his head. "Not glad," he answered, "not even eager. I had learned to look upon the Eskimos as my own people. They are the richest people in the world—not by your standards, of course, but by mine. Their wants are few and simple. They can all be obtained at the trading posts. When an Eskimo wants something, he catches fox until he has enough skins to pay for what he desires. Wouldn't you call such people rich?"

Peter, though married, and with children, looked around for more adventure. He found it in 1921, a scientific expedition to Hudson Bay. There, in that bleak country, Peter found the last Eskimos extant who had never seen a white man.

"When the children saw me, with my beard, they thought I was a devil," he rambled on. "You see, their mothers used to put them to sleep by telling them that, if they opened their eyes, an evil spirit with a beard would get them."

Then Peter, who had been laughing loudly at being thought of as a devil, became solemn. He pointed to his wooden leg. "It was on that expedition that I became a cripple. It was that expedition which was my last—for a cripple cannot go exploring in wild country. Not in snow country, anyway.

The expedition ran short of supplies. Peter went for help. A snowstorm came up but instead of stopping to build himself a snowhouse for protection, he went on and on until he was worn out. When he decided to stop and build himself a snow shelter, the snow was too hard packed to dig—and he lay down on it, helpless. His leg and face became frostbitten.

"That is why I wear a beard today," said Peter. "Since then my face has been too tender to shave."

FROSTBITE or no, I'm glad Peter doesn't shave. With that beard he looks like a figure from a Scandinavian legend. He hasn't been affected by Hollywood nor polished to its standards. He still wears his old blue serge suit and his high-topped shoes and a blue peaked sailor's cap. And his ties are still hand knitted in beautiful greens with little red designs in them. I forgot to ask him, but I'll wager that Peter's second wife (his first wife died), an actress in Denmark, knits them.

"What do you plan to do with your life now?" I asked. "And do you believe, even though you suffered so much and became a cripple, that adventuring was worth it?"

Peter threw back his mighty head and roared a laugh that no one in Hollywood could duplicate.

"Worth it?" he shouted so that the beams in the ceiling shook. "I say to every man and woman with a spark of adventure in their souls. Give up everything. Forsake everyone. Go exploring. Get some fresh air into your spirit."

Then he became subdued. "It's nice, in Hollywood," he said wistfully. "All the beautiful, fragile women and the handsome men. I like it there, too."

So, though I didn't press Peter with questions, I took it for granted that a man may become as fed up with exploring as he may become fed up with a routine life at home.

Herb Howe Recalls

(*Continued from page 37*)

Fetchit, Fu Manchu Oland (I'm strong for color), Wally Beery, Baby LeRoy, Ramon Novarro, Clark Gable, Richard Cromwell, Johnny Weissmuller, Jackie the Lion.

Who do you consider Hollywood's ideal host? Bull (Salami Boy) Montana.

Ideal hostess? Aileen Pringle, if not interrupted.

Who is your favorite personality in all Hollywood? Arthur, the colored porter, at the Hotel Gilbert.

If wrecked on a desert island what ten players would you choose to be wrecked with you? Mae West.

NOW, before the razzing starts, I'd like to reply to the bird who wrote this month asking how much "that runt Cagney" pays me to mention him every month and to the convent honey who insinuates that because of my aesthetic feeling for Miss West, I musta been up to see her sometime. I regret that the closest I ever came to fanning Cagney was three tables away in the Brown Derby; and one table is my gravy reach. And the closest I ever came to Miss West is nobody's business, and I never was up to see her no time—her dressing-room is on the level. It's just we got so much in common. We both like sin and garlic.

"THE Mae West craze is getting worse," writes a Hollywood pal. "That gal pulled a revolution right under their noses and Hollywood civilization has collapsed. The Norma Shearer-Ruth Chatterton age of 'refined' sophistication has given way to a rough and tumble barroom era. All the lots have gone Bowery, crowded with big cauliflowered palookas and dames with bay fronts and back porches. Even Joan Crawford, than whom there was none refinder, has had to forget it and go back to being a Dancing Loidy. . . ."

WE'RE about to witness a Big Parade of Bad Ladies from History. Also some very bad miscasting.

Marie Antoinette — The Average Woman is to win immortality through Miss Norma Shearer, who certainly isn't average . . . and altogether too smart to pull such a dumb line as "Why don't they eat cake?" My firm conception of Marie, regardless of Zweig, is The Average Hollywood Blonde.

Catherine the Great will appear as Marlene Dietrich under the wand of Von Sternberg. I can't see the svelte, slow-moving Marlene as the rapacious, regiment-loving Empress, who was reincarnated in my opinion by Pola Negri in "The Czarina." Of course, Mae West could present a swell version of the Russian Lady Lou. Mae could do any of History's Bad Girls better than the Bad Girls themselves.

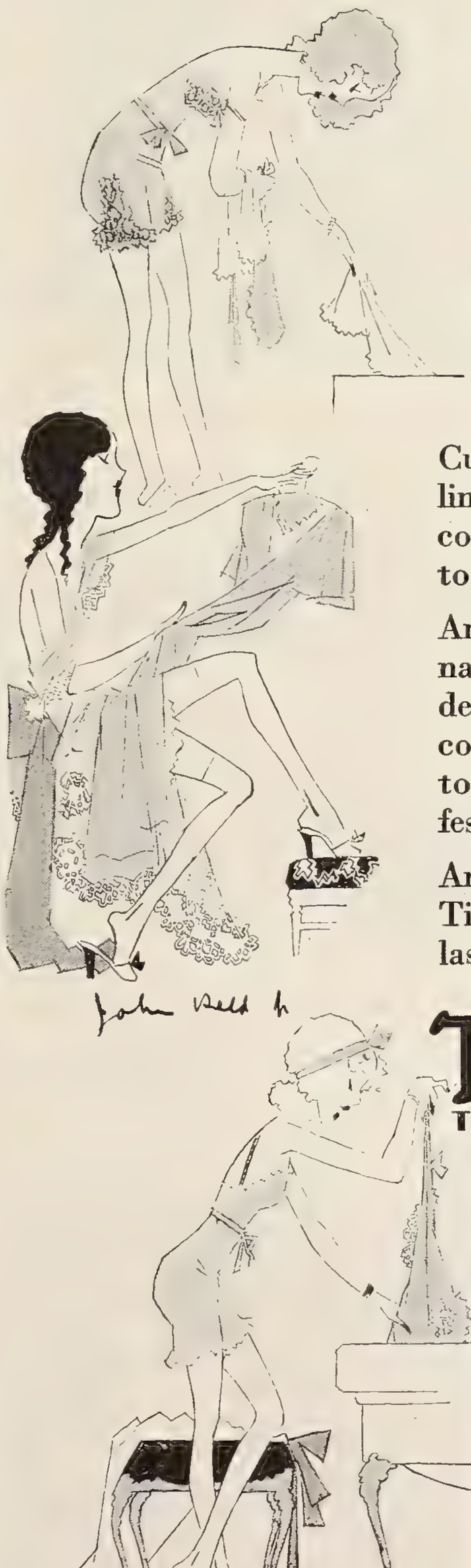
Cleopatra is to be revived in the person of Claudette Colbert. I have no fault to find with the person as revealed in pasteurized form in "The Sign of the Cross," but I can't conceive of the smiling, agreeable Claudette tossing a boy friend to his death each dawning as the columnists of Cleo's day said she did. (And she never sued.) Again, my thoughts turn to naughty Pola and baddie Mae.

(*Please turn to page 78*)

Be Color-Smart and Money-Smart with Tintex!

These Tints and Dyes save you Money — bring new beauty to Wardrobe and Home Decorations





UNDERTHINGS or dresses faded? Or any other items of your wardrobe? Spend a few cents for Tintex and they're all just-like-new again!

Curtains and drapes faded? Or table-linens? Tintex will bring back their color-charm and usefulness — at next-to-nothing in cost!

And whether you are restoring original colors to faded apparel and home decorations...or giving them *different* colors...you'll find Tintex *easy*, *quick* to use—the equal of expensive professional work in results.

Another thing you'll find out about Tintex...it comes in 35 brilliant, long-lasting, fashionable colors!



35 Fashionable Colors

ON SALE AT DRUG STORES AND NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

WHAT'S COME OVER JACK?

He looks years younger—doesn't complain or grouch around any more



The crowd always dodged when they saw Jack coming. They couldn't stand his grouchy manner—his pepless, spoil-sport attitude.

Now suddenly he looks and acts like a new man. Actually he feels years younger. The secret?

It's Asthenia

(Run-down condition, usually caused by Constipation)

That's the insidious thing about Asthenia . . . it drags you down, slows your mind, robs you of your joys and pleasures, yet you hardly realize you're slipping.

The NEW TASTELESS WAY TO TAKE PLUTO

Would you like for once to brush the cobwebs from your eyes . . . be ready and eager for any task . . . experience all the glories of this glorious old world? Then rid yourself of Asthenia and stay rid of it. Take Pluto Water every morning for ten mornings, and see a new world in ten days!



Taken as directed—one-fifth glass in four-fifths glass of hot water

Gentle, Effective

Don't miss a day. Take it before breakfast as recommended—one-fifth glass Pluto Water in four-fifths glass hot water—for ten straight days. Cleanse your system of every vestige of health-destroying impurities. Then you will understand why for nearly 90 years, from all over the world, people have traveled to French Lick Springs for this ten-day Pluto Water treatment. And why physicians everywhere recommend it as a mild and effective laxative — non-irritating and non-habit-forming.



Pluto Water is virtually tasteless. Mild, effective—it can be taken without disturbance of daily routine.

Two sizes—20c and 45c—at all drug counters. Bottled and sealed at French Lick Springs Hotel, French Lick, Indiana.

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

Herb Howe Recalls

(*Continued from page 77*)

Queen Christina of Sweden rules again as Greta Garbo. Knowing both the Queen and Greta intimately, I can say that they are sisters under the tweed—wearing brogues and breeches, running away from it all and telling everybody to go yump.

Queen Elizabeth is also getting a break as Katharine Hepburn—not as the Virgin Queen but as The Tudor Wench.

WITH a view to aiding the casting directors, Emanuel M., of Plainfield, N. J., writes to suggest:

Vilma Banky as *Louise de la Valliere.*

Marlene Dietrich as the *Venus* (of Venus berg) in "Tannhauser."

Mae West as *Madame de Montespan.*

BAD Boys of History are not to be forgotten.

Wally Beery as *Pancho Villa* will line 'em up against the wall and the box office. Now that's casting!

Charles Laughton's *Henry VIII* is something to celebrate, especially in Reno. Charlie is a sort of male Mae West. I mean he does for the Bad Boys what Mae does for the Guls. I sat through a second showing of "The Sign of the Cross," badly as those Christians bored me, just to see his *Nero* again.

HOLLYWOOD producers have always been afraid of history. Anything bordering on the educational was considered too heavy for the American public. Russian films, educational and realistic, are "propaganda." And "propaganda" is poison.

When Lubitsch's "Du Barry" was imported, the title was changed to "Passion," and his "Henry VIII" became "Deception." The movie sahibs are still a bit timorous.

Historical characters have to be sexed up. Thus we have "The Affairs of Voltaire" and "The Loves of Henry VIII." Incidentally, I went to see George Arliss in "The Affairs of Voltaire" because Voltaire happens to be my big favorite. I failed to recognize him. Maybe toward the last he did resort to senile, simian antics, though the biographies never gave me that impression.

If I hadn't seen the title of the picture I should have thought it was Granny's Night Out.

I CAST Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro for "The Merry Widow" because they can sing and dance and look the parts of *Widow* and *Prince.* But, evidently, the producers didn't read me that month.

At this writing Chevalier is scheduled to star in the picture. He is reported to have said a feminine star will not be necessary. Maybe he figures the *Widow* and *Prince* as a dual role and will waltz with himself. Of all my childish enthusiasms Maurice has palled most.

We are also informed that new songs and music will be written, Lehar being old-fashioned. Is there some place I can lie down? Didn't I tell you they'd want to modernize it and didn't I suggest Sir James Cagney and Lady Lou West for the *Prince* and the *Widow?* That, at least, would be the merriest Merry Widow what ever waltzed, wouldn't it?

FRANCIS LEDERER, too, would make a great *Prince,* providing he can sing; but, apparently, that wouldn't be necessary in view of the gent selected.

"SINCE you appear to be a friend of Ramon Novarro, I am writing to ask what you think of organizing a fan club to honor him," writes Lucille B., of Cleveland. What, another one! As though there weren't enough Ramon-antics threatening and cajoling me to write more about him. I recently had a sinister letter from one Novarro clubber saying I was about to be buried unless I gave him more space. It's a Mafia, that's what it is. To think that the gentle Ramon should inspire a Black Hand! One more Novarro club and I'm going to drink a bottle of Black Narcissus.

Things I Don't Crave—

Spy stories.

Plucked eyebrows.

Women in breeches, especially from the rear.

Cartoon comedies.

Cantor comedy.

Clogging in "musicals."

Animal fights, torture and slaughter, of which there have been plenty in pictures—and we criticize Spaniards for bull fights!

NOTE to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and to General Plutarco Calles, Mexico's Great Man:

Why not investigate Hollywood producers who send companies across the line into Mexico for scenes of wild animal butchery because they are afraid of the S. P. C. A. on this side? One animal trainer, little knowing what the animals were in for, got drunk and stayed drunk during one of these orgies, too horrified by the director's bestiality toward "beasts."

And did you know that producers sometimes insist upon a "morals" clause in the contracts of the stars?

LOS ANGELES Police Commission has ruled against female impersonators in Hollywood night clubs. They're determined to make Hollywood a skirtless town. They should succeed. There are plenty of male impersonators to serve as bouncers.

I DON'T want to be altogether ominous this month, but that barnyard party given by Kay Francis for which the Hollywood kings and queens put aside their diamonds to romp as rustics, reminded me of *Marie Antoinette* and her ladies playing farmer just before starved rustics started the famous revolution.

Hollywood Deal:

"A cameraman went out with the strikers," writes a friend. "The studio told him to break with the union and come back to work and they would give him a contract. He went back. The next week they fired him. He shot himself."

The Garbo-Gilbert Reunion

(*Continued from page* 35)

dressing-room bungalow that was once his in the days of his million dollar contract, toward the two-room suite on Dressing-room Row.

While back on the set he has just deserted. . . .

The director stands behind Garbo's bed, his inevitable script in hand. Well! Garbo and Gilbert are reunited! Has he changed . . . ?

GRETA (smiling slightly): "He looks well; better than I have ever seen him. He will be marvelous in this role. Changed? There is nothing for him to change from. John Gilbert is never the same person."

BUT to these eyes of mine there is a change . . . in both of them. A man as sensitive and high strung as John Gilbert cannot listen for three years to the din: "He is through . . . he is through . . . he is all cleaned up as a star and an actor" without confidence-shattering humiliation. A woman cannot know the overpowering success of Garbo without gaining confidence and sureness.

For the moment, temporarily, their personalities are reversed. It is Gilbert who is shy, ill at ease. Garbo is in command of herself. When they were making their great "Flesh and the Devil" it was not that way. It was Gilbert the strong one. Garbo, the sensitive. It is not right, it is not natural this feeling on the part of Gilbert. He is behaving like a grateful pup that has had an unexpected pat of approval on the head. He cannot be his abandoned, colorful self on the screen until he is free of it.

TWO days later . . . and things are not going too well on the set of "Queen Christina." They have moved into a tavern scene and it seems cold and unfriendly as though they might have sensed the presence of ghosts.

It needs only a casual drift through to realize that Jack has not yet recovered his poise. He is nervous in his scenes; not quite sure of himself. So much has happened so suddenly. The birth of his daughter . . . the unexpected "comeback" opportunity of this role with Garbo . . . interviews that take much out of him because he is forced to tell and re-tell of *what happened* to that great idol, Gilbert. . . . There have been photographic sittings, costume fittings . . . millions of little things to upset him. He is nervous . . . they have rehearsed the scene at the tavern table many times. The rehearsals are not going so well.

Garbo is wearing a costume from the picture, a colorful affair of breeches and a wide sweeping hat with a plume on it. It is obvious she is disguised as a man. Her long-bobbed hair is swooped up under the hat in mannish severity. Suddenly, in the middle of the tedious rehearsal, she speaks:

GRETA: "Let us stop and rest a moment. Shall we smoke?"

The tension is relieved. Garbo moves casually over to a camera stool . . . perches herself on it. The crew is "at ease." The director yawns, stretches. Now Jack is standing beside Greta's

(*Please turn to page* 80)



This Little Twin used Tooth Paste "D." Stains remain, lustre dull, inflammation only slightly improved.

But this Little Twin used Pebeco. . . . Got whiter teeth, brilliant lustre, firmer and harder gums.

Twins, Muriel and Charlotte Denenfeld, age 18, residing at 615 West 164th Street, New York

Twins test six leading Tooth Pastes

PEBECO PROVES BEST

"Why not test Pebeco against the five other leading tooth pastes on twins?" we said.

"Fine!" said Dr. David B. Freundlich, leading dental authority of New York. "Twins provide the most impartial possible testing ground for tooth paste merit. Same environment. Same heredity. Hence their tooth and mouth structure is apt to be alike."

So that's what he did. Tested Pebeco and the five other leading nationally advertised tooth pastes on twins—for thirty days. One twin in each pair used Pebeco twice daily. The other used tooth paste A, B, C, D or E, (well-known brands).

Read at the right what Pebeco did in comparison with the five other tooth pastes!

Pebeco was more than twice as effective because of its basic ingredient, Potassium Chlorate. This substance is an *active agent* in assisting nature to correct acid mouth, helping to check mouth acids which cause tooth decay. It stimulates the flow of saliva, nature's own process for *keeping* the teeth sound, gums and mouth vigorous and healthy.

You can prove it, too. Try Pebeco—10-cent or 50-cent size—in your *own* mouth. You will *feel* it working for the good of your mouth and gums. And just *see* what it does for your teeth! Buy a tube of Pebeco today!

On These Five Vital Points Pebeco Wins!

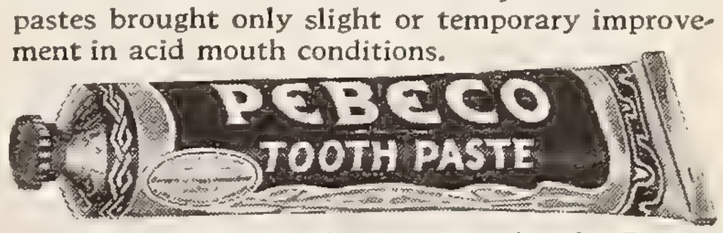
1. WHITENESS . . . Pebeco whitened the teeth in 98% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 56%, proving Pebeco's superiority in cleaning and removing stains and discoloration.

2. LUSTRE . . . Pebeco improved the lustre in 94% of the cases—the others in only 40%. Pebeco, in no case, made the slightest scratch upon the enamel.

3. FILM . . . Pebeco removed mucin plaques (film) from teeth of 88% of the users—others from only 32%.

4. GUMS . . . Pebeco checked inflammation and bleeding, toned and hardened the gums of 97% of the users, other tooth pastes of only 57%.

5. ACID MOUTH . . . Pebeco alone—of all the well-known tooth pastes tested—actually assisted in stimulating the natural flow of helpful saliva which combats the acids that start decay. Other tooth pastes brought only slight or temporary improvement in acid mouth conditions.



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Why Twins and What They Proved



I chose groups of twins because their mouth conditions are apt to be identical. One twin used Pebeco twice daily for 30 days. The other, tooth paste A, B, C, D or E—one of the five other leading brands. I examined each pair weekly. At the end of 30 days, I submitted my reports, and the statements in this advertisement are in accordance with the facts. For professional information on these tests, write me at 101 Central Park West, New York.

(*Signed*) DAVID B. FREUNDLICH, D.D.S.

© 1933, Lehn & Fink, Inc.



MEN CAN TELL

by the Smartness of her Make-up!

MEN compare her with other girls and find her lovelier by far! *Her* lips never shriek "paint". For she always uses a marvelous new kind of lipstick that brings smooth, *natural* color. Rich, glowing color...but not a trace of paint to make her mouth conspicuous!

A lipstick called Tangee

Other lipsticks may coat your lips with paint. But Tangee isn't paint. It's a special kind of lipstick which blends so perfectly that it looks like your own coloring! No hard lipstick line. No caking. No painted look.

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But put it on. You'll see it change color to the one shade of blush-rose best suited to you! Actually, Tangee brings out the natural color hidden in your lips!

Use Tangee and see fresh, natural color in your lips! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks . . . at any toilet goods counter.



Rouge matches lipstick

Tangee Rouge Compact changes to the one shade most natural for your type! Never causes an over-rouged look. A perfect match for Tangee Lipstick! Comes in refillable compact. Refills fit compact perfectly.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

New! SMALL SIZE TANGEE LIPSTICK 39¢

Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ **SPECIAL 10c OFFER!** TG12

The George W. Luft Co.
417 Fifth Ave., New York (Enclose 10¢ stamps or coin)

Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge** and **Powder.**

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The Garbo-Gilbert Reunion

(*Continued from page 79*)

stool. They are talking together quietly. He is trying to say something to her . . . apparently something he is having difficulty in phrasing. Then Greta speaks in that soft, low voice:

"I do not want to hear you say how grateful you are to me . . . again. Why should you be grateful to me? If you feel I have done you a favor," (she shrugs) "I feel that you did me a favor when you, the great John Gilbert, had me to play in your pictures. If I have in any way done you a good turn . . . this just evens the score."

JACK looks at her. Something that even ghosts can't understand is happening. With that simple little speech Greta Garbo has done far more for Jack Gilbert than give him his comeback opportunity. She has restored that spark . . . that fire . . . that self confidence that is as much a part of the real Jack Gilbert as the color of his hair and eyes. In a moment, a bare split second, it is all back again.

THE DIRECTOR: "Let's shoot it now." But even he doesn't realize what has happened until the noiseless, glass-encased camera starts turning. A colorful, exciting and dashing hero strides across that tavern set, his words ringing confidently. It is the Jack Gilbert of old, the most exciting and outrageous figure that ever cast a shadow on the screen, going through his paces and "doing his stuff" again! The scene is in the box! It is a wow!

HOW different it is! The ice of restraint so noticeable between Garbo and Gilbert is broken now. As the days of production pass, they laugh and joke just as they used to do between scenes of their silent pictures in the past.

That is Gilbert standing there before Greta's chair, giving an imitation of the way his baby daughter looked the day she was born. He puckers his face and twists his mouth. Greta laughs: "You are such a fool." She says it the way she used to say it when something the amazing Gilbert said, or did, made her laugh!

There is to be a long wait between these scenes. The carpenters are repairing something in the back of the set. The set chairs of Gilbert and Garbo are side-by-side as they sit and talk.

JACK: "Where are you living, now, Greta?"

GARBO: "Santa Monica . . . if you can call it *living?*"

He seems amused.

JACK: "If you are not happy the way you live . . . why don't you live some other way?"

GARBO (shrugs): "I do not know any other way of living."

Ah, this is what we have been waiting for. That first intimate tete-a-tete between Gilbert and Garbo that has really been the sole purpose of all this confounded spying of mine.

Jack is curious. If Garbo is not happy in Hollywood, why did she return.

JACK (teasingly): "You know you love it here!"

GRETA: "I do not love it anywhere."

JACK: "I don't believe it! Whether you will admit it or not you are a creature of habit. You would be perfectly miserable making a picture, or doing a play, in a strange country with strange faces about you. And what's more . . . I think you've even begun to like the 'eternal sunshine' of California!"

Gilbert, then, like all the rest of us, is musing why Greta came back, and just like the rest of us . . . he didn't get a definite answer to his "Why?" It was Greta's turn to tease.

She said: "You are always asking questions . . . just like a reporter."

JACK: "And never getting any answers . . . just like the reporters!"

AND I wondered if there was ever any answer to anything Garbo did? There are those rumors that won't die that Garbo suffered severe financial reverses and that she came back for that tremendous salary of $12,000 weekly offered her on her new contract with M-G-M. But then, tremendous money for Greta Garbo could have been obtained in any capital in the world. The city of Stockholm would no doubt have floated a bond issue to keep her had she wanted to remain.

JACK (laughing): "It must have been the sunshine that brought you back. It couldn't have been your Hollywood social life!"

GRETA (pretending to be offended): "Oh, I have social life!"

JACK: "You have?"

GRETA: "Sure! I know some musicians and two artists!"

Could it be true? Was Greta Garbo actually kidding herself? Has the queen of the screen a secret sense of humor that no one has ever suspected? It was too much for even my gift of bearing up!

It was surprise enough to find Garbo and Gilbert self-conscious and ill at ease with each other. But actually joking together—and joking about the *legend of Garbo!*

WHERE COLOR COUNTS

Nowhere do precise shade and color make such a difference as on a woman's face. If you want help in choosing the most becoming shades of rouge, powder and lipstick, you should have a copy of our beauty circular, Color Harmony Chart. Send your request with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Ann Boyd, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Confessions of a Movie Magnate

(*Continued from page* 41)

The reason why movie producers return unsolicited manuscripts unread may be summed up in two salty words —"Bitter Experience."

True, an unknown might conceivably send in a great story, but the chances (according to our experience tables) are just about 6,000 to 1 against it. It costs us a fortune to read such manuscripts in the first place, because readers have to have salaries, and the salaries have to be paid by the producers. It is far cheaper to hire an experienced author of high standing to write a story than to read thousands of manuscripts written by unknowns.

Listen to these figures and remember they are true:

Once, in our ignorance, we offered a prize—in fact, six prizes—for the best screen stories, no matter who wrote them.

We received exactly six thousand manuscripts. It took a big staff weeks to read them. We found to our amazement that over ninety per cent of them were either plagiarized or just plain ignorant.

Several thousands were actually stolen bodily from some motion picture already on the market, or from a famous stage success or a well-known book. In such cases the titles were changed but, in a few cases, the stealers did not even change the title.

We awarded six prizes to the six best stories, and they were terrible. Not one of them was fit to make into a picture, but we paid the prizes just to show good faith.

Our lawyers had fits.

They said: "This should teach you never to accept stories from unknown sources, because you can never know when they are rank plagiarisms. You might make a picture out of one of them and then discover, too late, that you had bought a stolen story. In that case you would have to turn over all your profits to the original author from whom it had been swiped.

"The only way to protect yourself from this sort of thing hereafter is to *refuse to read manuscripts which come without solicitation.* Return them unread. Don't open them. Treat them as you would treat dynamite."

"But," we expostulated, "that means we can never dig up new sources of story material. It means that we must cut ourselves off from dozens, possibly hundreds, of stories which are mighty good screen stuff."

"Correct!" exclaimed the lawyers. "But it also means it is the only way you can protect yourselves from charges of plagiarism. Lay off, Macduff."

SO, ever since then, we have refused to read or even open manuscripts sent in from unknowns.

Mind you, every one of these unknowns claims—and probably believes —that his story is the best one ever written. Please note that the budding author who sent his story to us with his insulting card said that his story "will go down in history as being epochal and remarkable." He admits it is great.

They all do.

It is another phenomenon, like the

(*Please turn to page* 82)

YOUTH'S CHARM

may be yours if you keep that schoolgirl complexion



YOU may bring romance closer . . . you may hold youth's charm and appeal as years go by, if you'll keep youth glowing in your skin. And this simple daily treatment is priceless, for it is based on youth-protecting olive and palm oils.

These oils are blended, by secret process, in the making of Palmolive, *the soap of youth.* No other blend, in all the world, is like this.

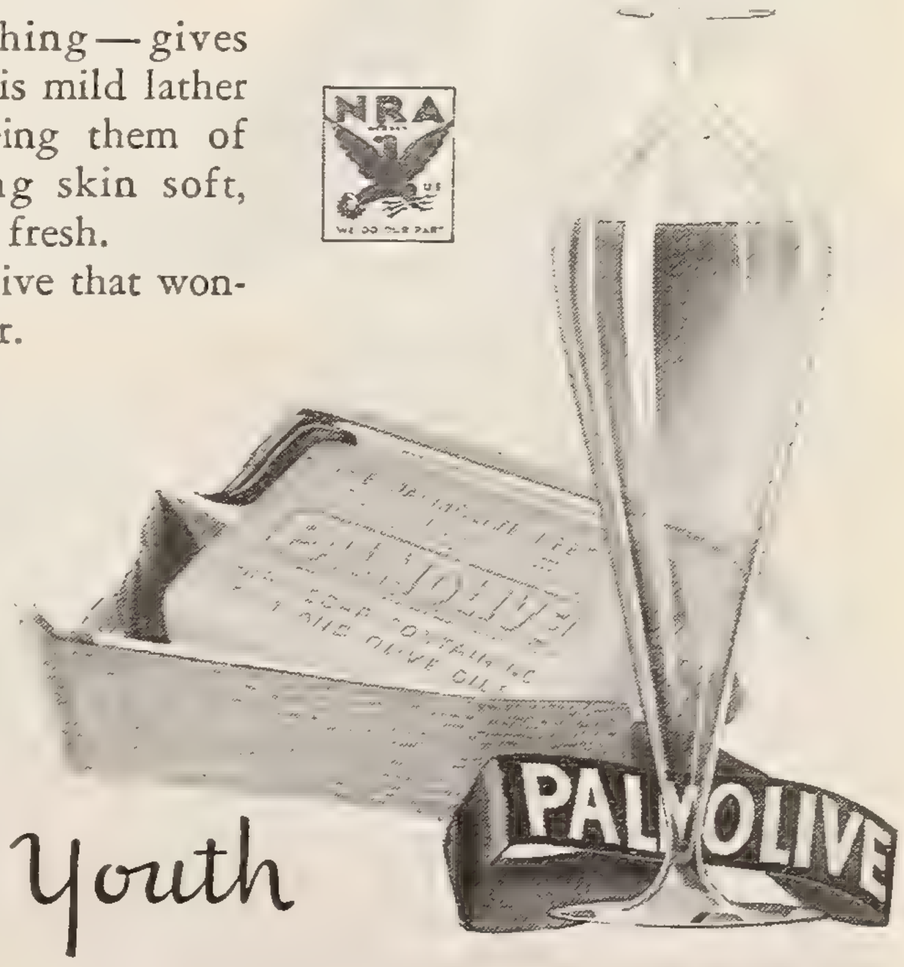
Nature's own beauty oils

Olive oil—soothing, enriching—gives Palmolive a velvety lather. This mild lather *penetrates* the tiny pores, freeing them of accumulations easily, leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Olive oil, too, gives Palmolive that wonderfully rich, olive-green color.

Begin this beauty treatment

Buy three cakes today. Then start this 2-minute beauty treatment recommended by over twenty thousand beauty specialists: every morning and evening, massage a rich lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the skin with your hands; rinse with warm water, then with cold. And, after you've done that regularly for a month, see how easy it is to hold youth's charm, in spite of birthdays.



Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

PALMOLIVE . . .

the soap of Youth

Treat COLDS in the First Stage!

Colds go thru 3 Stages and they're far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third!...

IT PAYS to know something about colds! They are a great cause of prolonged sickness and financial loss.

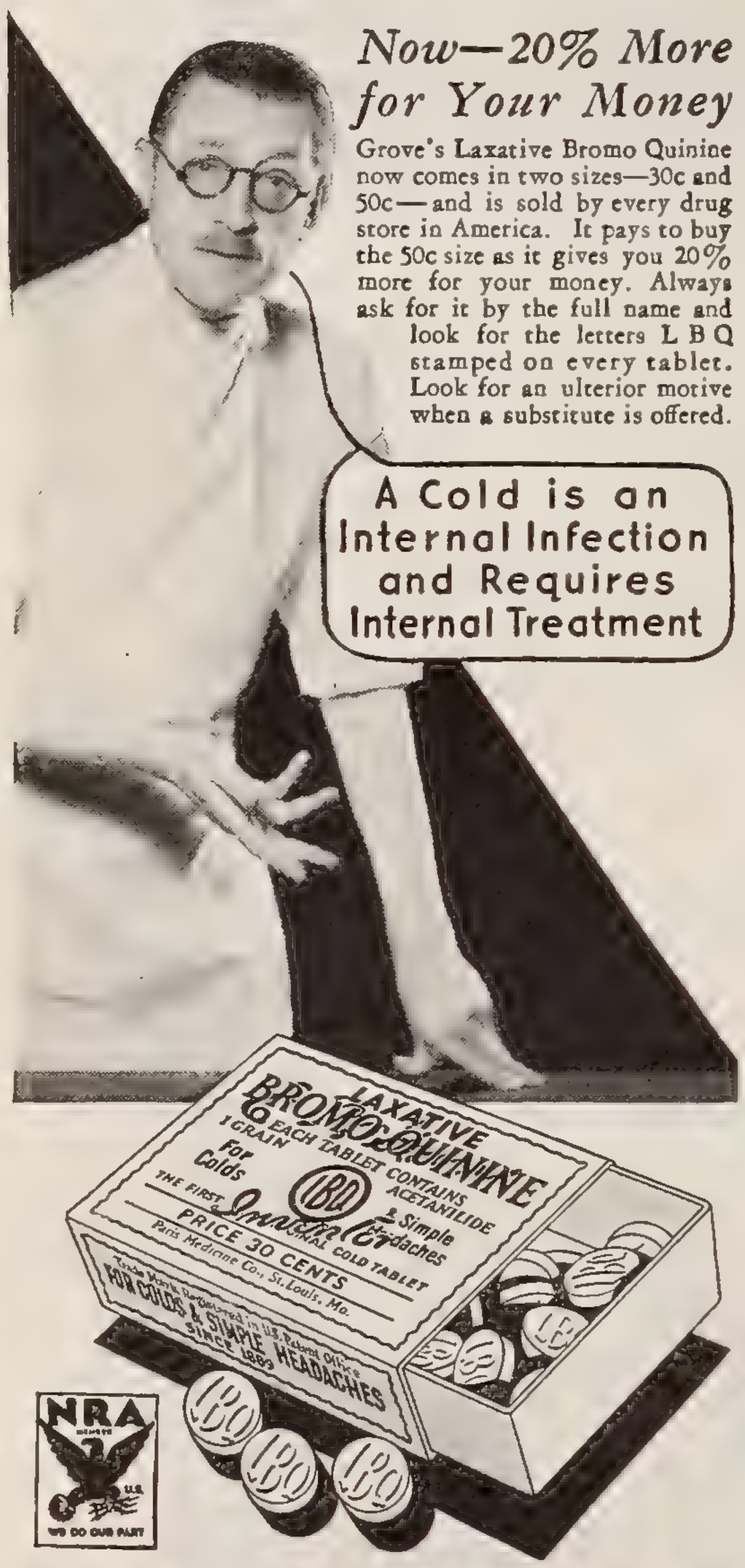
A cold ordinarily progresses through three stages. The first—the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second—the Watery Secretion stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third—the Mucous Secretion stage. The time to "nail" a cold is in the first or Dry stage. It is twice as easily relieved then.

The Wise Measure

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and may be freely taken with perfect safety. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world.



Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine now comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. It pays to buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Look for an ulterior motive when a substitute is offered.

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Confessions of a Movie Magnate

(*Continued from page* 81)

very remarkable fact that of all the millions of babies in the world, each one is the most marvelous to its own mother.

Every story is the greatest ever written, especially if it is the author's first effort. The man who fathered it or the woman who mothered it is absolutely sure that it is the smartest, the most original and has the cutest dimples. I'm not sure whether I am speaking of stories or babies, but who cares?

I TOLD you once that all the real stars are nutty. Then I tried to prove to you that the really good movie producers are nutty.

But in the case of authors, this nuttiness is not confined to the good ones. It goes for all of them. Even the story thieves who calmly steal a story from someone else are nutty enough to think they can get away with it.

One of our competitors tried years ago to teach well-known authors how to write for the screen. The idea was to bring the world-famous authors to Hollywood and teach them the movie business.

Author No. 1 turned out to be a dope fiend and had to be fired off the lot.

Author No. 2 was drunk so much of the day that he couldn't work. Out the window with him!

Author No. 3 got the idea that he would become a movie producer himself, so he stole the best star and the best director the studio had, set up his own producing business and lost all the money he had made on his best-selling books.

All were famous authors. If I dared to tell you their names, you would be amazed.

The same thing which made them best-selling authors had twisted their morals somehow. Of course, this doesn't mean that all writers of best-sellers are unmoral or immoral, but just the same I've never met one that wasn't at least a bit off his base.

The real ability to create seems to make a person lop-sided, whether he creates a great role, creates a great book or play, or even creates a great piece of art, sculpture or architecture.

BUT, as I said, when it comes to story-writing, even the amateurs have a nuttiness beyond all belief. Even those who create something not worth creating become obsessed with the belief that it is the greatest of its kind and that any producer who turns it down is a dirty villain.

Right this minute I've got a woman waiting outside in the anteroom who has caused more trouble for movie producers than any other ten authors combined. She wants to see me or sue me, I don't know which.

About once a year she bobs up with a claim that she was the original author of some successful picture just released by one of the producing companies.

She has been thrown out of some of the nicest courts in the land, but there's no law against suing again, so she sues.

While persons of this type are loose in the land, you won't get a very sympathetic hearing from any movie producer when you send in a manuscript. He is afraid to read it, just as I am. Even if he read it and liked it, he would be afraid to produce it lest someone pop up somewhere and claim it was stolen.

SOME wise man once figured out that there are only seven themes about which a story can be constructed. With about seven million budding authors working on only seven themes, it stands to reason that two of them or two thousand of them will hit on the same basic plot.

If two of them send their stories to a producer and he buys one of them, the other is as sore as a boil and he hires a lawyer. It costs a pile of money to put up a defense against him, no matter how innocent the producer may be.

PRODUCERS are still nutty, but most of them are not nutty enough to deal with unknown authors whom they consider even nuttier.

Listen, author!

If you have written the greatest movie ever concocted, get your fun out of it by reading it to your family. They will love it. They will agree with you that the movie producers who returned it unread are just dirty dogs. They will be dead sure that the trouble with the movies comes entirely from turning down your unread epic. This will buck you up.

It will save you postage, too. For, believe me, the movies would be afraid to buy your epic even if they read it and liked it!

Between you and me, is it entirely original? Is all of it your very own idea? Honestly? On the dead level?

DON'T WE ALL?

You can hardly blame children for having their own likes and dislikes in food. Don't we all have our preferences? You will find it much easier to give children the food they should have if you will give them what they like. If you would like our food circular, "What They Like to Eat," based on a careful survey of the tastes of hundreds of children, send your request to Rita Calhoun, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Poison Pens

(*Continued from page* 23)

rift between Ruth Chatterton and George Brent? Can it be that George has tired of Ruth's broad *A* so quickly? Or is there any truth in the report that Ruth plans to throw George overboard and return to Ralph Forbes, with whom she has been seen so frequently of late?"

This choice little tid-bit was manufactured out of whole cloth. When Ruth and George returned from Europe, Ruth was taken very ill, was confined to her bed for two weeks, and George, of necessity, had to take care of their business affairs alone. The mere fact that he was seen alone started divorce rumors. When Ruth recovered, she went to Lake Arrowhead to convalesce, but was compelled to go without George because he, in the meantime, had also been taken ill. The divorce rumors gathered force!

Hollywood has never understood Ruth Chatterton—perhaps because her conduct has been too civilized for this community. Divorcing Ralph Forbes to marry George Brent, she accomplished the impossible by retaining the friendship of her ex-husband. And Ralph and George are the best of pals. They form a triumvirate which Hollywood regards with amazement — and profound, voluble suspicion. As long as Ralph Forbes is a party to this trinity, you will be regaled with insinuating stories. But don't be disturbed by them—for Ruth, George and Ralph are not.

REPORTS of marital differences and pending divorces have been showered upon almost every movie personage during the past Summer. Some were true—many were not. It became a matter of pride with the local newspapers to unearth at least one new divorce daily—after a certain reporter had "scooped the world" on the Pickford-Fairbanks separation and every rival reporter had been threatened with dismissal by his raging city desk.

The desperate competition that ensued threatened every marriage in Hollywood. No one was immune. The horrified studio heads used every means available to stop the epidemic, only to discover that it was as uncontrollable as the plague. The thing went so far as to cause Neil Hamilton to insert an advertisement in a local paper, reading:

"Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton wish to announce that they have been happily married for eleven years and that, in spite of the many rumors appearing in this and other public prints, and heard wherever true gossipers foregather, they intend to remain so for many years more."

THE tide of divorce stories culminated in a barrage of libel suits filed by Connie and Joan Bennett. (You may have heard that those Bennetts are fighting girls.)

Two New York newspapers, a Hollywood paper and even two of the usually staid dailies of London printed stories, garnished with glaring headlines, charging that Connie would divorce the Marquis de la Falaise in order to marry Gilbert Roland, her leading man. Connie was furious and promptly went to war—only to pick up a magazine and discover an article accusing her of

(*Please turn to page* 84)





It's Your Lead — and Everybody's Watching

All men are susceptible to smooth white hands with an alluring feminine texture. Your hands may be short or long, thin or broad, even masculine in shape—as long as they have a clear white complexion, comparable to that of your face.

Pacquin's Hand Cream has been specially prepared to do right by your hands. More than an ordinary vanishing cream, Pacquin's contains the beneficial properties which prevent dryness and chapping. It was originally created for doctors and nurses, to counteract the effect of so much soap and water. Today, smart women everywhere use it.

Pacquin's is not an oily cream. It leaves no sticky, greasy residue on your hands. The skin absorbs it quickly and completely.

don't try to hide your hands—use

Pacquin's



In convenient sized jars, priced 10¢ to $1.00. Also Pacquin's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Lemon Cream, and Cleansing Cream.

Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

Poison Pens

(*Continued from page 83*)

everything from infidelity to marrying for a title.

On the opposite page was an equally objectionable story about Joan, predicting that she could not escape divorce and resurrecting her one-time romance with John Considine.

Connie grimly prepared another libel suit, and Joan enrolled in the warfare by bringing a similar action. Both stories were manufactured entirely of rumor and scandal. It's pretty tough to face a divorce prediction with a blessed event impending—and such was the case with Joan Bennett.

WHILE blessed events are seldom scandalous—even in Hollywood—they do make grist for the rumor mill. It was extremely nice of Arline Judge to have a baby, for one editor had been reporting it for months.

One newspaper recently printed an item, stating that one of those events was forthcoming for Joan Blondell. Joan promptly telegraphed her denial.

"Shame on you," the telegram read, "for scaring me to death. You see, before George and I were married, I read in your newspaper one morning that he had given me a lovely square-cut diamond. He hadn't at the time, but four hours later, he did. However, I checked very carefully and found that you're in error this time. Shame on you."

Another newspaper had previously erred many times but never has it been so ignominiously routed as when it announced that "Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie were married" and that it would wager $10,000 against $5,000 it could prove it.

Jeanette read the item while sojourning in Paris and cabled her acceptance of the bet, offering at the same time to wager an additional $5,000 that it was a bad bet. The wager was ignored.

THIS business of "marrying" celebrities for the sake of circulation is a favorite trick of the sensation-peddling reporter. Not long ago, a writer caused a terrific hullabaloo by printing an unconfirmed rumor that Mae West had been married for years to her jovial manager.

That one story completely changed Mae's attitude toward the press. Previously she had been very friendly, eager to oblige. Now, she became cagy and distrustful and for weeks threatened a Garbo act. She also threatened a libel suit, which was staved off only by a quick retraction. Retractions notwithstanding, every studio moved against that particular writer, who was an old offender, and he found himself *persona non grata* on every movie lot. Once in a while, the thumb does press down with crushing force.

Another favorite dodge of the scandal-for-sale reporter is the manufacture of a feud between prominent personalities. It is difficult to believe, but nevertheless the Gospel truth, that Connie Bennett and Gloria Swanson have never even met, let alone battled—as insisted in the countless stories printed at the time of Connie's marriage to Gloria's ex. And, incidentally, notwithstanding all the racy paragraphs you've read, Connie did not meet Henri de la Falaise until after he had been separated from Gloria.

Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow are but slightly acquainted and could hardly be the envenomed rivals they are alleged to be. Currently Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro, working together in "The Cat and the Fiddle," are said to be bitterly regarding one another. Actually, they are the best of friends.

THAT "Ol' Debbil" Hunger is often to blame when scandal is offered for sale. Writers, like everyone else, must eat—and eating is apt to be infrequent if they're not one jump ahead of their competitors in gathering the news. Not only is there plenty of competition, but, in Hollywood, it's often necessary to anticipate news. And if a writer's anticipator is not working well, the result is named "scandal" instead of "scoop."

There are two sides to every question—but the hungry writer is prone to be content with one side, the side that he can butter! In Hollywood, news is created, anticipated, exaggerated—and denied, if need be.

The cardinal principle of newspaperdom, which demands the complete authentication of every story, does not hold in this hectic town. Here, a rumor is news, regardless of its source. An ex-servant, an ex-secretary, an ex-employe of any sort, is not cross-examined, but merely examined, for any "inside" story—the more "low-down," the better—and paid well for betraying a confidence.

People prefer to believe the worst of Hollywood. I doubt if there is in all Hollywood one well-known reporter who has not been offered repeatedly an opportunity to make "big money" by writing filmland "dirt" for scandal-mongering publications.

Because certain editors have thrown their doors wide open to Hollywood scandal, and because the public sometimes seems prone to damn its idols on flimsy testimony, blackmail has flourished here. It would be impossible to compute the vast sums which have been paid by stars as hush money. The Spanish-American War was fought on the slogan, "Remember the Maine"—Hollywood blackmail has thrived on the slogan, "Remember Arbuckle."

The blackmailer's most common program is to have some muck-raking article set up in print, strike proofs and then show it to the star.

"This is going to be printed," he says, "unless I can succeed in talking the editor, who's a pal of mine, out of it. I think I can persuade him to lay off if you will make up to him the money he's spent getting this information and having it made ready to print."

Always the editor is a "friend of mine"—and always the expenses connected with the article run into the thousands. But the star, terrified by the memory of the morality clause in his contract and the merciless judgment of the public, usually prefers to pay.

Very recently, a few stars have found sufficient courage to defy the blackmailers. Their examples have brought encouragement to the more timid and the racket is on the wane.

WHEN Hollywood, years ago, courted sensation and scandal in

Poison Pens

the effort to publicize its stars, it created a Frankenstein which has threatened, from time to time, to destroy its maker. Only through the recent thumbs-down-on-scandal stand taken by the studios, the Hays office and the better publications, have conditions been bettered.

The most insidious thing about scandal is that it never grows too stale to be resurrected. Mary Pickford is now facing a civil suit which involves her divorce from Owen Moore and her speedy marriage to Douglas Fairbanks. Joan Crawford will never live down the unfounded scandal which accompanied her divorce from Doug., Jr. Mary Miles Minter, as long as she lives, will always be the "girl in the William Desmond Taylor case."

The best antidote for scandal is frankness. Marlene Dietrich deserves a great deal of credit for the finesse with which she handled a delicate situation. When Rita Von Sternberg sued her director-husband mention was made of "another woman" in the case. Marlene forthwith made public announcement, "I am that other woman and these are the facts." Had she refused to discuss the sensational insinuations, she would have been damned for months in a deluge of innuendos, surmises and vicious rumors.

Poison pens! The only way to face them is with courage enough to silence them once and for all!



BEST CHRISTMAS DISHES

Here's a real Christmas present for you or one of your friends—this month's food circulars giving the very best recipes for holiday dishes obtained from cookery experts in all parts of the country. The circulars include:

De. 1. First course for Christmas dinner.

De. 2. Meats for Christmas.

De. 3. Up-to-date stuffings.

De. 4. Christmas dinner vegetables.

De. 5. Christmas salads.

De. 6. Christmas beverages.

De. 7. Christmas desserts.

De. 8. Candies and other sweets.

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember, they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

Mother, never give children a grown-up's laxative

THE welfare of your children is your first thought at waking. It is your last thought at night.

And yet, you may be doing them *harm* by giving them laxatives intended for adult use . . . laxatives often too strong for children.

Constipation affects 90% of all children

No child is immune from constipation, for one of the causes of constipation, mother, is beyond your control—the tendency to neglect nature's urgings for extra minutes of play.

The tell-tale symptoms

When your child is sallow, finicky—probably his elimination is *not* thorough. *Give him a safe laxative—Fletcher's Castoria.*

Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation made *especially* for children . . . Contains no harmful drugs—NO NARCOTICS. It is gentle. It does not gripe. Children love the taste of it! Purchase a bottle at your druggist's. And be *sure* that the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on the carton.

Hear ALBERT SPALDING—eminent violinist, Don Voorhees and his Orchestra, Conrad Thibault, baritone, supported by a mixed octet.

Fletcher's Castoria presents these radio artists every Wednesday evening. Columbia network—8:30 to 9:00 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

for

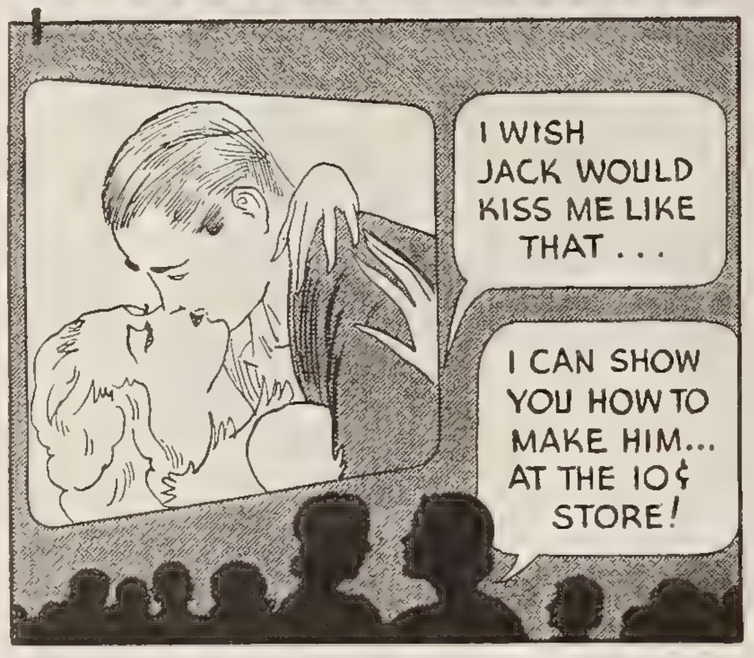
constipation

in children



from babyhood to 11 years

At last Mary Gets a "MOVIE KISS"



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Now you can give *your* lips the *irresistible appeal* of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows! Just use the same make-up—the new *KISSPROOF* Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color*. This lipstick gives an effect so *alluring*, indeed, that it has been placed by the *make-up experts* in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could pay any price—yet, it happens, their matchless make-up costs but a few cents! See what it can do for *you tonight*. You can get KISSPROOF Lipstick in all shades—including the *Special Theatrical Color*—at any drug or department store and at the *ten cent stores*.

Kissproof *Indelible* **LIPSTICK**

The Unknown Will Rogers

(*Continued from page 25*)

The host sent Bill a formal invitation and Bill responded with as formal an acceptance. He went, and worked like a Trojan entertaining the other guests. On the following morning, he sent his host a bill for $1500 "for professional services!"

On the face of the statement, he penciled this memo:

"You did not invite Mrs. Rogers. Consequently, I can only conclude that I was invited as a professional entertainer."

The bill was paid by return mail!

BILL, by the way, always refers to Mrs. Rogers as "Mamma." He worships her and their children. He has been accused of being too indulgent a father, but no one, seeing the respect with which he is treated by his boys, can doubt that he also has been at pains to maintain his authority.

He has often been accused by Hollywood's gossips of being somewhat niggardly. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, knowing him as intimately as I do, I'm inclined to the conviction that he is an unusually poor business man.

Mrs. Rogers and his business manager administer practically all of his affairs. And certainly, if giving lavishly to every charity under the sun constitutes an indictment against a man's business ability, he is a veritable *Micawber*. His list of beneficiaries is endless. Organizations and individuals alike have only to hint their need and Bill's hand plunges generously into his purse.

I admire him the more because he invariably tries to keep his charities a profound secret, even from those who are receiving his aid.

For instance, here in Hollywood is a man—an invalid—who sincerely believes that he is living by virtue of a trust fund created by deceased relatives. The fact is that he is being provided for by five big-hearted conspirators, the chief of whom is Bill Rogers. They brought the man out here from the East, established him in comfortable quarters and every month send him all the money he needs. That man has never once suspected that he is living on charity. I learned of the case by accident, and I believe that, excepting the quintet of Good Samaritans, I am the only person who knows the facts.

PERHAPS you have heard that Bill received $6,500 for each of his recent radio broadcasts. Did you also hear what he did with the money? The officers of the Salvation Army and the Red Cross could tell you, for each organization received exactly one half of the total sum! The seven broadcasts paid, in all, $42,500. Undoubtedly Bill could have used that money.

He was even more generous when he toured the Middle West, raising money for flood relief. In every town where he spoke, he offered to match every dollar contributed by the public with a dollar of his own. And he did. To my certain knowledge, he was more than once called upon to cover donations amounting to about $25,000.

Here in Hollywood, he has always played god-father to an army of out-at-the-elbows cowboys. They are his people, his kind of folks! Anything he has is theirs for the asking; and it's only fair to add that they are loyal. Reverse the situation and they would be as generous with him. They love him and would go to hell to do him a favor.

BILL'S loyalty to his friends is inspiring. His loyalty to his background is amazing. He has never once forgotten, never once ceased to feel pride in, the fact that he springs from the "common people." And there, I think, you have one of the prime reasons for his greatness and for the love he has aroused in every corner of America.

He is a self-appointed champion and interpreter of the common folks, gloriously proud of his appointment. He dines with a president, week-ends with a billionaire industrial giant, chats informally with a king—and always he wears his homespun with such pride that it is dignified.

He is well-educated, yet on the stage, on the screen and in his writing, he affects a certain illiteracy. Analyze his grammatical errors for yourself, and you will discover that he uses exactly the same speech that Tom, Dick and Harry—all "common folks"—employ in their everyday conversations. Again you are face to face with Bill's one overwhelming pride. He wouldn't have Tom think his ambassador is high-hat for all the oil in Texas.

He's the same on the set, in the studio cafe, on the polo field, or at an emperor's dinner table. There's not one drop of hypocrite's blood in his body—unless you choose to consider his carelessness of speech and his scorn for social conventions affectations and hypocrisies.

I CALLED him boyish. One of the chief symptoms of his boyishness is his insatiable curiosity. Another is his enthusiasm. I've never known a man who was more interested in finding out what makes the wheels go round. I've never known anyone who could throw more enthusiasm into everything he does, into his play and into his work. Behind a rather lazy mannerism, he hides a school boy's energy.

We play polo together constantly. In years, he is the oldest man on the field. In enthusiasm and in endurance, he is the youngest. He plays polo as a fiction writer's heroic quarterback plays football for "dear Old Alma Mater."

I remember one afternoon when, during a hotly contested polo match, he took as nasty a spill as ever I've seen. We all thought he was killed. Instead, he picked himself up, insisted that he wasn't hurt, and kept on playing to score the winning goal.

He was to have played on the following day and vowed that he would, but his bruises became so painful that he could not ride. He actually cried when he told us that he wouldn't be able to play. He was afraid that he might be considered a quitter!

His physical strength is a by-word around the polo field. One day, not long after I met him, "Big Boy" Williams, who is far from puny and about twenty years his junior, tackled him for a friendly wrestling match. In a jiffy, Bill had Big Boy's shoulders pinned to the ground. I was aston-

The Unknown Will Rogers

ished, especially when everyone present assured me that Rogers had done the same thing at least a dozen times previously.

Of course, he has always kept in the pink of condition. He neither drinks nor smokes. He is not a heavy eater and he keeps regular hours. Every morning, at the crack of dawn, he is in the corrals, grooming and riding his horses, and roping calves. He could still qualify as a top hand on anyone's cattle ranch.

HIS greatest enthusiasm is aviation—as you've probably gathered from his own articles. Show him an airplane time-table, and he fairly froths at the mouth in his eagerness to be flying. Do you know that he has traveled more miles as an air passenger than any other living man? Did you know that he is now planning another world-wide air jaunt?

He has less temperament (just another word for temper, he says) on the set than any actor of my acquaintance—and, by the way, Bill never refers to himself as an actor.

He never complains when things go wrong, never tries to enforce his own ideas, although his stardom and his contract give him the right to do so. In short, he acts like anything but a Hollywood celebrity. The old myth about his refusal to work later than five o'clock in the afternoon is only a myth. He works until the director dismisses the company.

As long as I have known him, I've never heard him say one unkind word about anyone! His humor, by the way, is legitimate humor. I've never known him to play a practical joke, or even to jest, at anyone's expense—except in his newspaper column.

As a final proof of his boyishness, I cite his one rebellion against the demands of the studio executives. No one has ever been able to persuade him to kiss his leading ladies in a picture! He's too shy!

To obtain circulars described on page 64, write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all eight. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.



MAKE THIS TELLING TEST!

RUB YOUR finger tips over your face. Press firmly. Give particular attention to your chin, forehead, around your mouth, and the little crevices beside your nose. Now! Is your skin absolutely smooth? Or do you feel tiny bumps and rough patches? If you do, you have Paralyzed Pores.

Your Cleansing Methods Paralyze the Pores Because They Do Not Let the Skin Breathe

When you massage a heavy, waxy cold cream into your pores you fill them with a sticky mixture of grease and dirt. The mixture hardens in the pores—plugs them up—paralyzes them. Then the skin, unable to breathe, becomes dry, coarse and muddy. The clogged pores become enlarged. Blackheads and heart-breaking blemishes appear.

How to Correct Paralyzed Pores. For Complete Results Just This One Cream is Necessary

The way to banish paralyzed pores is to use a cleansing method that is founded on a scientific knowledge of the skin and its requirements. Such a method is supplied in Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

FIRST: This new cream melts the instant it touches the skin. It penetrates the pores to the bottom without enlarging them, dissolves the waxy accumulations and floats them to the surface where they are easily wiped off.

SECOND: It makes the pores so clean that fresh air rushes in and stimulates your tired skin. Thoroughly cleansed and revived, the pores naturally resume their normal size. Thus this cream corrects enlarged pores. No astringents are necessary.

THIRD: Lady Esther Cream resupplies the skin with a fine oil. That's why it banishes dryness and the withered look of age. You can forget about your skin foods.

FOURTH: This one cream keeps the skin so soft and smooth, powder clings perfectly. You do not need vanishing creams or powder bases.

Prove to Yourself What My Cream Will Do For Your Skin

Mail coupon below to me, and by return mail I will send you a proof tube of my famous Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Use this tube as I direct. Then look in your mirror—you'll see an amazing difference. Your face will be softer and smoother than ever before. Lady Esther, 2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

ACCEPT FREE OFFER

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER **MAIL NOW**

2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

How Joan got her "Movie Eyes"



Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of *allure* ...get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... *irresistible.* Try it *tonight.* It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, *DELICA-BROW.* At all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.



DO YOU WANT TO BUILD A HOME?

Here are blue prints of special interest to home-builders:
Colonial House, 6 rooms and bath
Normandy House, 5 rooms and bath
Swiss Chalet, 5 rooms and bath
Italian House, 6 rooms, 2 baths
Modernistic with 5 rooms and bath
Spanish House, 5 rooms and bath

For each blue print that you want, send 3 cents to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How to Make a Screen Test

(*Continued from page* 39)

bettered by the microphone but the camera catches every awkward movement of the limbs and body.

"Speak in a tone of voice that is low and well modulated. The microphone and amplifiers will supply required volume. Many young women have a personality that is lost on the screen because they 'freeze' or 'tighten up' when they have to remember lines. This goes for men, also. Naturalness makes scenes convincing—which is the prayer of all directors.

"If you lack nasal resonance, practice *m* and *n* sounds until you can feel their vibrations in the upper nose. If you can't feel this, maybe the nose isn't built right, or there is adenoid trouble. Words should 'focus' just behind the teeth. This makes for distinctness. Voices for the screen do not have to 'carry' as in the case of the stage. Your microphone is always just a few feet before you.

"See that your skin and nails are well groomed and your hair is in the best possible condition, dressed becomingly. The studio hair-dresser will make whatever changes will seem likely to improve its appearance.

"Come to the studio for your test without your mother or other adviser. They can be of no assistance to you and are not wanted.

"Try to be perfectly relaxed and natural in speech and manner when you face the camera and microphone.

"Move slowly and deliberately. Remember that serenity, placidity and confidence are the attributes of the well-bred lady and distinguish her from the common herd.

"Walk with dignity, the head erect, shoulders back, steps certain and well-timed. A shuffling gait and an athlete's stride are equally abominable for the screen.

"Sound as though you mean what you say. Color your tones. Inflection will give your words variety and keep your speech from being dull.

"Sound-recording experts divide motion picture players into three groups: those having three-foot voices, those having four-foot voices and those having more-than-four-foot voices. The distance describes the correct span from the lips to the microphone to attain the proper, natural voice quality. Stage actors, accustomed to speaking sufficiently loud for the man in the gallery to hear, are inclined to 'throw' their voices, which robs them of their personality. Practice talking from your diaphragm, like a singer.

"You can bring down the tone of your voice by practicing speaking in a lower key. Take deep breathing exercises to strengthen the diaphragm. John Gilbert lowered his voice two tones by ceaseless practice and was awarded the leading rôle in Garbo's "Queen Christina' thereby. The audience laughed at his squeaky voice when he made his first sound picture.

"Leave your mind open to suggestions the director will make. Otherwise he will be unable to do anything with you. Have confidence in yourself and in him. Appearing before the camera, more than on the stage, is a revelation of your dual consciousness.

"Take your time. Movement or action that is hurried becomes jerky. Work out what you are going to do and do everything separately. Don't let gestures intrude on your speech and vice versa. Consider the cat; its every movement is relaxed, even and graceful.

"If you feel yourself getting nervous and confused, sit down and relax for a moment. The director will be glad to have you do this. Try to feel that he is working with you and not against you. He is searching for talent and is happy when he finds it."

AS to dramatic schools there is a difference of opinion. Says Mr. Elliscue:

"If a girl is financially able to take advantage of a voice culture school, by all means she should do so, making sure, of course, of the merits of the school. She will then be taught proper pitching of voice, correct pronunciation, how to control tone and inflections so that the fullest meaning is squeezed from the words and phrases she must speak."

Says Mr. Watson, of Fox Films: "It's a question. If the school teaches her modulation, pronunciation and clarity, it will be of incalculable value. A half-hour a day spent before a mirror in the seclusion of one's room practicing gestures and poise is worth while, too."

Says Jack Foley: "Dramatic schools have helped many."

On the other hand, Archie Mayo, at Warner Brothers, says vehemently: "Don't go in for elocution lessons. They'll do you more harm than good. We don't want novices to 'act.' The more they try, the worse they are."

The consensus of opinion, however, is that a good school will be a help.

WHAT NOT TO DO

"DON'T come to the studio dressed in white or loud patterns. White makes the body photograph wide. The chances are the studio will select a costume from its wardrobe department for you to wear during your test.

"Don't make up heavily. Rouge photographs black and thus may distort the contour of your face. The studio make-up man will show you.

"Don't depend on tricks, such as rolling your eyes, showing shapely legs or trying to give imitations of some widely-known star. Friends may think some of your tricks are 'cute' but they won't interest the test director.

"Don't become 'camera conscious,' which is a technical way of saying self-conscious. To become self-conscious means that you can't be yourself. Don't look into the camera. Almost everyone taking a film test has known this, yet most all will do it unless thoroughly steeled against it.

"Don't tell the make-up artist that you want to be made up to look like some certain screen player.

"Don't attempt changes in your make-up as it was applied by the artist. If it should cake, smear or streak, call his attention to it. He will right it. Don't attempt to wipe away a drop of mascara that may have dropped on your cheek. Leave that to the make-up artist, too. Don't smoke a cigarette after make-up has been applied, as it removes and smears the paint on your lips.

"Don't come in for a screen test on

How to Make a Screen Test

the morning after a night before. This is not a moral lesson, but a reminder that the bright lights will make you perspire, which will induce your make-up to smear, streak or cake.

"Don't be afraid of the test director. Ask him any question; he'll take time out to explain. Realize, if possible, that everyone present is there to aid you. Your interview got you your test but it takes courage and intelligence to pass it. Many of the stars are not beautiful but they have courage unlimited.

DON'T be conscious of the fact that your teeth are bad and wonder how they will look when the test is projected on the screen. A skilled dentist will straighten and cap them if need be. Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Janet Gaynor, Marlene Dietrich, Clara Bow and many of the greatest screen stars have capped teeth.

"Don't apply for a screen test just because you've been told 'you're so pretty; you ought to be in pictures!' Many beautiful girls do not photograph well: mouths too wide, teeth that cause the mouth to droop or look crooked when they speak, weak chins in profile, cords in the neck, prominent chest bones, body too tall, slouchy walk, tendency to plumpness and inability to wear clothes.

"Nine out of ten noses have a tendency to look bulbous when faced straight to the camera. Many of these faults can be corrected by expert use of the camera, but a slouchy walk and inability to wear clothes are fatal.

"Don't come to Hollywood to seek work as an extra believing that this will get you a start in pictures. Extras seldom are selected for screen tests. There are around six thousand extra girls registered at the Central Casting Bureau now."

THE microphone is the great stumbling block for embryo actresses today. A good speaking voice is absolutely required. That is the reason most of the new talent is coming from the stage.

It is well-nigh impossible for an unknown girl without some stage or little theater training to come to Hollywood and get a screen test. It's almost as difficult as getting a role in a picture for one who has had no previous experience.

The studios are searching for, pleading for, crying for new talent. But they want talent, not just pretty faces or names to add to their payrolls. They want young men and young women who can act roles as they are acted on the stage. And that takes training.

Screen tests are ordered by the studio casting offices, by associate producers and by directors, but there must be a reason for each test. Someone must have seen at least a spark warranting the taking of a test. That's why the little theater work is looked upon as a most desirable first step toward screen employment.

Ability to memorize lines, just as for stage plays, is of utmost importance, too.

Mack Sennett has four reels of cut-outs taken from films in which

(*Please turn to page* 90)

"LURELESS LETTY"
Becomes the Most Popular Girl at the Party!



Have That "Ritzy" Fingerwave

in Your Own Home Tonight

NOTHING "lures" like lovely hair! Thanks to a marvelous new French discovery, today it is totally unnecessary *ever* to sacrifice charm by having hair straggly and unattractive. Indeed, it happens *you* can have the *same* wonderful fingerwaves that the famous stars of the stage and movies have. Set them yourself! Try JO-CUR Waveset—today!

With the big bottle of JO-CUR, for 25c, you get *5* perfect waves—each of which might cost you $2 or more at an expensive hairdresser's. Each lasts a *full week. And fingerwaving your hair with* JO-CUR *is about as quick and easy as combing it!*

Remember, JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. JO-CUR is made with a *quince-seed* base—*not* cheap gum, which makes the hair gummy and sticky. JO-CUR will *not* leave white flakes. If you have a permanent, JO-CUR will preserve its beauty far longer . . . Double your "appeal"! Express *your* VIVID PERSONALITY—bring out *YOUR loveliness* as never before—TONIGHT!



Get your bottle of JO-CUR at any drug or department store, or, in the trial size, at the 10c store.

Jo-cur
PRONOUNCED "JOKER"
WAVESET



"Your Castile Shampoo is a Real Beauty Treatment for the Hair Congratulations Marchands!"

That's what women are saying about the wonderful new Castile Shampoo developed by Marchand's (makers of famous Marchand's Golden Hair Wash).

It's a Real Beauty Treatment for the Hair Because It—

1. Cleanses the scalp gently and thoroughly.
2. Does not dry out the scalp the way highly alkaline soaps do. Marchand's Castile Shampoo leaves the precious natural oils in the scalp, where they are needed.
3. Contains rich olive oil, nourishing to scalp.
4. Leaves hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb and manage.
5. Hair looks lustrous alive. The color of the hair is NOT lightened or changed in any way.
6. In perfect condition for waving or dressing.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo is the best thing you could use on children's tender scalps. Men who have dandruff or whose scalps tend to be dry should use NOTHING ELSE to wash their hair. The price is LOW.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo

If Your Druggist Hasn't Stocked It Yet—Get by Mail

For a Regular Sized Bottle. Fill out coupon; send with 35c (covers all charges) in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

Name.....

Address.....City.....State.....

Druggist.....

Address.....

How to Make a Screen Test

(*Continued from page* 89)

players forgot—"blew-up" in the midst of scenes. Myrna Kennedy was removed from the cast of "The Song Writer" because she couldn't remember her lines and her acting did not come up to the standard shown in her screen test. Clara Bow used to take Gary Cooper to her home at night and drill him for hours in enunciation, diction and the mystery of dialogue.

Tala Birell, Roumanian actress imported by Carl Laemmle for Universal Pictures, knew only twenty-four English words when she arrived two years ago. When recently released she could speak English but not without an accent. Her pronunciation was imperfect.

The most thoroughly tested actress in Hollywood now is Anna Sten, the Russian whom Samuel Goldwyn is preparing to introduce. In Hollywood for more than fifteen months without making a public appearance, Miss Sten has been repeatedly tested for lighting, for make-up, for diction, dramatics, sound recording, for singing with an orchestra and without. She has played bits from "Mata Hari," from "They Knew What They Wanted" and from the plays of Oscar Wilde. Mr. Goldwyn wanted to feel assured she was fully prepared for her American debut before making it.

Greta Garbo spent two whole days undergoing screen tests for her current production, "Queen Christina." These were for costumes and make-up and were the most exhaustive she ever has undergone. No actress escapes.

THE voices of Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton and Ann Harding and, of course, Garbo, are considered the best in Hollywood. The deep, guttural tones of Garbo are hailed as an integral part of her marvelous acting. But directors do not suggest that others endeavor to imitate her. The voices of John Barrymore, Ronald Colman and Conrad Nagel are looked upon as ideal among men.

Conrad Nagel, old-timer on the screen was considered not the type for the role he played in "Hell Divers," but he was granted the privilege of a test. In it he "bawled out" the studio executive to his heart's desire and did such a good job of appearing "hard boiled" he was assigned to the part he wanted. Ricardo Cortez did likewise to show that he could play the role of the Jewish doctor in "Symphony of Six Millions."

Frances Dee, while an "extra" girl, was pointed out in the studio commissary by Maurice Chevalier as the type for whom they had been searching to play the feminine lead in "Innocents in Paris." Frances had been rehearsing a one-act playlet to be tried out on the stage and was permitted to use lines from it in her screen test. She breezed through easily.

One of the funniest things I have encountered at any studio was at Universal—John Boles taking a screen test with one foot wired to a "prop." Accustomed to radio broadcasting, John developed a habit, it seems, of gradually edging closer and closer to the microphone, forgetting that he was in a motion picture studio and not in a radio room.

"Wire me down," he said. "It's all right with me."

And that's just what they did.

More than an even chance for success is assured the budding actor or actress under the present method of conducting tests. The biggest problem is to convince the studio that you have something which makes you worthy of a test. If you can get this far, the studio will help you with the rest.

But train your voice down to where it is soft and musical, and perfect your poise. You can't get by without it. That's what the directors say.

Hollywood Slave

(*Continued from page* 43)

"That is Fritz Stresseman's business," he answered, and fell again into silent contemplation of the night.

"I don't mean to be rude, child," he said at length, with a sudden softening of his usual brusqueness. "You are not ready, yet. You are not ready to work. You must fill your starved little soul with all this."

HE swept the countryside with a gesture which, for all its heaviness, was eloquent with feeling. He loved beauty, this strange man did, whether he found it in woman or in the moonlit hills. Perhaps—well, anyway, my heart went out to him, at least, that wee bit of my heart which was not already filled with my love for Travis Jackson.

"All right, Mr. Fritz," I said meekly.

He did not reply.

"You don't mind my calling you Mr. Fritz?" I ventured.

"I don't mind."

"I think I will call you that—it is more respectful."

He chuckled again. Every time he did it, I feared he would upset the car.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "That's all you have to do: respect Mr. Fritz, and do whatever he tells you."

With this not too reassuring statement, he lapsed into another of his long silences, which he broke this time with the seemingly irrelevant question:

"Where were you born?"

"Cadiz, ——"

"Good! Spain!"

"No, Ohio."

The great body beside me shook once more—but this time it was not with pleasure; it was with disgust.

"Never mention that word again!"

"But, Mr. Fritz——"

"Don't Mr. Fritz me about Ohio. You're not to mention it, you understand. You're not to think it. You're not to read it if you see it in the paper. Better still, you're not to see a paper."

"I never do, Mr. Fritz," I replied, quite truthfully.

"Good! Can you speak Spanish?"

"No."

"Can you speak German?"

Hollywood Slave

"No."

"Can you speak anything?"

"English," I said, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"It is no good. Don't you know anything?"

"I know a little French."

"Good! You speak me a little French."

"I cannot speak it, Mr. Fritz. I just know the grammar, and can read a little."

"Ach, you Americans! But I will attend to all that. I will teach you French. You shall be a Frenchwoman. We have no great French woman star. You shall be it. No, that will never do. You will never speak French with the right accent, you American."

"But why do I have to be anything, Mr. Fritz?"

"I have it!" he exclaimed, ignoring utterly my question. "You shall not be Spanish-born. You shall not be German-born. You shall not be French-born. You shall be Stresseman-born. No one shall ever know whence you come. All they will know is that I, Fritz Stresseman, have raised you from a baby, have educated you, have trained you for the stage, have made you a great artiste. It shall be your mystery!"

"But, Mr. Fritz, they will know——"

"They will not know. You will speak French, but not good French. That is as it should be, because you are *not* French. You shall speak English, but not good English, because——"

"But I do speak good English, Mr. Fritz."

I WAS, as a matter of fact, rather proud of my diction. We had had an exceptionally good elocution teacher at Gower—quite the best thing we did have. I had taken prizes for my English.

"You think what you speak is English," continued this rudest of men, "but it isn't." It is American. I, a German, will teach you English, with just enough accent, you understand, so that these damned critics will say, "It is wonderful how she has mastered the English language in her few short weeks in our country."

"But, Mr. Fritz, everybody knows that I have been in this country, not a few weeks, but all my life."

"Who knows?"

"My family knows."

"You have no family. Who else? Neighbors? Friends? In that terrible place we shall not mention? You have no neighbors. You have no friends. Only Fritz Stresseman. He will teach you to be Old World, to be Continental, to be exotic, to be mystifying. He will give you a new face, a new figure, a new personality."

"But my voice, Mr. Fritz?"

"He will give you—no, he will not give you a new voice. He will teach you how to use that voice in a new way—in a way no woman on the screen has ever used her voice before—so that even your own mother will not recognize it. That catch, that sob, that what you call it, flame?"

"Torch?"

"Yes! That is it. You will torch all the time when you speak. Do you understand?"

"I'm afraid I don't, Mr. Fritz."

"In this act, you are terrible. You think you are funny. You are not

(*Please turn to page* 92)

Still... it's her Eyes

THAT MAKE HER SO COMPLETELY... SO IRRESISTIBLY...

SO RAVISHINGLY *fascinating*





Lovely figure, beautifully gowned . . poise and style . . yet, withal, just another mannequin unless her *eyes* express the fascinating charm of her own unique personality.

She knows well how important is the appearance of long, dark lashes, delicately shaded lids, and graceful, expressive eyebrows, to bring out all the alluring beauty and depth of expression in her eyes. Like five million other clever women, she achieves this natural-appearing loveliness quickly and easily with the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids.

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A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will instantly transform your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe. Tear-proof, non-smarting, and absolutely harmless, it keeps the lashes soft and silky. Delicately shade your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is deepened and intensified. Form lovely, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now behold...! Your eyes have become twin pools of alluring beauty, expressing your every mood with irresistible charm.

Encourage the natural growth of your lashes by applying Maybelline Eyelash Grower nightly before retiring. Stimulating and beneficial, it is, like all the Maybelline eye beauty aids, absolutely pure and harmless. Try these four effective aids to eye beauty today. They are obtainable in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores.



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Black and Brown



Blue, Brown, Blue-grey
Violet and Green



Colorless

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EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

New Discovery Takes Out Color Like Magic!

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Use White RIT to take old, faded color out of dresses, hosiery, underthings, curtains, draperies—any article unevenly faded, or sun-streaked.



Look how RIT dyes every thread, even the seams *through and through.* And a special patented ingredient prevents streaking . . . gives you beautiful, even color.

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GEORGE:

Come home

I didn't mean the things I said. I'm sorry. My nerves were on edge. It must have been my old feet that made me say what I did. I'm a different person now—No more corns for me. I discovered *Blue-Jay. Forgive me George—come back.

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Write Bauer & Black, Department TM12 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, for free booklet and interesting foot exercise pictures.

Hollywood Slave

(*Continued from page* 91)

funny. You think you can sing a comic song. I groan. I groan when I hear you sing a comic song. But when you torch—my child, when you torch, you are the eternal flame. You always have been. You always will be. You are divine!"

Divine! The word was included among millions of others in the dictionary—even in my somewhat limited American vocabulary!—but when this man with the gleaming eyes uttered the word, it impregnated me with the feeling that I was that word itself.

THE car had been gliding along mile after mile while my companion had been outlining his fantastic scheme for my future. I had been so wrapped up in him, so bewildered by his conversation, that I had lost all sense of time or place. Occasionally, when the night breeze had swept through the car, I had glanced out at the passing scene, but I was only vaguely aware of being carried along a silver pathway right to the moon herself, only to find that her light was pale and insignificant beside the brilliance of the gleaming eyes beside me.

I was, therefore, utterly surprised when we turned once more into the circuitous narrowness of Odin Street and found ourselves again taking our headlong course to the base of the towering Dam, and up, through gracefully winding grades to the rambling hillside castle which was Fritz Stresseman's home.

There was an air of nervous activity about the house tonight. There was none of the shadowy mystery of that twilight hour. The windows blazed with lights. As we climbed the steep steps, I fancied that I could hear wheels turning and dynamos humming as they used to on nights like this in the old reservoir power house back home. Of course, it was my imagination. However, I could not escape the thought that I was entering a factory instead of a home.

The sight that met my eyes in the great studio room, where Fritz had talked to me so madly of his ideals that first day in the sunset, confirmed this impression. Where there had been beauty and shadow, there was ugliness and glare. Someone had apparently made a business of turning on lights; not soft, beautifying lights, but hard, white ones that stripped the human face of color and expression and left only the naked grotesquerie of line. In the days to come, I was to get used enough to this cruel light: in the studio, in the make-up room, in this study of Fritz Stresseman's, which he could convert by the turn of a switch into both.

WHETHER it was that I was so shaken by the experiences I had just been through, or so excited by the prospect of the experiences I was about to go through, I do not know. But even this first night, when any normal woman would have been thinking only of the devastating effect of all this glare upon her own appearance, I saw only the room itself and the strange, gnome-like creatures who peopled it. There they were, those four appraising men, who had come in turn to stand at the far end of the center aisle, and to move to the left, when I moved to go into my torch routine; and one other, a new man, a short, fat man with hanging cheeks and glasses as shiny as his nose. And they all had hats. The first thing I noticed was that they were sitting in this beautiful room with their hats on!

God knows I should have been accustomed to the rudeness of the theatrical male. Nearly six months had I been in the theater—and not once had anyone, from house manager to call boy, so much as lifted his hat to me, or taken his cigar from the corner of his mouth, or risen when I entered the room. But there was something in the studied rudeness of these five men's gaze which exceeded anything I had so far experienced.

I said that I had lost the normal feelings of a woman. Suddenly, I found them again—not only the feelings of a woman but the feelings of a girl. I was afraid. And why shouldn't I be? For there I was exposed in this brilliant whiteness, to the cruel, unfriendly eyes of these men whose appraising glance was one which might have been bestowed upon a naked Greek slave in the conqueror's market.

Like a creature trapped, I glanced around in vain for the man whose presence I was already beginning to depend upon, whose strength I was already leaning on and without which I was nothing but a frightened, half-naked female.

In that moment of terror, I had no thought of Trav, no thought of fame, glory, or even of love. All I longed for was to have the body of that yellow-haired giant between myself and the staring eyes of those men.

Had Fritz Stresseman deserted me? Was I left here alone without his friendly help? What was it all about? Who were these men? Beasts of prey who were about to devour me?

I SOON discovered that my reactions were purely feminine. These men didn't want me any more than Stresseman had. They weren't even friendly, admiring or idealistic in their thoughts of me. They were my enemies. They begrudged me my hope of success. They wanted nothing of me—only to get rid of me.

One man rose from the big chair in which he had been lolling, his huge cigar sticking out of the side of his mouth, his derby stuck on the back of his large, bald head.

"Crazy! Crazy madman!" he shouted. "Of all the cockeyed ideas that you've ever had, Fritz Stresseman—and God knows you've had many—this one beats them all. A goddess! A mirror of beauty!"—he spat the whole vindictively in the direction of a farther corner, where upon closer inspection, I discovered Stresseman, behind one of the floodlights that were smarting my eyes. So he was there! Instantly my courage began to flow back into my frozen veins, my head instinctively went higher. He was there! I was safe!

The little fat man went on in his explosive way:

"My God, man, she's too young, a mere child. What does she know about life, about——"

"Know!" Stresseman's voice boomed out like a cannon roar. "What do you

Hollywood Slave

know about life, Isadore Wentsch? You, who traffic in dollars and cents, in dimes and nickels. Just because your women are old and worn out already from lying and cheating and grasping and grabbing, you think youth and innocence has nothing to give. Look at her, you Hebrew merchant, look at her. She is as old as the world. Look at that hair; into the depth of its blackness. It is a well in which men have thrown themselves in despair, thousands of years before you and I were born——"

Like a god again, striding up and down, he was. Insignificant were the others in his presence—ignorant fools struck dumb before the magic of his thundering voice.

"I want her!" he cried. He stopped before the little man he had called Isadore. "I, Fritz Stresseman, I want her and I get her."

"Yes, yes," began the little man, in a conciliatory voice. "I know, but after all, Fritz, for another picture, maybe, but not this one. Some other time——"

"Now!" The exclamation rang out with a note of destiny.

Isadore shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. "Listen, Fritz, you're excited tonight. Wait until tomorrow. We talk this thing over. I don't blame you, Fritz, she's beautiful, she's young—we want youth, but not in this picture. Don't let your feelings carry you away. Have some sense!"

"Sense!" It was almost a shriek. "My God! The last thing in the world that has ever been used in the making of moving pictures! I know what you're thinking, you slimy-minded rat! You think I'm in love with her, don't you? Oh, I know, all of you, that's all women ever mean to any of you. Make a picture—make a girl. Well, nobody makes this one. Understand! Only Fritz Stresseman, he makes this one. And he makes her into the woman she was ten thousand years ago!"

He stopped. "Here, Sam, you take her inside. Pierre, you put that golden gown on her. You, Paul, make her face up—leave her hair alone. And *you*," he turned round suddenly and looked down at me. "*You* will give yourself into the hands of these men. They won't harm you. They dare not! And come back into this room a goddess of ancient Egypt—a goddess in the Temple of the Sacred Cat——" His voice softened and his green eyes, cat's eyes that shine so brightly in the dark, now shining as though we were in the blackness of eternity, instead of in the harsh, glaring brightness of Klieg floodlights. He did not touch me, just gazed into my face, but my whole body felt enveloped with a physical strength as though he had indeed placed his great body all around me and the lights were all gone. We were alone, and I worshipped him!

IN a daze, I felt my body clothed, my face painted, and as in a dream, I heard the coarse voice of one of the many men who had been working on me say:

"O. K., baby, and take my advice, kid. Make it good. Fritzie may be able to swing this for you, but little Isadore is obstinate. Lord knows, he's no gentleman, but he prefers blondes!"

The door was opened for me, and I walked toward it, swathed from head

(*Please turn to page* 94)

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IMPORTANT holiday dinners—gay party tables—informal Sunday night buffets—all take on an inviting new note of daintiness when you use Roylace Paper Doylies. They're a clever added touch—attractive, decorative, yet *so* practical.

Roylace Doylies are really exquisite in their lovely, lace-like designs—and in crisp white or pastel tints to match your color scheme. Not at all expensive, you can afford to use them for all your entertaining; in fact, that's an *economy-idea*, for they save your costly linens and laundering.

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Breakfast, the meal that gives morning energy for school and play, is a mighty important part of a child's diet. We'd appreciate it a lot if you mothers who read Tower Magazines would tell us what your youngsters eat for breakfast.
In return for your kindness, we'll be glad to send you two of the child food bulletins listed below. Please check the two you want.

Do your children have fruit for breakfast? *What kind?*.....
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What other foods do your children eat for breakfast?.....
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Food Editor, Tower Magazines, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Two forms—**Liquid Winx,** waterproof . . . **Cake Winx,** tear-proof.

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—no more cold feet either!

20¢

Hollywood Slave

(*Continued from page* 93)

to foot in golden, metal cloth that seemed to keep my body from falling, as indeed I thought it would. My heart was beating, as I had seen a bird's beat when it had been caught and held in the big, strong hand of some kindly but inquisitive person. My head was clanging inside as though filled with a million bells. As I met the green eyes toward which I was walking, I seemed to hear a far-away voice say:

"It's your fire, honey. You go to it."

Every imaginable feeling rushed over my body. Waves and waves of strange sensations flowed through me. But my mind became singularly clear. It seemed as though life, itself, had come forward, clothed in some tenable form and had challenged me. That voice of Trav's, the green eyes and kindly face of Fritz Stresseman, the contemptuous verdict of Isadore and the commonplace expressions of these other men, all seemed to combine into one taunting challenge. I felt that if I didn't walk through that doorway, as I knew, now, that I had walked through doorways into sacred temples before—long, long before I was born—that I would surely die: that everything would become black forever and I would never see those green eyes again or hear the voice of my beloved.

I walked. The lights were all gone. Only a strange stone altar at the far end of the room was lit by a soft, seductive light which had just sufficient strength to illuminate the immediate space around it. A huge black cat was sitting on this altar. As I approached it, it seemed to have the body of a woman. Strange, I had thought it would have had the body of a man—a yellow-haired giant of a man. The light, instead of getting brighter, grew dimmer. I could hardly see my way at all now.

OF course, I was fainting, only I didn't know it, and neither did they. They thought it was acting!

My feet were groping slowly and the floor began to melt away. I felt no fear, only desire to fall prostrate before this shining, glistening, magnificent black cat, whom I worshipped. As I sank down, down, into the softness beneath my feet, I heard a voice right by my ear say:

"You win, Stresseman. You win!"

When I came to, it was noon of the following day. The sun was streaming in through casement windows into a bedroom, the like of which I had never seen before. It was not a woman's bedroom; nor was it especially a man's. It had that strange Spanish sexlessness which, I was to learn, is characteristic of so much of this California architecture.

At first, I could not imagine how I came to be in such a place. Instinctively, I reached out for Travis; reached, of course, in vain. Suddenly, it all came back to me. Not the scene in the studio the night before. That was only a dream—a beautiful dream, if circumstances were right to view it in that light; but in its relation to the grim reality of what I had done to Travis, to our love, a nightmare. The reality was what came back to me.

Of course, this must be a room in Fritz Stresseman's house. Obviously, friendly hands had put me in this great bed to recover from the emotional collapse into which my excitement had betrayed me. No one had meant me any harm. Everybody, even those gnome-like men, had, in the end, wished me well. I distinctly remembered the hoarse cry of Mr. Isadore Wentsch:

"You win, Stresseman. You win all right!"

YES, Stresseman had won. He had won the first skirmish with Travis Jackson in the long battle which, my instinct told me, these two men were destined to fight for my body and my soul. But what of my part in the seeming victory? What of my promise to the boy in the tiny hotel room? What of the boy, himself? What would come of all this?

All at once, it came to me that Travis, my lover, my beautiful young husband, might not be waiting for me in that hotel room. He might not be waiting for me at all. It was day—the *next* day. How could he know that I had fainted? How could he know that I had been left to myself in this

(*Please turn to page* 103)

COLORS THEY CHOOSE

To help you choose your new wardrobe we have obtained the color schemes shown in the new wardrobes of Hollywood stars of four different types—Claudette Colbert, Lilian Harvey, Myrna Loy and Fay Wray. If you would like a copy of this circular, please send your request with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mary Lane, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Elissa Landi's Romance

(*Continued from page* 33)

she would stride, leap or run from the range of the camera, kidding the property man, tossing a line to an extra, or landing a slap on the back of Fredric *Marcus Superbus* March.

THERE is quite a resemblance between Elissa and Katharine Hepburn. One would never suspect it from the way the former was tied down on the screen prior to "The Warrior's Husband." Elissa was labeled "Royal" on arrival and got sunk in the deep purple.

The Hepburn wouldn't light long enough for them to stick a label on her. She wrote her own publicity ticket.

Katharine Hepburn originated the role of *Antiope* in the stage version of "The Warrior's Husband." I never saw it, but when they were searching for a screen star to play the part, I suggested Elissa Landi and got a good laugh.

"She's too blank-blank lady-like," was the first reaction. *Antiope* had to be like a boy; she had to fight; and, above all, she had to show her legs and more. Elissa Landi would never do that.

"I'm not saying she would," I answered, "but I'm telling you as one who has been leg conscious for years, she could and no one would be disappointed."

The director was the first to agree. I think he must have seen Elissa riding bareheaded, through the passes and over the hills, as she does every morning. That "gal" astride a horse, chin up, eyes shining, bronze bob flying, could make the Greeks retreat in embarrassment, admitting that they had no word for it!

I'd like to see her do Bernard Shaw's "Joan of Arc," but then I'd like to see so many things which are not considered "Box Office Stuff" by the studios that I have not worked in one of them for over a year. Perhaps it's just as well. I didn't have to take a cut and the only conferences I attend are the birds' bathing beauty contests held daily on the rim of my swimming pool.

Walter Lang, being one of the younger directors, has no crowd of "Langsters" when he is shooting a picture, but I was in at the birth of "The Warrior's Husband" and got a great kick out of watching others watch what they called "the new Landi" wearing her armour as if she had been born in it, or handling a shield and sword with all the ease of Saint George.

After the first preview of the picture, everyone was saying, "What has happened to Landi? Walter Lang certainly brought her out. I wouldn't believe she was the same person. Boy! What a chassis!" Headlines above criticisms read, "Landi drops her reserve!"

ELISSA is not a girl who drops anything; she throws things. And what she threw to the wind or the publicity department (they're somewhat synonymous) was at least six of the seven veils of bunk she had been swathed in. Coldness, aloofness, classiness, sexlessness, literary-ness. Maybe I'm making up some *nesses*, but, anyway, she saved that seventh veil to throw when the studio wanted her to play a poor English girl named *Smith* who marries a royal Italian duke.

(*Please turn to page* 96)



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Happy results mean so much—unhappy results are so disappointing. Be doubly sure your hair will come out beautiful—exactly as you want it. Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to lighten your hair—to make it lovely and lustrous. It's NOT a dye. Results are careful, conservative—pleasing to refined girls. Endorsed by hair specialists—used by thousands of discriminating women.

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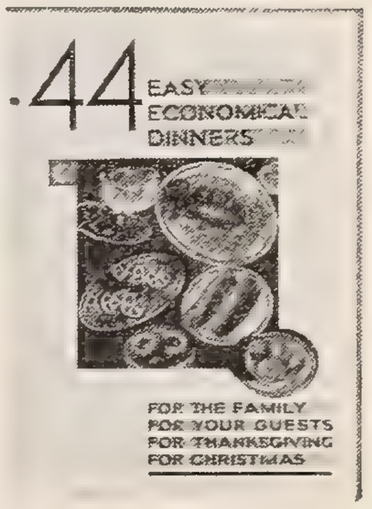
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Elissa Landi's Romance

(*Continued from page* 95)

I'm afraid her background gave the foreground a decided shove. You see she happened to know that such a thing couldn't happen in Italy even with the Facisti in power. I know how fatal it is to say a thing couldn't happen in a studio. The answer is "It's going to happen," and it does.

The royal Italian duke will marry plain *Miss Smith* with the approval of Czar Will Hayes. The Pope is not consulted, but the picture will not depend on the Italian market. It won't even pass by it. They have plenty of vegetables in their markets.

Elissa refused to take part in the *Smith*-ducal marriage which could only be a morganatic one outside of the talkies; and the fight was on.

Naturally she was said to have lost her head over the success of "The Warrior's Husband"; in reality, she had simply regained her self-confidence on seeing and hearing that the public liked her without the veils.

I WATCHED her become herself more and more each day during the filming of the picture. By the time it was finished I knew that any studio attempting to slap Elissa *Antiope* back down from the heights of emancipation was in for a battle.

The result was a draw. Elissa disappeared. I don't know what became of *Miss Smith* and her duke, but when I read that Fox Studios had released Elissa I was happy for all concerned. Refusing to play a role was not good. Playing it would probably have been worse. It will be interesting to see where Elissa builds her new nest.

WITH this article in mind I asked her to come to swim and lunch. If you have, by chance, followed me through the many free meals I have eaten since starting to write these friend's-eye views of the stars, you will be relieved to know that there is some food available *chez moi.*

She arrived spick and span in a chic white ensemble. The golden tan of her face in the bronze frame of her hair formed an attractive setting for the "twinklers" which alternate between turquoise and jade, according to the light, not sunlight, moonlight or even arcs, the lights from within.

When Elissa *Antiope* is talking about music or books or her garden, the eyes are blue. When she talks pictures, executives, or press agents they are green. I imagine they have their gray days, and I saw them go violet the other night when she was talking to Caroline (the countess-mother to the publicity readers; Caroline to Elissa and her friends). It will be a tough day for Technicolor when they try to photograph the Landi lamps.

Elissa likes my little garden, perhaps because she has such a big one. She eyed the pool which is a "quickie" compared to others in Beverly Hills.

"May I go in without a top?" she said.

"You may go in any way you like," I substituted, and we compromised on trunks. Please be assured that I have the smallest pool, but the highest hedge in these parts. If anyone can see what I wear or don't wear, I at least am unaware of scrutiny. Modesty is a form of self-consciousness anyway, sez me!

Well, we olive-oiled, and sunned and exercised and smoked and talked about everything but Elissa *Antiope's* emancipation. With lunch came the realization that I was actually feeding the wench and getting no information on the vital subject. I couldn't remember what it was. In the midst of the salad, I snapped into activity.

"Miss Landi, what do you think of talking pictures?"

"I try not to!" said my guest, taking the last radish. I can't give you our conversation verbatim, for several reasons, the most important being that this is an article, not a serial. We sat at lunch until tea time.

HERE are a few facts that might interest you if you are a Landi fan. And if you're not, they may rouse enthusiasm.

Although she is a composite of as many nationalities as the average Peace Pact and just about as pacific, Elissa feels that she belongs in America. From the moment she landed she has said, "This is my country." Not Austria, where Caroline came from, not England, where she was raised, not Italy, where the Landi name belongs—America, where she feels at home.

No sending back American dollars for her. She has bought a lovely estate, seven acres, up in the hills. It is among California roses that she spends at least an hour a day, snipping. Her house is filled with every sort of flower, all from her garden.

One's first visit is a sort of Cook's tour from vase to vase, for she cuts them and arranges them herself.

She will mention her horse as soon as permissible, but she won't tell you that she has a stable full of equine dependents. You see, she had horses in her other life. It does not occur to her that half the joy of possessions in her adopted country lies in being able to talk about them.

WHEN she did her disappearing act, she was very thorough. I don't believe anyone but Caroline knew where she was, and I would say that Caroline might give the sphinx lessons in the obsolete art of keeping secrets.

Elissa was seeing America. Incognito and alone, she braved the wilds of Iowa, Colorado, Ohio and other states whose names attracted her. Via plane and hired automobile, she leapt from state to state very much in the same manner that *Antiope* leapt over the gate on her first entrance in "The Warrior's Husband." But Elissa had no billing. Only once in six weeks was she recognized, and then she talked the village spy out of it.

She stopped when she felt like it, renting the front room in some grateful housewife's abode. She knows more about real American folks than the folks themselves know.

One thing you may have read about her is authentic. She is a novelist, and good enough to have had four books published. The first one she wrote when very young; she tabulates it as a rather heavy effort. The second, she says, was a bit mad. The third has done surprisingly well, and the fourth she really has some hope for.

Elissa writes songs and she can sing

Elissa's Landi's Romance

them, but she doesn't insist. Elissa reads palms for fun, but it's mostly her fun when she starts telling you home truths which you wish would remain at home.

ELISSA married a young Englishman several years ago, a very attractive one. He comes over to visit her, but, so far, she has not returned the call. She says he is a darling. I'm sure he is, but I can't visualize her as a married woman. I can't see her tied down to anything yet.

The minute I start giving opinions about the love life of my friends, however, they immediately do something which causes me to eat my words. Very bad for the digestion and not too helpful for the disposition; so I'll stick to the Landi's own advice. The best way to keep the marriage knot from slipping is not to talk about it too much.

I WENT to dinner with Caroline, Elissa and a group of their friends the other night. I didn't know many of the guests—they were mostly non-professionals—but I saw for the first time a friendship between mother and daughter that reminded me of the Janis girls (as my mother and I were always referred to by intimate friends), and I told Elissa so.

"You could pay me no higher compliment!" she said.

"I'm not trying to compliment you, my sweet," I answered. "I'm just telling you the truth. Will you do as much for me?"

Elissa Antiope twinkled. "Have you a filter system in your swimming pool? I'm building one, you know, and I'm not sure whether I want——"

"Good-night, Mrs. Sphinx's daughter," I said, cutting her off in the middle of the filtering system. "I hope you get snails in your rose garden!"

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

New Pictures You Should See

(*Continued from page 49*)

terested in watching newcomers for whom the producers have high hopes, remember the name of Isabel Jewell and watch for her in this. She is under contract to M-G-M, but they have been lending her to other companies to give her experience in a wide variety of roles. They believe that if you can make good in a Barrymore picture, you must be good. And people who have been close to this picture in the making say that the whole cast was inspired not only by his performance as the lawyer, but by the powerful story. If you are looking for light entertainment, this is not for you, but if you like tense drama, it is.

DESIGN FOR LIVING—(Paramount)—When Ernst Lubitsch saw this sly, sardonic comedy of Noel Coward's on the stage, he said he did not want to direct it for pictures. When he saw how Ben Hecht rewrote it for pictures, and learned that he could have Miriam Hopkins, Gary Cooper, Fredric March, and Edward Everett Horton for the four principal roles, he was his old self again—rarin' to go and full of ideas for subtle innuendoes. If you saw or read the play and loved it as almost all New Yorkers did, you may be shocked at some of the changes and miss some of Coward's oft-quoted lines. If you can look at it without prejudice, as an original story, you will probably think it could not have been better.

Miriam plays a commercial artist, Fredric March a young playwright, and Gary Cooper an art student. Their lives get all complicated because both men are in love with Miriam and she just can't choose between them. She doesn't help matters any by running away from Paris and her two suitors to marry Horton and live in America. Eventually she is bound to see those two fascinating and blithe young men again. Inevitably she is going to realize that she does not love her husband; she misses the gayety of their banter, and still cannot choose between them.

Women liked the play better than men did. It is such a relief for them to put themselves in the place of a heroine whose string of admirers is never menaced by some slinky siren.

HOOPLA—(Fox)—One of the best pictures made in the early days of talkies was "The Barker" and when the Fox Company looked around for a knockout vehicle for Clara Bow they realized that a new version of this play was infinitely better than any other story they could find. They have brought it up to date by making Clara a dancer at the Exposition in Chicago. There are midgets and giants, ferris wheels and barkers, all the raucous, gaudy atmosphere of a carnival, but it is the story that makes the picture thrilling. It is no mere triangle; it is a quadrangle. Preston Foster, the carnival owner, puts his sweetheart, played by Minna Gombell, second in his affections. His ambition to protect his son, played by Richard Cromwell, from following in his footsteps comes first. Minna will do anything to get him out of the way. Clara, the good-hearted young roughneck, falls in love with the son and he with her to the dismay of his father. There is a clash of desires from the beginning, and fighting the daily battles of a carnival troupe does not train anyone to pull his or her punches. Even if this picture gave you nothing but Clara as Little Egypt, that sideshow would probably send you running to the theater.

BOMBSHELL — (M-G-M) — Every screen-struck girl ought to see this picture and everyone who likes to indulge in a snicker at the extravagant ways of Hollywood will revel in it. It is farce, but farce with vicious shafts of truth. Jean Harlow is a somewhat dizzy motion-picture star shoved into prominence through the efforts of her press agent played by Lee Tracy. She lives in a house that is a monument of bad taste, has a babbling drunkard of a father, played by Frank Morgan, and a no-good brother played by Ted Healy. Her affections drift from Franchot Tone, to Pat O'Brien, to Ivan Lebedeff and the latter two get into a fight that plays havoc with her furnishings. Wherever she is, there is excitement, and her blundering retinue of pets, maids, secretary, and family. The big moment comes when she decides to adopt a baby and the town buzzes with scandal. If you are sentimental about your Hollywood favorites, this might offend you, so many episodes are taken from life. Otherwise it will give you a hilarious evening.

MOULIN ROUGE—(United Artists-Twentieth Century)—This new company headed by Darryl Zanuck, who was for years in charge of making Warner Brothers pictures, is determined to act as a pacemaker for the whole industry. They have grabbed players from other companies and spared neither effort nor expense in making their pictures. They bought this French play about a notorious French actress and a song writer's wife with stage ambitions and persuaded Constance Bennett to play both roles. They brought Tullio Carminati, favorite of the New York stage, out to play in it and captured Franchot Tone for another role. After hearing Constance sing in "The Woman Spy" they had two songs written for her. Then they proceeded to gather together a troupe of chorus girls, male singers and stage hands to provide backstage atmosphere and put up some flashy night club sets. The total promises to be a fast-moving story, out-roughing Cagney at times when Constance's husband tries to put an end to her stage ambitions. There are sultry love scenes too. You may even suspect that Constance set out to show that Garbo and Dietrich and Mae West haven't a monopoly on torrid personality.

THE FIRE CHIEF—(M-G-M)—This is Ed Wynn's third try at making motion pictures, and it is going to be their loss if people stay away from it because of his old silent pictures or that "Manhattan Mary" which introduced him in talkies. Those other pictures of his just didn't quite click; in this one he promises to be the same riot of laughs that he is on the radio.

The humor is of the mad Marx Brothers variety. Ed Wynn plays a simple-minded goof who is so timid that the explosion of a firecracker un-

New Pictures You Should See

nerves him. His father was fire chief and community hero, but Ed is just a quiet soul who sells hats by day and practices on his violin at night. Crooked politicians plot to elect him as alderman and then use him to promote their graft. They get Dorothy Mackaill (minus that threatened avoirdupois and looking prettier than ever) to vamp him, but she feels sorry for him and tips him off to the plot. In an effort to lose the election, he carries on a maudlin campaign that gives him a chance to ride through the streets wearing those insane costumes that only Wynn can assemble. The voters fool him by electing him anyway. So to save them from their own idiocy, Dorothy gives up torch singing to become his secretary, and together she and Wynn run the city government with laughs instead of graft. If you like nonsense, this is your picture.

BEAUTIFUL—(R-K-O)—Ann Harding's big following will find her beautiful, noble, and dramatic in this one. Incidentally, it will probably bear another title by the time you see it. You can recognize it from the fact that Al Santell directed it and Nils Asther, Sari Maritza and Irving Pichel appear in her support.

Your enjoyment of the picture may depend on how many times you have seen the situation of the doctor faced with performing an operation to save an enemy. They always take the noble course. Some day someone will make a picture where a barber, or dentist, or surgeon gets an enemy in his clutches and without hesitating plunges the knife deep, chuckling meanwhile.

Don't jump to the conclusion that the whole story is a hackneyed one. It isn't. In the first place the surgeon is a woman, Ann Harding. She is called to perform an operation on Sari Maritza who has just been injured in an airplane crash. She was with Ann's husband when it happened. But Ann does not really love her husband, anyway, so it won't be an irreparable loss for her to save the beauty of her rival. It will just set her free to go back to her first love, Nils Asther, a doctor with whom she had been associated before her marriage. Expert acting has put life into less appealing stories than this, and Miss Harding, Robert Young, Irving Pichel and Nils Asther do nobly by it. Besides Ann Harding's and Sari Maritza's clothes are enough to make any woman want to see the picture.

THE MAD GAME—(Fox)—If you have been hunting all through the coming attractions for mention of a grim, robust gangster picture, here it is. Spencer Tracy is the star and that is enough to make many of us want to see it. Claire Trevor, that pretty young blonde who has been making Westerns with George O'Brien, plays a newspaper reporter who is the big moment in Spencer's life. Double-crossed by his attorney who advises him to plead guilty to a charge of evading the income tax, Spencer goes to Atlanta for five years. When he comes out the "snatch" racket, or if you haven't been thoroughly educated by gangster pictures, kidnaping, is the gangster's game. If I told you what he does to the kidnaping racket, you would resent it as much as being told in advance who is guilty in a murder mystery. Just take my word for it that he does plenty.

THE VINEGAR TREE—(M-G-M)—Alice Brady's presence in this cast is enough guarantee of entertainment for everyone who has seen her string of successes starting with "When Ladies Meet" and going right through "Beauty for Sale." But you may be interested to know that this gives her a bigger and even more amusing part than usual. She is a blithe, vague, and pretty silly woman whose memory plays tricks on her and almost ruins the lives of the rest of the cast. Her daughter, Mary Carlisle, quarrels with her sweetheart, played by William Janney, because he accuses her of being unsophisticated. She sets out to acquire sophistication from a week-end guest in her mother's house, but her mother has delusions about the man being an old suitor of hers who had never recovered from his infatuation. Lionel Barrymore plays Alice Brady's explosive husband, and the scene where he insults all his wife's guests will long stand out in your memory as the most hilarious episode since the quarrel in "Private Lives."

Conway Tearle comes back to the screen in this picture, Earl Oxford and Jeanette Loff sing a delightful song, and little Mary Carlisle shows that she is becoming a real trouper.

BLOOD MONEY—(United Artists-Twentieth Century)—This is another from the new producing company headed by Darryl Zanuck. It brings back George Bancroft, that old favorite, and presents Judith Anderson, one of the popular young actresses of the New York stage, on the screen for the first time. It has Frances Dee as a society woman who is a kleptomaniac, Chick Chandler as an underworld dandy who is a confirmed woman chaser, and Blossom Seeley as a night club singer.

The action in this picture is fast and furious. George Bancroft plays an underworld leader who wields great influence over politicians. Enemy gangsters seek to get rid of him, and there is one of those nerve-racking sequences where Judith coming to his rescue is in a wreck where cars are smashed, a fire plug smashed and the streets flooded with water, just as he is about to strike the dynamite that will blow him to bits.

If Twentieth Century is going to keep up this pace of crowding songs, celebrities, and thrills into their pictures, it might be a good idea for some other company to make an idyllic little romance of a country crossroads. It might be nice for a change.

AGGIE APPLEBY—(R-K-O)—This can hardly be offered as the quaint little romance demanded above, for in it William Gargan is temporarily out of the way, in jail, just because he beat up eight policemen. When he returns and finds that Charlie Farrell has supplanted himself in Wynne Gibson's affections, there is another battle. Nevertheless, this picture is one of those that has an indescribable, unpretentious air about it. Perhaps it is because of ZaSu Pitts who plays a plaintive chambermaid in her best manner. Perhaps it is because the rich young

(*Please turn to page* 100)

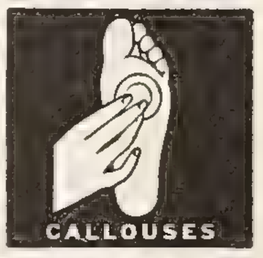


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New Pictures You Should See

(*Continued from page* 99)

man played by Charlie Farrell accepts Wynne Gibson as worthy of him even though she has grown up amid the roughest surroundings.

Two endings have been made for this picture, and maybe the censors will have a hand in deciding which one you will see. In one the flamboyant Wynne marries Gargan who is of her own class; in the other she marries wealth and position represented by Charlie.

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE—(Columbia)—This picture borrows the "Grand Hotel" idea of showing the interwoven lives of the people living under one roof. This time it is an old brownstone house, once part of the fashionable life of New York, now a rooming house. Romance, poverty, crime and consuming ambition touch the lives of this little group. Columbia has high hopes for Dorothy Tree, for they are co-starring her with Wallace Ford in this, the first picture she has made for them.

DANGEROUS TO WOMEN—(Universal)—This title is likely to be changed by the time they put the finishing touches on the picture and show it at your local theater, so just remember it is the one directed by Kurt Neumann in which Chester Morris, Helen Twelvetrees and the incomparable Alice White appear.

This is a prizefight story, but quite different from the usual prizefight story where the hero wins the big bout and the girl. The winning fighter loses the girl.

Chester Morris plays a fighter who comes from a small town to New York and promptly becomes so cocky that his managers walk out on him. Somewhat chastened, he goes into training for his big bout, but he suffers a knockout when the great day finally comes. There are a number of prize-ring celebrities playing small parts in this picture, and authentic training-gym atmosphere will please fight fans. For the romantic youngsters there is the never-running-smoothly love affairs of Morris and Alice White, Helen Twelvetrees and John Miljan. And for the women, there are some unusually smart clothes.

FURY OF THE JUNGLE—(Columbia)—There is a scarcity this month of rugged dramas in the wilds of the jungle, and even if there weren't, this picture would probably prove the biggest attraction to people who like to go exploring in their movies. The action takes place deep in the South American jungle at a trading post where natives come to trade skins and feathers for the baubles of the white man. Murderers, embezzlers, fugitives from justice and escaped convicts make up the population, and only stealing is a crime. The punishment for stealing is death.

Toshia Mori plays a lovely native girl, Alan Dinehart a villain who gets thrown to the crocodiles, and the cast has many favorites, among them Donald Cook, Peggy Shannon, and Dudley Digges.

TIN PANTS—(Universal)—The title of this Slim Summerville-Andy Devine comedy is almost sure to be changed, but we cannot help it. All we can do is promise you that if you have found Slim's other pictures amusing, you will like this even better. Slim and Andy, cowhands on a dilapidated Montana ranch, suddenly inherit wealth and a medieval castle in England. They also inherit troubles, but falling in love is Slim's own idea. It is pretty hard on him because up to the time he met Leila Hyams the one great love of his life was a horse. There is a lot of humor in the gradual adjustment of the two lowly cowhands to life in a castle patrolled by sentries in ancient armor. There are tense moments when Slim foils a kidnaping plot. And then there is the horse. You won't blame Slim for loving that horse—after you've seen him.

AND DON'T FORGET

"The Late Christopher Bean" which gives Marie Dressler a much more gentle role than that of the old roustabout "Tugboat Annie." Lionel Barrymore, Beulah Bondi and Helen Mack are in it.

"The Way to Love" because it is the last chance you will have to see Chevalier in pictures for several months.

"Night Flight" an M-G-M all-star special. Helen Hayes, John Barrymore and Lionel, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and Robert Montgomery are all in this tragic story of aviators' risks.

"Female" a big attraction to all Ruth Chatterton fans. She plays a big business executive who takes her love affairs as lightly as any philandering male until the right man, played by her husband, George Brent, comes along.

"The World Changes," a story of the disintegration of fine pioneer stock. Paul Muni leaves the farm to run cattle, then establishes a packing house, and builds a huge fortune only to see his empire destroyed in the stock market crash. Margaret Lindsay, Mary Astor and Patricia Ellis are all victims of soft living and the family decline. Many scenes are spectacular.

"Too Much Harmony" the gayest and most tuneful of recent musical films with Bing Crosby—and such crooning—pretty girls galore, Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Harry Green, Lilyan Tashman and Ned Sparks.

"Little Women" the Louisa M. Alcott novel filmed with tender regard for the greatly-loved characters. Katharine Hepburn once more gives a superb performance and Joan Bennett, Jean Parker and Frances Dee catch the spirit of this old, but never-forgotten story.

"Berkeley Square," a romance that sounds terribly highbrow since it presents theories about time that are worthy of Einstein, but is really the most touching of love stories, beautifully played by Leslie Howard and Heather Angel.

"I'm No Angel" another grand vehicle for Mae West. Theaters will probably be bringing this back for a second and third showing just as they did with the hit-of-the-year—"She Done Him Wrong."

"My Weakness" a delightful comedy with music, expert fooling, six of the prettiest girls you have ever seen, and Lilian Harvey the daintiest little ingenue in pictures with a gift for comedy and a sweet voice.

Oh, Look Who's Here

(*Continued from page* 52)

had far passed her quota, because she felt that, as a good hostess, she had to drink ginger ale every so often with guests, and ginger ale seemed to call for hot dogs and hot dogs, again, seemed to call for ginger ale. She looked cute in her farmerette make-up.

There was a big hay wagon at one side of the room, and on this the guests rested between dances. Chico Marx pretended he had pitched hay all day and was too tired to work, so he covered himself with hay, and boo'd at every girl who came near.

Then he and his brothers, Groucho and Harpo, grouped themselves and sang barber-shop harmony. Harpo has a grand baritone, and should break his rule of silence on the screen.

Kay Francis had provided a variety of farm animals. Every time you saw her she was attending a different one. First, she carried a little brown hen. The hen seemed to understand that she was being honored, and cuddled down in Kay's arms. Next she had a white duck. But he (or she) quacked out of turn, struggled to get loose, and finally covered itself with ignominy by fluttering into the punch bowl. Then Bill Powell gave it a saucer of beer, and it was declared inebriated and a disgrace to the movies.

Gloria Swanson had the most attractive make-up, dressed as a country boy with dark tan and millions of freckles. She wore overalls, bare feet and had one toe bandaged.

Husband Michael Farmer was barefoot, too.

Gloria annoyed all the other guests no end with a water pistol which she turned on everyone. Finally, in desperation, some one turned a man-sized hose on her, and she stopped long enough to dry out her clothes, which were sopping.

Almost every one there was dressed as Katharine Hepburn dresses—in blue denim overalls—but Carmel Myers decided to be different. She wore a carpenter's costume—white overalls with dozens of little pockets over the front of them, and a different tool in each pocket. But before the evening was over, she had lost every tool and hardly dared face her gardener the next morning, she said, since she had borrowed them from him.

Arthur Hornblow made the crack that there would have been more fun if there had been more fences and fewer people! Especially as, after guests had climbed over the stile, they immediately went into a huddle to watch the next crowd climb.

There were a lot of games played, including drop-the-handkerchief, puss in the corner, and crack-the-whip. And, of course, dancing.

And then there was the greased pig! Everybody tried for the honor of catching his pigship, with Clark Gable and Edmund Goulding taking some falls in the process, amid much laughter.

Finally it was dainty little Bessie Love who grabbed and held the animal!

There were old-fashioned dances, the music of a jew's-harp and comb orchestra. Jack Gilbert and Kay Francis showed themselves especially proficient in cutting pigeon wings.

Fredric March "called" the quadrilles, and if you can imagine the smart Claudette Colbert and the sophisticated Clive Brook doing "Ladies change," "Gen'lman right," and other figures, you'll have some idea what a gay party it was.

"I'm sure it must be time to go out and milk," remarked Jack Oakie, as we peeped out and saw the sun coming up.

"Just one more hot dog—for breakfast!" yearned Gene Markey.

Whereupon, "Breakfast! Breakfast!" shrieked everybody. We all gathered about for hot dogs. But the supply had run low by that time, so some of us shared. Adrienne Ames fed Bruce Cabot part of hers. Gary Cooper gave Mrs. Dick Barthelmess a mouthful, and Robert Montgomery insisted on being noble and giving all of his to Dorothy Jordan and his wife.

The guests also included Joan Bennett, Mrs. Edmund Goulding, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Joyce, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Carmel Myers and Ralph Blum, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Jaffee, Mr. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer, Jack Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick, Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Florence Eldridge, Mrs. Clive Brook, Merian C. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wallace, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, William Powell, George Zukor, George Brent, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, William Haines, Ernst Lubitsch, Bramwell Fletcher, Adrian, Adolphe Menjou, Edward Everett Horton, Herbert Marshall, Ricardo Cortez, Constance Bennett, Marion Davies, Gloria Stuart, Elissa Landi, Lois Wilson, Ruth Chatterton, Mary Pickford.

"SH-H-H! The guest of honor is asleep!" commented Arline Judge. She, being a mamma herself, had a right to shush us, we decided.

It was over at "Skeets" Gallagher's house. He and his wife, who used to be Pauline Mason on the stage, were giving a christening party for their tiny daughter, Pam.

"Did she cry?" we asked Skeets.

"A little," admitted Skeets, "but the preacher said that that was just because the baptism was 'taking'!"

We took a peep at the baby in her crib.

"And that bassinet," Arline remarked, "is mine! You see, it belonged to my baby, and I loaned it to Pauline so that her baby would grow up strong and healthy like mine."

By the way, Arline admits that she wants to have another child, to keep the first one company. Preferably a girl, this time.

Our hostess, very lovely with her pale skin and big, luminous eyes, wore a black velvet princess gown with a broad, soft, white satin collar, very charming on her slim figure.

Mrs. Ruggles wore a red sports suit, short jacket, and little red hat.

Vivienne Segal looked smart in a woolen dress of brown mixed goods, showing glimpses of yellow, made plain

(*Please turn to page* 102)

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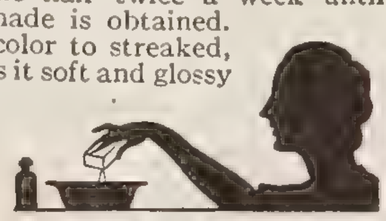
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Oh, Look Who's Here

(*Continued from page* 101)

and belted in with a gaudy gold belt, and trimmed with half a dozen gold buttons. Her hat was a small brown affair that came down over one eye, and gave her a coquettish air.

"But it covers up my best eye!" wailed Vivienne. "I'm trying to sue that hatter!"

Sallie Eilers came with a man I did not know. She sticks to black since returning from Europe. She wore a black satin afternoon dress, with soft, clinging lines, rather high at the neck, and a small black hat.

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey were there.

"Bert was throwing his money around the other night, high, wide and handsome," Bob related. "Somebody said, 'Watch out, Bert, or you'll go broke.' 'Oh, that's all right,' said Bert, 'Bob's got enough for both of us'!"

Leon Errol told us he had "been kept on ice so long in the hospital," that he didn't know if he'd ever thaw out.

Hoot Gibson was among the guests. He told us that the first thing he thought of, that time his airplane fell, was to turn off the gas!

"But I've had worse falls from horses," he grinned.

He and Sallie Eilers had quite a long chat, but we hear that there won't be any reconciliation, and that Hoot soon will wed June Gale. June, you remember, was the first to reach his side after he had fallen from his airplane at the races.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Catlett were among the guests, and Wesley Ruggles, Charlie Ruggles, Jack Oakie, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irwin, Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard and many others.

Hot dogs were served, with crackers and cheese, beer, pretzels, salads, cold meats and other good things.

Jack Oakie told us that his mother had been sitting in a chair on the set, one of those canvas chairs reserved for stars and directors, and somehow had gone right over backward.

"But was she quick!" remarked Jack. "After she had picked herself up and been dusted off, she said demurely, 'Well, you see my name wasn't on that chair, and I was all upset!'"

Jack kissed Vivienne Segal, and Vivienne said she would even let him wear a sweat shirt.

YOU should have seen everybody gathering around Mae Clarke to wish her a happy birthday!

She was having a little party at her home. She looked lovely in dawn blue silk pajamas. And those earrings, necklace and bracelet! Very smart. Made of black twisted silk.

"I bought these," Mae said, "and the very next day a whole set was sent me by a friend in New York, exactly like the ones I bought."

"Oh, well," soothed Zita Johann, "you can save them up till Christmas and give them away!"

Zita wore a Schiaparelli gown, the skirt red, trimmed with white silk triangles which were embroidered on it at regular intervals, while the blouse was of white silk, with red silk triangles embroidered in the same way.

Muriel Kirkland arrived with Frederic Cruger. Sidney Blackmer, who is Mae's usual escort—well, it's hard keeping up with Mae and her beaux—was among the guests. Sidney says he likes California; that "New York now looks like three o'clock of a Sunday afternoon!" What an apt description!

Gloria Foy came late. She had hurt her foot, by stubbing a toe. Yet she had soloed in her plane without ever getting a scratch!

Gloria is now married to Alan Edwards.

I was trying to write a description of Gloria's gown, but Russ Gleason put in, "Oh, well, why not describe them all as 'made of silk and trimmed with rat.' That'll make it so simple."

MARRIED twenty-seven years! They deserved to have a surprise party, did the James Gleasons, and so thought the Domino Club. And while they were about it, the members made a good job of it and took their own suppers as well as suppers for the Gleasons! It was spread out on tables on the lawn, and eaten there with much merry-making — fried chicken, sandwiches, cake, pickles, olives and salads.

Jimmie Gleason said there was enough food left over to feed his four huge dogs for a week.

"In fact," said Mrs. Gleason, "it's the nicest anniversary party we ever had, and we are planning to stay married for another year, anyway, just to see if the Dominos won't give us another one like it."

But before they set out the supper, some of the Domino members, including Maude Fulton and Mrs. Jo Breese, started a camp fire on the tennis court.

Russell Gleason received many bits of advice on how to remain as successfully married as his parents.

Sidney Blackmer came with Edna Bennett; Leon Waycoff was with Marcia Reamey; and there were Mr. and Mrs. Alan Mowbray, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese, Lilian Elliot Corrigan, Sarah Paddon, Belle Mitchell, Mary Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Mae Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Francis, Mr. and Mrs. De Witt Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Paul McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morgan, Gene Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Barlow, Maude Eburne, Mr. and Mrs. Conway Tearle, and many others.

Comparing notes on length of marriage, it was found that the Ralph Morgans had been married twenty-two years, the Edmund Breeses twenty-two years, the Morgan Wallaces twenty-six years, the Charles Millers twenty-five years.

GROUPS of pretty, clever children gathered on a broad lawn! Ah, but what children! None other than children of various stars.

They were being given a party on the Domino Club lawn.

There was a tea table, and demurely presiding over it was young Ethel Barrymore, daughter of John, looking just too cute and perky for anything in a white, dotted swiss dress with pink sash, and "fluted out" skirt, not to mention a pink bow on her hair.

Mrs. Ben Piazza, wife of the M-G-M official, had charge of the arrangements. She had provided a wonderful

Oh, Look Who's Here

program, which included Chita, the chimpanzee which appeared in "Tarzan," the Gasca troupe of acrobats, a fortune teller, a puppet show. And there were a camel, two lion cubs, and a pony on which the children took rides on the tennis court.

Included among the little guests were Patricia Mowbray, Edward G. Robinson, Jr., Melba Jean Arthur, Guy Kibbee's children, Joe E. Brown's little ones, the Hal Wallis heir, Gloria Lloyd, Cora Sue Collins, and others.

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY, noted pianist, was guest of honor at a supper given by Marzine Maazel, concert pianist, and his wife, at their home in Van Nuys.

Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt, Jean Hersholt, Jr.—a good-looking and ambitious youngster of around seventeen, who already has had some stage experience—Ida Koverman, Virginia Kellogg, scenario writer, Dario Rappaport, the artist, and Mrs. Rappaport, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman, and others.

Mrs. Robinson was all excited about the new home, built in the Tudor style, which her husband has just bought in Beverly Hills. One room, she tells us, is to be devoted entirely to a collection of valuable paintings which her husband lately bought for her in Europe.

MUSICALS are much in favor among the movie folk these days. A pleasant one was given by Claire Adams—Claire Adams, once a Ben Hampton movie star, afterward his wife—at her Beverly Hills home.

Walter Byron was master of ceremonies.

Among the artists taking part were Baron Max Schuanesee, Oliver Hinsdale, James Isherwood, Mme. Mariska Aldrich, Louis Yeackel, Mme. Alice Whitney, and our hostess, who has a lovely voice.

Joseph Schildkraut was there with his bride of a year, a very charming and piquant blonde; and there were Theda Bara and Charles Brabin, Ray Long, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Jose Crespo, Doris Kenyon, and others.

Lew Ayres Can't See It

Almost every time Ginger Rogers works in a picture, her leading man gets a crush on her. And Lew Ayers doesn't like it a bit. But can Ginger help it?

Hollywood Slave

(*Continued from page* 94)

great room? How could he know anything except that I, his wife, had gone to the house of another man, and stayed there all night?

How, I wondered, had I got into this bed? What hands had undressed me? What arms had lifted me, naked as I now was, into this great, billowy bed? What tender care had arranged my things so effectively over the back of the high Spanish chair?

I still wonder.

WEAK from last night's emotional storm, I tiptoed uncertainly through the golden sunlight to the open casement. What a view it was! The hills, the valleys, the winding roads—and beyond the great cinema city, lying like a gleaming waffle on that noonday grill. There, that was Hollywood Boulevard; and somewhere—I fancied that I could see it—was the little side street, the all night parking place, the hotel with the little room.

I must go back to that room, to my Trav, to my love!

Standing, I pulled on my sheer black stockings. I was rather proud of this trick. So many of the girls I knew had to sit on a chair or even on the floor! But today I was without pride, without thought of what I was doing. I would have run out without any stockings, without any clothes at all. I wonder that I didn't! My one thought was to escape from this house which had suddenly become a prison—to escape to the man I loved.

Outside my room—I did somehow manage to pull on the little yellow frock—I did not know which way to turn. The passages were so long. They never seemed to lead anywhere. And there was nobody in any of them—nobody in the studio, nobody anywhere. It was natural, I suppose, after a night like last night that no one should be stirring but a crazy girl like me. Still, I shivered. I felt as if I were in a tomb.

THE garage doors were open. The Stresseman cars, the big foreign-looking landaulet in which we had ridden the night before, and a low, streamline roadster of costly American make, were standing, with their great powerful-looking bodies seemingly poised as if for flight.

In that fine old state, which Fritz Stresseman had said I should never mention again, I had been taught the difference between thine and mine; and I had been taught to respect that difference; but it is strange how the precepts of one's youth fade before the insistent demands of one's necessity.

Here was I, at Sunday's high noon, marooned upon a Hollywood hill-top. It would have taken me, even if I had run for it, the better part of an hour to reach the town. In a car, I could reach it in ten short minutes.

"Let's go!" I cried, and jumped into the waiting roadster.

Put yourself in Molly's place—a creature trapped by circumstance. Will she escape? Will she find the boy she loves? What is in store for her? What wild plans has this hypnotist-director conceived for her? . . . Don't, by any chance, miss the next instalment in the January issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, *on sale December first.*



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Of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, published Monthly at Chicago, Ill., October 1, 1933.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Flynn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, J. E. Flynn, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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J. E. FLYNN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1933.

(SEAL) LAURETTA E. GANLY.

(My commission expires March 30, 1935.)

People's Academy

(*Continued from page* 59)

the languorous, mysterious, and S. A. types such as Dietrich, Garbo, Lombard, and Harlow. I don't know just how the rest of the fans are receiving the drastic change from the fire and hotcha pep of our old spit-fire, Clara Bow, and tempestuous Lupe Velez to the sleepy insolence of Dietrich and blasé Lombard, but I, for one, would welcome a happy medium—a sweet, sophisticated, and natural beauty. Let us hope the Wampus Baby Stars of 1933 will be the answers to the sane theater-goer's prayers.—Vivienne Keyes, 323 Jones Street, Dubuque, Iowa.

Wise Lady: I have just witnessed Marlene Dietrich's new picture "The Song of Songs." It was surely excellent—but why must our otherwise beautiful, young heroine always sink into the mire and take the easiest way out, when she might have been courageous enough to stand behind her convictions? Must beautiful women necessarily be wishy-washy and back-boneless? Now, let's have a picture in which our beautiful lady will be wiser and have more character than to let people who mean nothing to her plan her destiny, when she knows truly well what man and what sort of life she really wants.—Jane R. Arnold, 191 Clifton St., Rochester, N. Y.

Why So Old? Why, oh, why, in the name of sweet consistency do they inevitably make a screen mother or father look about forty years older than is necessary? Remember "Strange Interlude"? The parents of the youth at the time of his marriage were feeble and simply tottering about, whereas, at the most, they would only have been in their fifties. It happens every time. The dear old mother of the movie flapper must be very, very old, it seems, in order to qualify, but in looking about us these days we notice that in real life the modern mother looks but a darned few years older than the flapper.—Mrs. Mabel S. Harmer, 133 K. St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

This Trailer Business: I do not like the movie trailers that advertise the feature picture on the next program, which always say that it is "The greatest Picture of all Time!"—"A Stupendous Production!!"—"A Heart-Throbbing Drama that You will Never Forget!!!"—"So-and-so in Her Greatest, Finest, Most Wonderful Role." I think that on the whole, the average motion picture is quite well done and there always seem to be more good movies than one has time to see. But why make movie-goers skeptical with a lot of advertising ballyhoo which finally forces us to the conclusion that if the trailer eulogizes a forthcoming production to the nth degree of blah, it is a sure sign that the picture is an outright flop.—Jean Pattison, 600 W. 189th St., New York, N. Y.

From the Classics: Why not produce pictures that will make us forget for a few hours this drab, modern world of work and care and take us back into the rosy past with the screen's gifted and glamorous stars? Why not revive our famous historical heroes and heroines in today's most popular medium of entertainment—the movies?

Some historical roles for the stars: The blond and lovely Elissa Landi would make an appealing Mary Stuart.

Loretta Young would bring Joan of Arc to life in a tragic, sweet way.

Mae West could portray the cold, cruel and jesting Queen Elizabeth.

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., could play Marco Polo, the romantic globe-trotter of the Middle Ages.

Marlene Dietrich with her blond hair and classic features would revive Helen of Troy in a beautiful way.

Lionel Barrymore, able to give justice to any great role, would qualify as Shylock from "The Merchant of Venice."

Marian Nixon, dainty, small and bewitching, would make a Marie Antoinette to resemble the original woman in every way.—Miss Ruth Widmayer, Route 3, Box 451 A, Edgewater, Colo.

Change of Title: After seeing many of the recent film productions, I want to register a protest as emphatic as I can make it concerning the titles which have been attached to some of the current pictures. Such pictures as those entitled "Merrily We Go To Hell," "Hell Below," "Mayor of Hell," and "From Hell to Heaven," and the like are frequently the direct causes of a mother's refusal to let her children attend the movies, for which the average American child acquires a desire, I am sure. Although the scenes of the picture are in no way characteristic of the title used to designate them, an impression altogether offensive to the picture in itself is created. I believe that the screen plays are good entertainment for the kiddies, for they all appear to like them, but the names applied to them should have some limitation. In most instances the titles ascribed by the authors will produce a more enthusiastic reception from all movie-goers old and young. And—I am not alone in my complaint—others testify accordingly.—Louise E. Doty, 314 N. Chester Avenue, Indianapolis.

Which is Which? Why did they cast two girls as like as twin sisters both in looks and dress for the feminine leads in that grand piece of entertainment, "College Humor?" We were confused and annoyed trying to figure out who was who as those two cute little blond Marys—Carlisle and Kornman—had us all of a jitter. We didn't know who was making love to which and so on. Give us a blonde and a brunette next time.—J. N. C., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Her Ideal: The stars have been giving us composite pictures of their ideals, so why shouldn't the fans tell of theirs? So to start the ball rolling, here is what my ideal would be like:

The most important thing would be a real, keen, sense of humor. He must be very modern—but—a great dreamer and idealist. He must accomplish.

He must love outdoor life and understand and love horses (and ride more than well). And not be averse to a couple of Scotties and a Great Dane, or possibly Russian hound. He must be interested in travel in out-of-way places and yet love Chicago and New York!

My ideal would be a great reader and love music and take me to an opera or symphony concert tonight, and tomorrow to a musical comedy or movie

People's Academy

—and love both! He must like to have groups of friends about.

He must be interested in writing. Very much so.

My ideal would be about five years older than myself. His voice must be beautiful—like, perhaps, Leslie Howard's or Barrymore's. I prefer dark blue eyes or gray eyes. He must have a hobby of some sort.

Is there such a person? Perhaps, in real life, Leslie Howard, Ramon Navarro, George O'Brien and Noel Coward come nearest this ideal—a blend of the four is my ideal, and I haven't given up hopes!—Alice Anne Shue, 25 Brewster St., Providence, R. I.

Do You Want Her Back? Fans, is this statement true?

A well-known woman athlete recently made the statement that she was tired of seeing old faces on the screen and that a new one would be a relief. Do you agree with her? . . . A few days ago at the home of a friend I met charming Dorothy Sebastian—now Mrs. William Boyd. During the course of the afternoon we engaged in conversation. Naturally I wondered why she had not been appearing on the screen so frequently of late and she told me the reason. The producers think as the woman athlete does—that we grow tired of our old favorites and lose interest in them. Do we? I don't think so!

Many of you adored Dorothy on the screen, and all of you would, I am sure, welcome her back. Perhaps we can assist her in resuming her rightful place. Let me know by your letters to the magazine whether you truly want her back. I think fans are loyal to old favorites—but the producers may be right—let's see!—Millie Wist, 177 S. Citrus Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Are They Cheated? Why not old time honesty for a change? Movie producers spend hundreds of thousands of dollars annually—and I am moved to remark: they're being cheated.

What generation—young or old—can profit from plots based on the lives of law-breakers, confidence men, bootleggers, yeggmen, killers and what-not? Is it necessary to go to the social sewers for interesting stories?

No brook touched by cesspools can be pure; nor can any mind fed from social cesspools remain pure. Certainly mental contamination is a breeder of crime.

Yet such stories come to us month after month in a steady stream, leaving the straight, wholesome stories unscreened. It would be refreshing to have them flood screendom!—Mr. J. A. Robison, 1409 Mondamin Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

Philadelphia Speaks: It's just about time half-baked writers and directors stopped their ridiculous digs at Philadelphia. This silly and childish practice was especially noticeable in "42nd Street," in which a couple of dumb chorines complain about going to this grand old city, home town of the Liberty Bell—and Janet Gaynor! In their rare moments of thought the producers should consider that there are some two million fans here who resent having their marvelous city knocked by unoriginal, small-town writers who are too stupid to know any better.—K. L. Greene, 357 E. Roosevelt Blvd., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Dessert too Rich: I am getting rather weary of present-day movies with so-called sophisticated love plots. Just as I get tired picking cherries and give three cheers when the cherry season is over. We have five cherry trees. It would be fun to pick from just one nice tree—but five gag me. It would be nice to have sophisticated love scenes once in a while—but all the time—no!

Boy, wouldn't I go for one of those old-time wild western pictures where the cowboys ride across miles of fields, kicking up enough dust to cover North America and shooting fifty times with a six-shooter in each hand without reloading, and killing Indians without even aiming at them. And riding roughshod through a small town, scattering the citizens right and left—just for a laugh because the gang leader's breakfast coffee was cold. Surely, with all those million-dollar casts out in dear old Hollywood, they should be able to give us a little hokum once in a while. This rich dessert they are handing us at present gets awfully tiresome. —Robert Emmett Clarke, 29803 West Lake Rd., Bay Village, Ohio.

Give us Laughter: Come on, studios. Give us more laugh pictures like "Tugboat Annie," "They Just Had To Get Married," "International House" and "The Devil's Brother." We fans are tired of that overdose of sex and gangster fare you have been handing us. Sure, we liked it when it was new, but don't you think we ever get tired of seeing our hero end up on his way to the death house? And look how we eat up sweet pictures. Janet Gaynor in "Adorable," for instance, and "State Fair." Why, we flock in droves to see this type of picture . . . . . Yeah, I know what you will say: "Why, look at Mae West. She is the sexiest woman who ever appeared on the shadow stage and the customers are going to see her until the S.R.O. sign is hung out." And to that I will answer: "Yeah, and there is only one Mae West." Give us the laughs and love stories and we will give you the do-re-me.—Wesley S. Bird, 72 W. Blake Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Where Were You? Where were the expert gush handlers and ballyhoo artists when "The Past of Mary Holmes," that grand, smashingly dramatic talkie was pushed out of the RKO factory into the cold, gray world? Driveling over some cinematic mediocrity, perhaps, or hanging onto the coat-tails of the great ones of box-office land. And along comes, practically unheralded, one of the most stirring, most unusually treated productions of the year. What human interest, what punch, what acting by this MacKellar woman! If Helen MacKellar isn't one of the most convincing character women ever to crash the talkies, there is something wrong with somebody's eyesight. But here is another reassuring fact: Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" was also apologetically presented at first. Then, suddenly, before that picture made the complete rounds somebody or other woke up.—Mary Greiner Kelly, 1402 Crown Avenue, Medford, Oregon.

(*Please turn to page* 106)

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People's Academy

But Can They? "I see by the papers" that Mary Howard, working in Fox pictures is Will Rogers' daughter. It seems to me that her place might be taken by some girl who really needs the money. Or is she just doing it for fun? With all those unemployed, someone with pull can always get a break. Really.—Silvie Wynne, 4742 Larchwood Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wasted Talents! Just what effect is the modern love-making as pictured by recent talkies having on the youth of America? Have the producers and the movie-going public considered that? Are set pictures, such as "Back Street," in which the lovely heroine is a kept woman who gains our sympathy despite her unmoral existence, radically influencing our national morals? Impressionable young people see the delightfully wicked Mae West grandly rewarded for her naughtiness in "She Done Him Wrong." What will be their reaction? Popular hits of the day, such as "Red Dust," "Animal Kingdom," "Red Headed Woman" and others of the same flavor can certainly add nothing to the ideals of romance, honor, decency, and proper behavior. This type of picture has been loudly applauded and well attended, but it seems to me that with the world full of clean and wholesome subjects from which to select picture material, the stars and producers alike are making a big mistake in wasting their talents and art on sex pictures.—Miss Audrey Ellyson, 524½ 7th Ave., S. E. Aberdeen, S. D.

Telling Us: In the modern vernacular, "I'm telling you." Too much divorce and sex, bringing both questions ever before us in a lot of the modern pictures. Why can't we bring forward more like "Cavalcade," "Smilin' Through," "Good Companions," "Farewell to Arms," "42nd Street," etc., for the young people of today? I'm asking you?—Miss Rhea S. Culp, 157 Pearson Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Reflections: Reflection at 11 P. M. over the lunch counter: "Apple pie or lemon meringue; Janet Gaynor or Marian Nixon.—Marian has a certain delicacy about her that makes other girls seem the usual thing. I hope that she takes over the roles that Janet hopes to have outgrown."

An actor I like in many roles is Ralph Morgan. He is equally satisfying. With or without beard, young or old, featured player or in an unobtrusive role among stars. In my opinion he is the most versatile screen player—greater, as is Lewis Stone — than some of the stars he supports.

Another song from Kay Francis. The deep, thrilling tones in her voice makes her singing a new experience in music for most theater patrons.

I have read that "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," bought for production, is held up by lack of story. "Kim," by Kipling, contains as much fine philosophy and a corking story. It also offers an excellent role for one of the very young actors. If well directed it would be a picture for every one—mystery, India, action, and evanescent beauty of India's highest religion. The last would satisfy the better educated.—John L. Roberts, 167 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Cupid Speaks: Indeed, I will tell you about something I don't like! It's time someone spilled it. So—

For the love of Mike, why doesn't Gary Cooper snap out of it and wake up to the realization that Lupe Velez is the One and Only? They both have been flitting from one affair to another and nothing comes of it. I dare say oodles of fans have the same opinion as myself. If they would put their foolish, stubborn pride aside, maybe things would come out all hunky-dory. What about it, you two!—Miss Mary Powell, Fairfax, Ga.

Wholesome Type: I'm glad to see a trend toward the return of the wholesome type of picture like "Little Women," for we certainly are fed up on sex and gangster pictures.

And, by the way, we thoroughly enjoy the breezy, newsy "Hollywood Day by Day," by Nemo. Whoever he is, he gives us the real low down on the higher-ups of filmdom. Vive Le Nemo!—R. D. Fearey, R.F.D. No. 1, Box 645, Berkeley, Cal.

Theda's Name: Apropos of your paragraph in August issue of New Movie, relating how Theda Bara got her movie name: You (or Upton Sinclair, whom you quote) did not tell the whole story. About ten years ago I met a man named Booth. He was a representative of M-G-M and said his father was a cousin of Edwin Booth. He told me that Miss Goodman's name was anagrammed from a play called "The Death Arab"—Theda (death) Bara (Arab).—E. W. Hood, Boston.

P. S. I think you are a woman—Your style of writing sounds feminine.

E. W. H.

Boost for Jackie: For genuine sincerity of purpose, honesty in interpretation and simplicity of characterization give me Jackie Cooper. Jackie lives his part. He never under acts or over acts. He acts just like the average girl or boy would. I wonder sometimes, when I see some actors and actresses rant and rave just how they get that way; certainly not from watching the reactions, to sorrow or mirth, of the average man and woman. . . . May Jackie always be just Jackie—natural, simple and honest.—Ida McPherren, 819 Emerson Street, Sheridan, Wyo.

A Smile and Tear: Thank you, NEW MOVIE, for the real, inside story of Clark Gable's fight to fame. There's a smile in it—and a tear; it reveals a woman's great, understanding heart. Josephine Dillon is to be congratulated, envied, and praised. In Clark Gable she has built first a man, then an actor and an intellect. She had him, completely, for a time, which to most women, now, would be considered sufficient reward. They forget that at the time she washed his shirts and cooked his meals there weren't many other women who knew about him or cared about him or wanted him. They must have been happy—Clark and Josephine—while it lasted, which is the most that can be said of any marriage. Through her, the world gained an actor, a new idol; through him, she had an interlude of happiness, of work, of pain, of sacrifice and suffering, that have, no doubt, made her life richer and fuller, made her a better, more understanding woman. I hope that he is sufficiently grateful, with the kind of gratitude that comes not from a full purse but from a full heart. There are some things money can never buy. I think he has had them. Only a brave woman's love and courage and faith and determination could have produced a Clark Gable. Thank you, Josephine Dillon.—Hazel Dell North, 709 First St., N. W., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

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These bulletins, mailed to readers who write in for them, will give you—

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3. ***Changes of titles, changes of production plans, changes of casts, included in either the Bulletin itself or supplemented by a loose-leaf service.***

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CATHERINE McNELIS

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